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"Sue gave me a surprise party that year. During the evening, Dick Lauman got up and jokingly proposed a toast—'To the first old man of the crowd.'

"Funny how that stuck in my mind. Days after, I found myself thinking about it. I had to agree with Dick. I *was* getting on. Actually, half my working years were over. It sort of frightened me, too. Especially when I thought how little I'd done to prepare for the day when I'd want to stop work.

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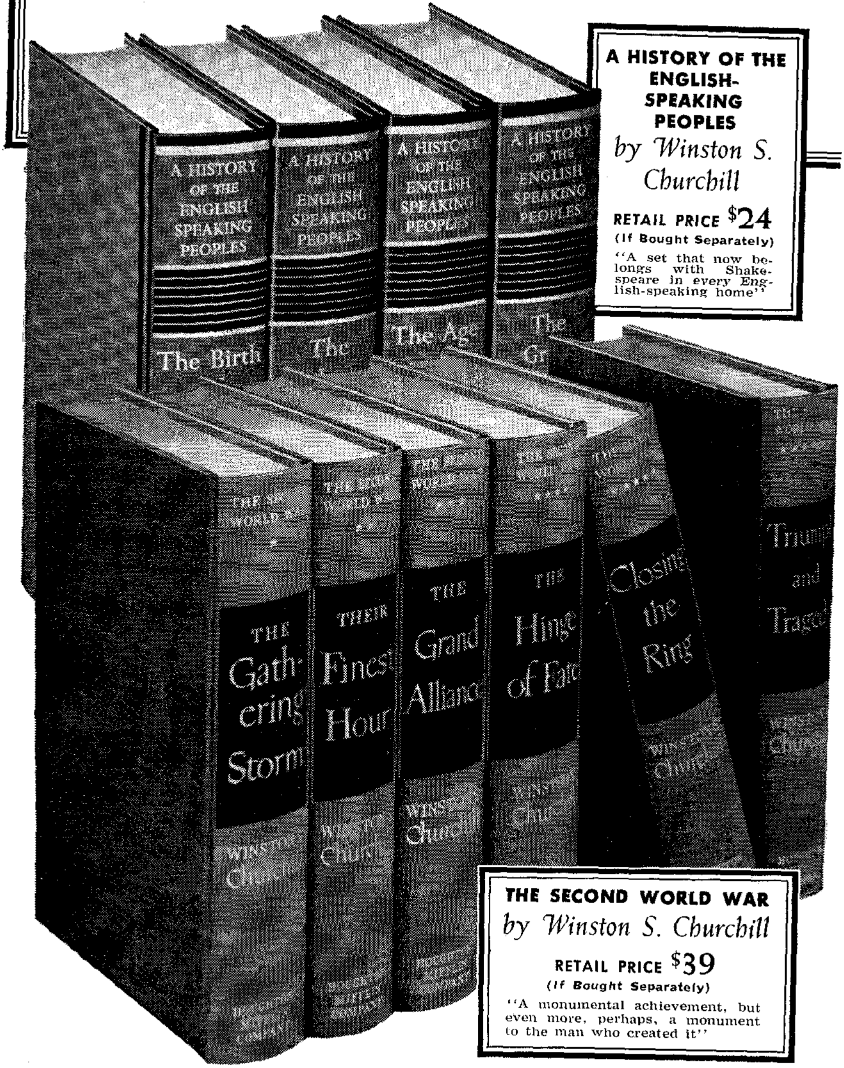
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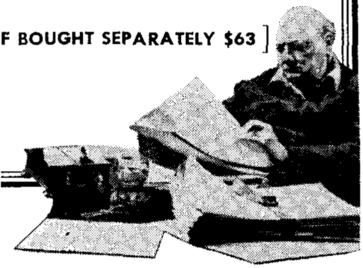

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Dear Reader:

Evans: a way with words.

SOMETIMES THE CORONET article which evokes the greatest reader response is a hard-hitting report that calls for community action, or a sensitive, stirring picture story. Often readers remember most the short selections of humor, anecdote, insight and intellectual challenge for which CORONET has become noted during almost 23 years of publication. On page 172, you'll find the latest addition to our regular short features—"How Words Work," by word-wizard Dr. Bergen Evans.

Evans is a merry-eyed but intense Midwesterner whose defense of common-sense speech is familiar to viewers of his weekly television show, *The Last Word*. The father of two sons, he lives in a Chicago suburb and teaches at Northwestern University. His approach to language is anything but academic. To him, words belong to those who use them; he often disagrees with dictionaries. With his sister, Cornelia, he spent seven years preparing *A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*, a book as keen and practical as a Mark Twain epigram.

Born in the river town of Franklin, Ohio, Evans is descended from a long line of physicians (his great-great-grandfather also owned the local tombstone business). In 1909, when Evans was nearly five, his father gave up medicine to accept an appointment as a vice-consul to England. For the next five years, Evans was brought up on the edge of the starkly beautiful Derbyshire moors where the speech, he says, was closer to the 14th century than the English of the 20th century. After war broke out in 1914, the children were sent back to Ohio. At 13, Evans went to work in a paper mill, yet managed to lead a Huck Finn childhood. Ultimately he was graduated from Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, took his Ph.D. at Harvard and went to Oxford, England, as a Rhodes Scholar.

Dr. Evans now commutes each week from his home in Illinois to New York City to tape his CBS-TV show and discuss his column with us. We welcome him to our pages.

The Editors

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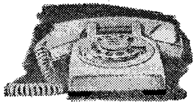

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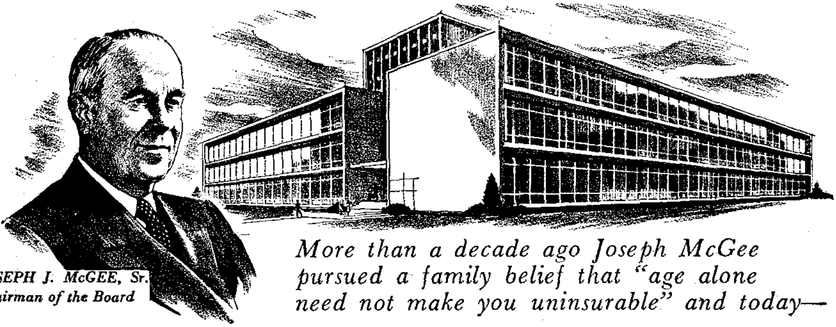

JOSEPH J. McGEE, Sr.
Chairman of the Board

More than a decade ago Joseph McGee pursued a family belief that "age alone need not make you uninsurable" and today—

Old American insures people up to age 80!

If you were born before 1900, you have probably noticed that most companies show a lack of interest in your life insurance needs.

But this lack of interest didn't seem right to Joseph McGee, famous son of a famous father, Thomas McGee, the hardy insurance pioneer who at 94 was still president of his beloved Old American Insurance Company of Kansas City.

"The statistical magic which makes insurance for younger people possible should also apply to folks in good health between the ages of 60 and 80," Joe McGee confided to his brothers, Frank and Louis, and to his son, Joseph, Jr., who later was to become president of the financially solid Old American Insurance Company.

"Why can't older citizens of our nation reap the harvest of life insurance benefits — benefits which could help take the sting from those inevitable final expenses which so often burden families unnecessarily?" he asked.

Then he acted. In 1944 Old American began accepting life insurance applications from people clear up to age 80. And through the years that followed Old American won the gratitude and good will of thousands who wanted and needed old line legal reserve life insurance protection.

Finally, when the Old American building at the historic juncture of Delaware and Main began to bulge at the seams, the McGees made their decision to erect a new home office just off Kansas City's world-famous Country Club Plaza. Essential to the continued friendly servicing of policyholders, it was ready for occupancy in July, 1959.

Behind the formidable facade of granite and glass was the fulfill-

ment of a dream—a living symbol of success in serving the personal insurance needs of people all over the nation—young and old alike.

One reason folks in the senior age group like to do business with Old American is because the entire transaction can be handled conveniently by mail, Joseph McGee, Jr. believes. It is not necessary to have a salesman call. (At 39 Joe McGee is following in his illustrious father's footsteps, has already become one of the ablest young insurance executives of our time. As president of two national associations of advertising executives, he has worked tirelessly for high ethical advertising standards.)

And Old American applicants are not expected to go to a doctor and take a physical examination. They *are* required to fill out a statement of health and must be in good physical condition when a policy is issued. For the protection of its policyholders, Old American does reserve the right to verify the information furnished on the applicant's Statement of Health when a claim is filed during the first two years.

Today Joseph McGee, Jr., says, "We are grateful for the wonderful reception senior citizens have given our 'up to age 80' insurance protection. But there are still more than 15,000,000 in the over 60 age group, many with inadequate coverage—many with none at all."

After reading this detailed report of the amazing McGee family tradition on which a whole company has been built, you may want more information yourself.

If so, just write—giving your name, address and year of birth—to Old American Insurance Company, 4900 Oak, Dept. L1025M, Kansas City 12, Missouri. Full information will be sent you by return mail—*without any obligation.*

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Gentlemen: Yes, please send me more information about your Golden Eagle life insurance policy for people up to age 80—and how I may put it in effect for the first month for only $1.00. I understand that no one will call, and I am not obligated in any way.

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Rosemary pivots on the sinister actions of a pair of street musicians who manipulate the life skein of a German prostitute, eventually causing her mysterious murder. Their music—reminiscent of *The Threepenny Opera*—hauntingly punctuates Rosemary's true story in this fascinating German movie.

The musicians first introduce Rosemary (Nadja Tiller) to the city of Frankfurt as their singer. Their tunes attract customers for her—and she, in turn, distracts police from their crimes. Rosemary becomes the mistress of a wealthy industrialist, then passes on to other members of a secret German cartel. A French agent, anxious to learn the cartel's plans, puts Rosemary to work with a tape recorder, and thereby seals her doom.

Throughout her story, the musicians turn up regularly to blackmail Rosemary and the industrialists. They acquire another girl singer who, at the end of the movie, seems grimly destined to follow in Rosemary's footsteps.

Street musicians play for Rosemary's successor.

Sophia Loren tries to console Barbara Nichols.

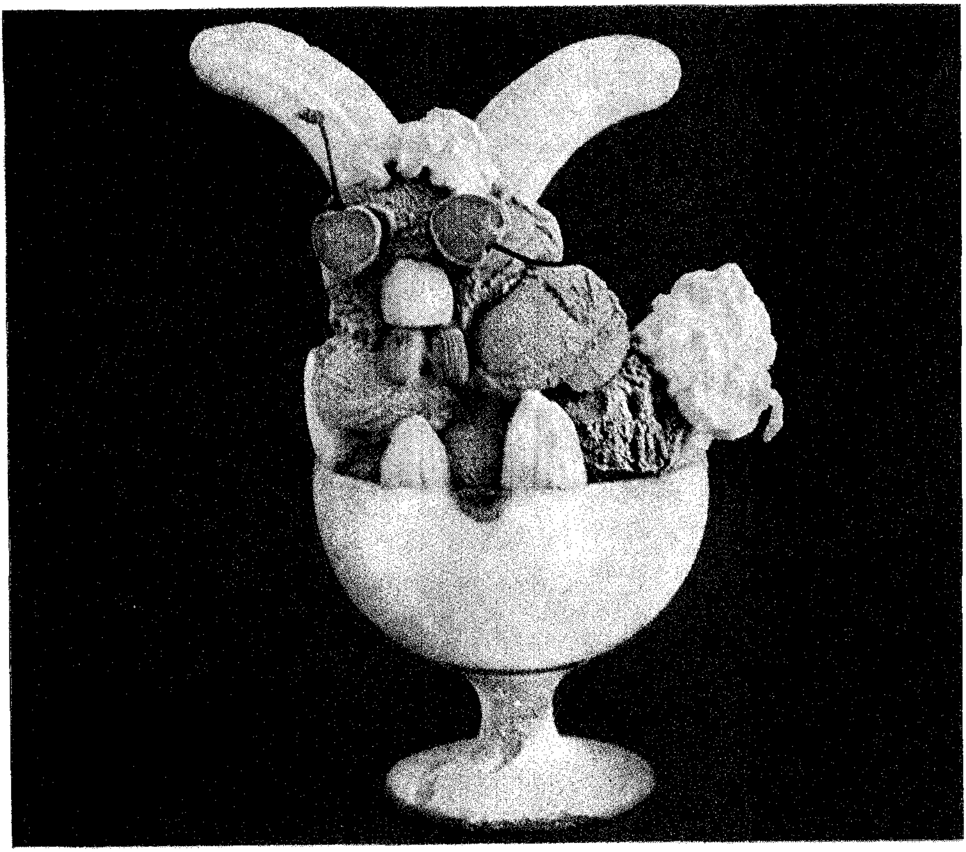
That Kind of Woman tells another kept woman's story. This time the scene is New York in the summer of 1944, and the girl is voluptuous, long-legged Sophia Loren.

The plot is unabashed soap-opera: Sophia and her girl friend (Barbara Nichols) meet a young paratrooper (Tab Hunter) and his soldier pal (Jack Warden) on a train to New York. The paratrooper falls in love with Sophia, even though she frankly tells him about her amorous alliance. A mutual attraction also develops between Warden and Miss Nichols. The soldiers pursue the girls in the city, raising the inevitable choice between security and love for each.

Yet for all its cliché theme, *That Kind of Woman* has considerable poignancy. Sidney Lumet's perceptive direction creates full-blooded characters. He has drawn compelling performances from Sophia Loren, Barbara Nichols and scene-stealer Warden. Boris Kaufman's sharp photography of New York is also an asset. —MARK NICHOLS

ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Hav-a-banana-bunny!



Good eating . . . good for you . . . thatsa banana! But a fungus growth that attacks banana plants threatened the economy of banana production. Old-fashioned sprays were cumbersome to apply and expensive. Then Esso Research developed a special oil mist that ends this fungus growth easily and economically. People eat better . . . cars run better . . . because **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil.*

ESSO

Rose (center) cajoles Louise and June to perform.

Gypsy, a musical "fable" based on the memoirs of strip-tease queen Gypsy Rose Lee, surpasses most Broadway musicals in its uncompromising honesty. It is an authentic story of small-time vaudeville in the '20s and '30s, dominated by Rose Hovick, an implacable stage mother who fights relentlessly to push her small daughters, June and Louise, to stardom.

As portrayed by Ethel Merman, Rose is unforgettable. Supremely confident in her dream, she bullies, cheats, steals and connives, refusing to admit she is actually doing all this for herself rather than for her reluctant, resentful offspring.

When vaudeville dies, Rose grasps desperately at burlesque as a last-ditch stand. There, on a ratty runway in Kansas, her daughter Louise is transformed into Gypsy Rose Lee, and Mother Rose strikes gold. (Daughter June, fed up, runs away at 13 to get married, leaving Louise at Rose's mercy. Later June became actress June Havoc.)

This rather bitter backstage diary becomes a powerful and moving experience, thanks to the combined efforts of director-choreographer Jerome Robbins, librettist Arthur Laurents and lyricist Stephen Sondheim—who also added bite to *West Side Story.* Jule Styne contributes a varied and particularly appropriate score. And for the first time, Ethel Merman does something more than deliver lines loudly; she adds a gallant, even pathetic quality to Rose's ruthlessness in a robust, vital characterization. *Rose's Turn*—in which, alone on a neon-lit stage, she sings of how she could outperform her daughters, given the chance—is an electrifying piece of bravura.

Miss Merman receives fine support from Sandra Church, who plays Louise with appealing resourcefulness; Jack Klugman as a long-suffering manager; and Maria Karnilova, Faith Dane and Chotzi Foley, who, as three burlesque queens, bring down the house with their song, *You Gotta Have a Gimmick.* —M.N.

As Gypsy Rose Lee, Louise makes hit in burlesque.

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In the basement rumpus room of their Philadelphia home, a young couple views the remains of a surprise party the night before: Half-eaten sandwiches . . . empty beer cans . . . half a bowl of now-cold spaghetti with garlic sauce . . . ashtrays piled high with cigarette and cigar butts.

Yet, if you closed your eyes – and took a deep breath – you'd never think there had been a party here at all!

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In a small cubbyhole of an office in New York, 11 executives huddle around a conference table. The meeting is starting its 3rd hour.

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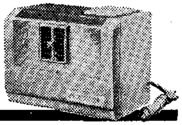
U.S. Pat. No. 2,855,641—2,359,057—other patents pending.



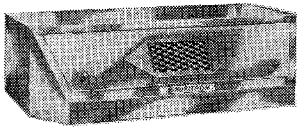


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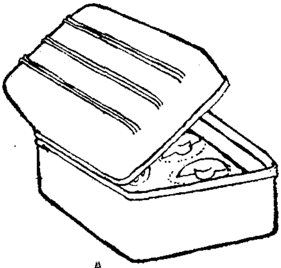
Photo: Phillip March

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET.

Lois Cristy tells



Are you slender . . . yet bothered by bulges? Are you only slightly over your correct size . . . and not interested in dieting? Relax-A-cizor is your way. No diet. No weight-loss. Yet inches vanish from hips, waist, tummy, arms, thighs . . . almost like magic . . . while you rest, at HOME!

Relax-A-cizor requires NO EFFORT, never makes you feel tired . . . yet it is real, slimming exercise. It is not a vibrator or couch. It is the ONLY home unit that does not depend upon diet for results!

You save time and money, too. No more long trips to expensive salons. You use your Relax-A-cizor privately at home for less than 5c a day. So convenient. So quick and easy to use.

Many women lose an inch or two the first week or so . . . and with NO diet or weight-loss! No other home method makes such a promise . . . Relax-A-cizor reduces inches without diet or weight-loss!

Relax-A-cizor is a tiny, attractive machine. Looks like a small makeup case. It causes "beautifying, reducing exercise that trims away inches." Easy to use . . . simply place "Beauty Belts" or pads over bulges of hips, waist, abdomen, thighs, turn a dial and Relax-A-cizor does your slimming exercise while you rest, read, watch T.V. or even sleep!

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how SLENDER women can *REDUCE their hips...

*No diet. No weight-loss, yet inches vanish almost like magic!

This is the safe, sensible, economical home method used by more than 300,000 women. Praised by such famous magazines as Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle, Charm, Glamour, Coronet . . . and newspaper beauty editors coast-to-coast. *(Send Coupon for Free Beauty Articles.)*

Just a few of our famous slender users: Doris Day, Eleanor Powell, Jolie Gabor, Patrice Munsel, Lisa Farraday, Lola Albright, Helen Grayco and Helen O'Connell.

Diet may cause sagging and loss from bust, neck and face. Relax-A-cizor does NOT; instead it firms and tightens your waist, hips, thighs and abdomen. New FACIAL exercises and tightens *muscles* under eyes and chin. Chest muscles that help support the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Clinically tested by physicians . . . Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Husbands use Relax-A-cizor, too . . . to reduce the size of their bulging waistlines . . . for soothing RELAXING exercise of tired, aching back and feet muscles. Relax-A-cizor is for the WHOLE FAMILY . . . teenagers to glamorous Grandma. *Everyone* uses it!

Users report results . . . Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania writes: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California says: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26"." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

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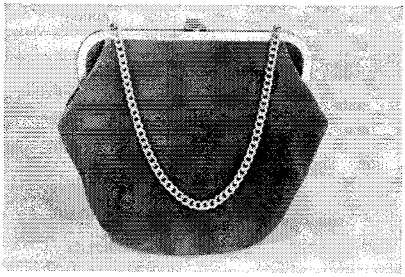
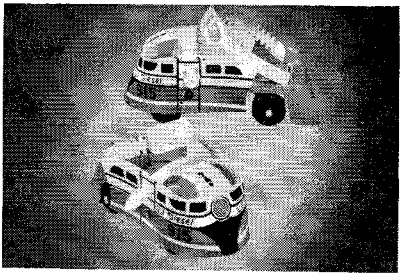
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

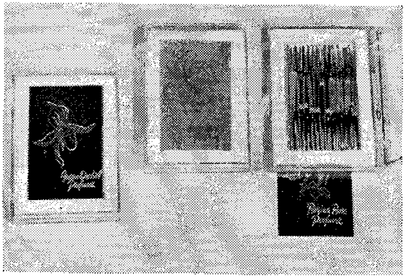
edited by Florence Semon



Handsome pouch purse is made of fur-felt, hat-body velour and lined in black satin. Florentine gold frame with chain handle. Color array of royal, brown, black, grey, purple or olive. By Lewis. $12.30 pp. Franklin Simon & Co., C, 5th Ave. & 38th St., N.Y. 18, N.Y.



Clever diesel design skates are safe for 2- to 5-year-olds. Featherweight, non-breakable with nylon wheels and safety brake to prevent falls. Can be adjusted to fit any child's shoe up to size 10½. $2.98 pr. pp. Zenith Gifts, Dept. C, Post Office Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.



Greenhouse fragrances in individual compacts containing 20 perfume vials are fine for travel or gift giving. Regina Rose, Green Orchid or Gold Orchid. By Patricia Murphy. $1.35 ea. or set of 3 fragrances $3.30 pp. Greenhouse Perfumes, Box 630, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Christmas greeting cards with your favorite photo on inside. Front of card has gay color design. Price includes envelopes. With negative, 25 for $1.94 pp. 50¢ extra from snapshot. Free sample; send negative only. Film Craft, Box 2-C, Madison Square Sta., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Overweight and your heart

Jack Jones and Dick Warren are a familiar twosome on the fairway of their country club every Saturday afternoon. For years, they've played eighteen holes, rain or shine.

Jack and Dick are in their mid-fifties. Neither has had a serious illness in his life. Both men have had recent medical checkups; each received a clean bill of health.

But there is more than *twice* the likelihood that Jack will have a heart attack than Dick. Jack is overweight, whereas Dick has kept the ideal weight of his youth.

Medical research reveals that overweight produces a 2½ times greater risk of coronary trouble than if the weight is normal.

If you have a healthy heart, you can help keep it that way by maintaining an ideal weight.

If you have a heart condition, it's even more important for you to control your weight, in order to prevent further trouble. Your doctor probably will place you on a reducing diet, if you're many pounds over.

Whether you're overweight or not, your doctor may advise a low-fat diet, because most heart specialists believe that cardiacs do better when they restrict their intake of fats.

Your doctor also knows that a happy frame of mind is important to your well-being. He wants you to enjoy as many of the good things of life as possible, including the "good things" of the table.

That's why so many physicians favor the use of delicious D-Zerta® Gelatin. Made entirely without sugar, it has only 12 calories a serving. And it is cholesterol-free.

You can enjoy D-Zerta Gelatin at mealtime and between. It comes in six refreshing flavors: lemon, lime, orange and imitation cherry, strawberry and raspberry. D-Zerta Gelatin is a sweet, satisfying dessert—with fruit or plain. It combines well with seafoods, cottage cheese, meats, fruits or vegetables for tempting entrees and salads.

D-Zerta also comes in a rich-tasting, but low-calorie pudding, as well as in a gelatin . . . to add delightful variety to your diet. When prepared with skim milk, D-Zerta Pudding has only 54 calories a serving. Flavors include chocolate, butterscotch and imitation vanilla.

Ask your doctor about D-Zerta Gelatin and D-Zerta Pudding. He'll recommend them. D-Zerta is made by General Foods, the makers of Jello-O® Desserts. Now it is available at grocery stores everywhere.

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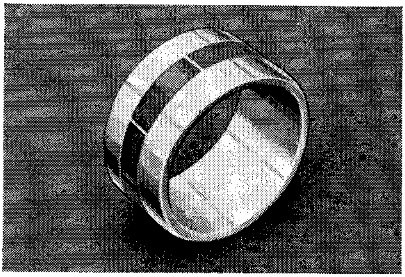
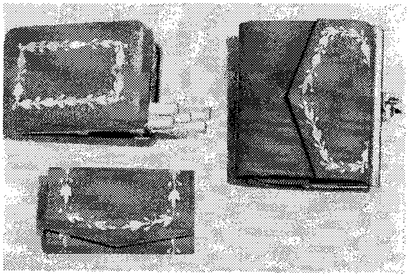
PRODUCTS ON PARADE



Charmed circle. Sterling silver band with center row of genuine inlaid turquoise is elegant friendship ring or wedding band. Handmade by master craftsmen. State ring size when ordering. $9.95 pp. Miller's of Tucson, Dept. CO-1, 4877 E. Speedway, Tucson, Arizona.



Wedgewood design on leather makes accessory news. Of soft blue cowhide with delicate white trim. French purse, $6.80. Key Kaddy, $3.50. Cigarette case flips open and snaps shut, $4.20 pp. by Rolfs. Helen Gallagher, Dept. COR, 413 Fulton Street, Peoria, Illinois.

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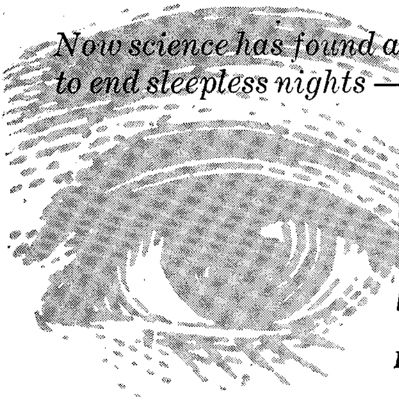
Stamps from more than 30 countries depict the history of airmail from the balloons of 1859 to jets of today. Includes Denmark's 1906 first flight; "Flying Doctor" issue, etc. No two are alike. Special price of 10¢ pp. H. E. Harris & Co., Dept. H-7, Boston 17, Massachusetts.

Comfortable walking shoes in a wide range of sizes. Has pancake heel and is available in red or black kid or black suede. Sizes 2½ to 13 AAAAA to C. 2½ to 10, $11.30; 10½ to 12, $12.30; 12½ to 13, $13.30 pp. Solby Bayes, Dept. T-10, 45 Winter St., Boston 8, Mass.



Now science has found a safe way to end sleepless nights — so

DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

By NORMA JEAN CARSON

FOR YEARS, medical men have been seeking a safer answer to this age-old problem of sleeplessness.

The first hint of success came when a group of bio-chemists developed a new non-narcotic formula which was found to induce drowsiness. It had no unfavorable side effects and created no habit-forming dependency. But the question was—would it really help those who suffer from insomnia? It is one thing to induce sleep in persons who have no trouble sleeping. It is quite another to do as much for those with long histories of sleeplessness.

In a major New York hospital, clinical tests were arranged for a large group of chronic insomnia victims. During a three-month period, these new sleeping tablets proved just as effective as barbiturates. Nine out of ten patients showed immediate improvement. They fell asleep an average of one hour and twenty minutes sooner and slept for a considerably longer period each night. The successful results of these tests recently were reported to the medical profession in the Journal of Gerontology.

These new non-habit forming tablets can now be obtained in drug stores under the trade name of *Sleep-Eze*. Because they are so much safer than barbiturates, druggists in every state are allowed to dispense them without prescription. Regarding this safety factor, Coronet Magazine recently published an editorial article dealing with the danger of drug addiction and other ill effects of barbiturate sleeping pills. In this widely-read article, *Sleep-Eze Tablets* were mentioned by name and described as "*well within the safe medication zone*"—the only tablets so designated.

IT HASN'T taken long for word to get around that a safe and sane solution to the age-old problem of sleeplessness has been found at last. Already many thousands of men and women who once knew the misery of lying awake night after night—or who resorted to dangerous drugs to combat insomnia—have learned how quickly *Sleep-Eze* helps them fall asleep.

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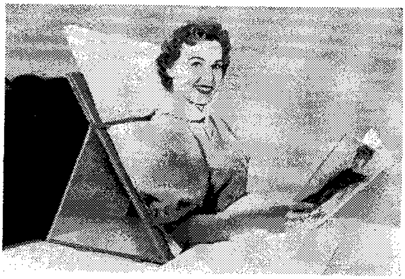
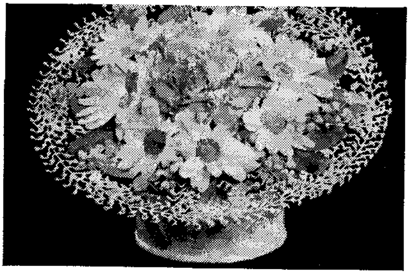
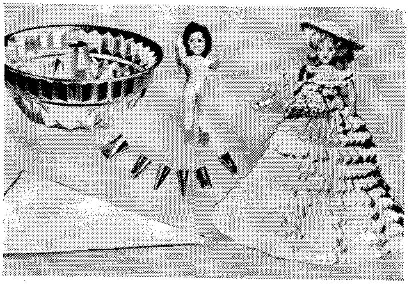


Back rest gives sitting-up support when you read, eat or watch TV. Adjusts to 3 positions; anchored by non-skid pads. Elastic strap holds pillow where you want it. Folds flat for storage. Woodgrain finish. $3.98 pp. Better Sleep, COR, New Providence, New Jersey.



Metal lace container is perfect for old-fashioned nosegays. Sloping brim looks like a lace doily. Measures 7¾″ across; water bowl is 1¾″ deep and 3″ across. Enameled pure white. $2.50 pp. Dorothy Biddle Service, DBS Bldg., COR-1, Hawthorne 49, N. Y.



Make your own doll cake with this special kit. Includes coppertone aluminum pan, plastic doll with movable arms, 6 decorating tubes, 3 decorator parchment bags and complete instructions. Kit is reusable. $3.95 pp. Candy & Cake Craft Inst., 476, Fallbrook, Calif.

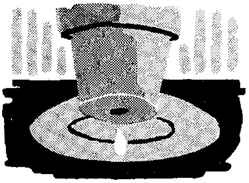
Meat Treat. Box of 16 delicious prime filet mignon steaks aged to perfection. Each weighs 6 ounces and is 1¼″ thick. Quick-frozen and packed *in dry ice. Perfect arrival* guaranteed anywhere in the United States. $32.00 pp. Pfaelzer Brothers, Dept. CE-6, Chicago 9, Ill.

HOW BLACK MAGIC HELPED A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

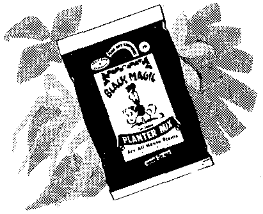
OR: "A Lesson in How to Grow Healthy House Plants"

"Why, oh why, can't I grow healthy indoor plants in those new decorative containers? What could the secret be?"

"No secret! NEVER PUT AN INDOOR PLANT IN OUTDOOR SOIL...that's the first lesson."



"An indoor plant in outdoor soil needs drainage—that means old-fashioned pots and saucers. Soil packs down too, chokes the roots."



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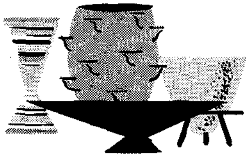
"Black Magic Planter Mix has 8 special ingredients that simulate the habitat of the tropical jungle, where house plants flourish naturally."



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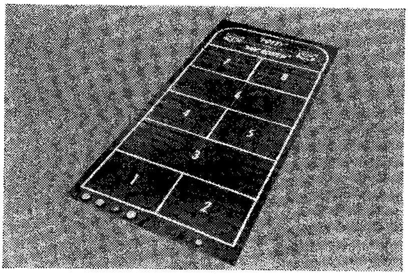
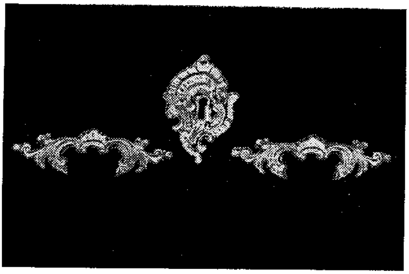


Child's favorite outdoor games can now be played indoors with the Skiparoo Play Mat. Games include Potzy, Skelley, Hopscotch, etc. Mat is 8′ long and made of durable vinyl printed on both sides. $5.23 pp. Barilen Corporation, Dept. C-1, 11 E. 47th St., New York 17, New York.



Refurbish an old chest, desk or cabinet with these elegant provincial-design drawer pulls and escutcheons. Brass-plated and tarnish-proof. Pulls measure 4½″ long. $1.00 pr. Keyhole plates 59¢ ea. or $1.00 pr. pp. Greenhall, Dept. C, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.

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Musical Multiplication records make learning fun. Records teach by drill with musical accompaniment on the fife, drum and clarinet. Set of 5, from the 2 to 12 table, available on 45 or 78 rpm records. $9.95 pp. Bremner-Davis Phonics Inc., Dept. N16, Wilmette, Illinois.

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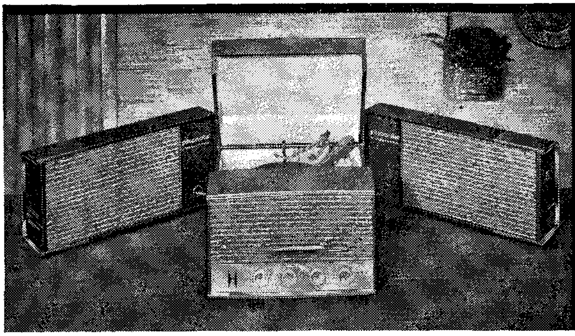

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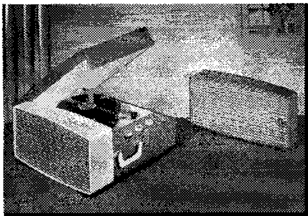

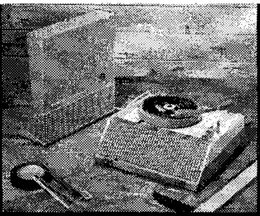

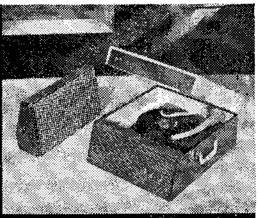

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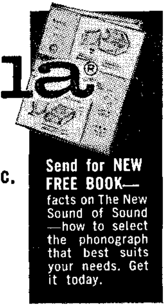

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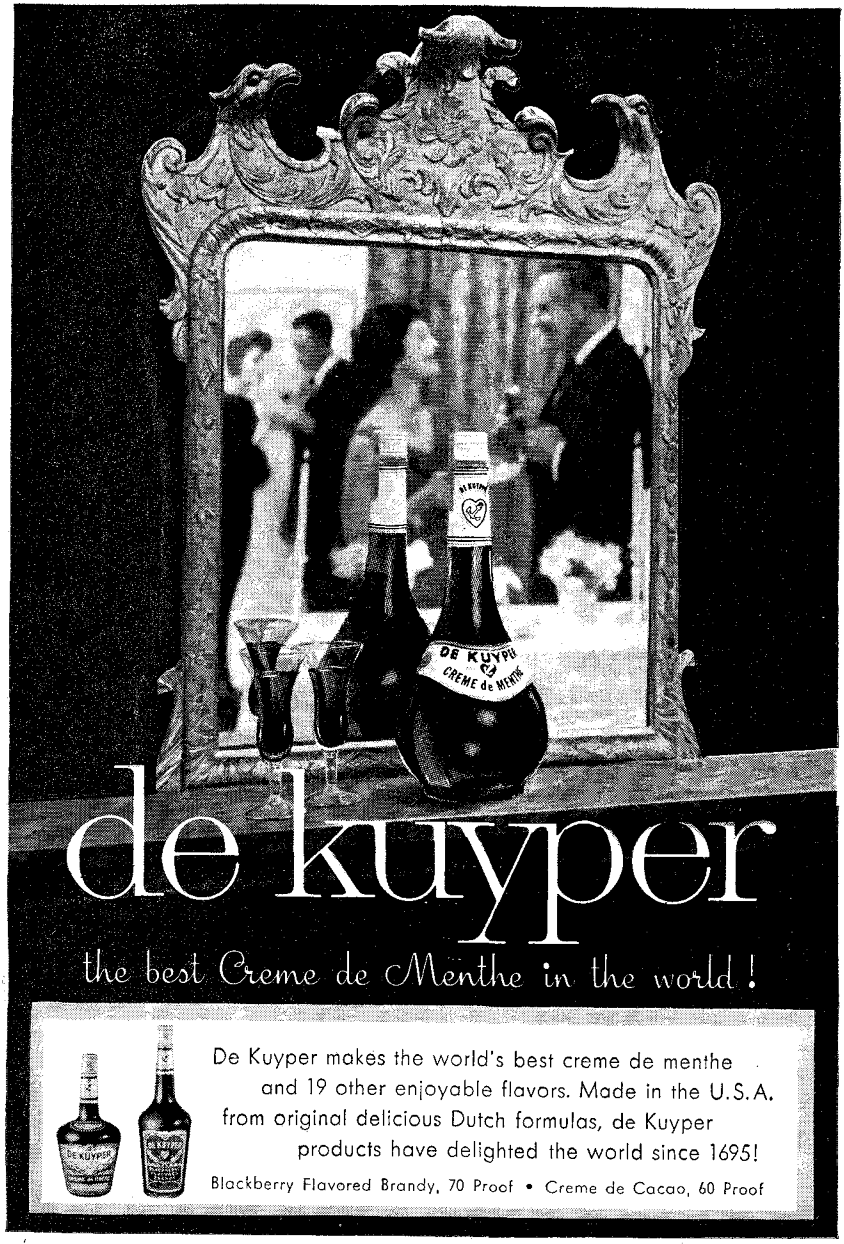
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CORONET

The dog that reformed a killer

by Fred Bodsworth

His hunting rifle taught him the anatomy of life.
But by an act of love his little
mongrel hound taught him life's real meaning

SINCE BOYS AND DOGS first met, their lives have been blissfully interwoven as only boys' lives and dogs' lives can. But I never see a boy and dog together without remembering the strange and moving story of Carson West and Daisy.

Daisy was a dog with big feet and sad eyes. I think she was mostly beagle, but I'm sure there were many other roots to her family tree.

Daisy's master was Carsy West, a big boy with long arms, a very brown face and thick, black hair that always needed cutting and bulged out in a bump beneath the rear rim of his cap.

Carsy was about ten or 11 when he and his grandmother moved into a little unpainted house on the edge of the Ontario town where I lived. I was eight or nine. Today Carsy would be known as an "underprivileged child," but in the late 1920s he was simply "that no-good West kid." When he wasn't in school, he wandered through the woods with Daisy, shooting anything he could draw a bead on.

My parents believed that Carsy had a strong lust to kill. But I know now that he killed only because he had an intense curiosity that could not be satisfied in any other way.

To know why a coon made a different track than a muskrat, Carsy had to compare their feet—so he shot them. To know how a woodpecker is able to cling to a tree without falling, he had to resort to his gun, because he had no books to tell him these things; and these were things that Carsy had an irresistible desire to know.

It would have taken only a fatherly word, a friendly adult hand on his shoulder, to redirect Carsy's curiosity and explain that while his purpose was good, his method was wrong. But Carsy had no one to redirect him. He had to discover things for himself. Yet in the story I am going to tell, it was Daisy, his little female hound-of-sorts, a killer and hunter too, who finally showed him another way.

I'd heard from a chum that Carsy was a great hunter who knew everything about the woods. I went to Carsy and told him I wanted to be a great hunter and know all about the woods, too. He agreed that we should be friends. He told me his father had died and that his mother had to work in another town. But he was going to like it here, he said, because open fields came right up to his grandmother's back door and the woods were not far beyond. Then he whistled and Daisy bounded up from somewhere, her burr-matted tail flailing the floor.

"She's Daisy," Carsy introduced us. "She's a great hunter, too. Especially woodchucks."

He got his gun and we went back across the fields with Daisy racing in circles around us, her nose skimming the ground. Several times she dashed madly after woodchucks, sometimes almost overtaking them before they reached their burrows. After each miss she slunk back to Carsy's feet, her sad eyes pleading for sympathy. And Carsy would pat her brown-and-white head and say, "Never mind, girl, you're going to get one of them chucks one of these here days."

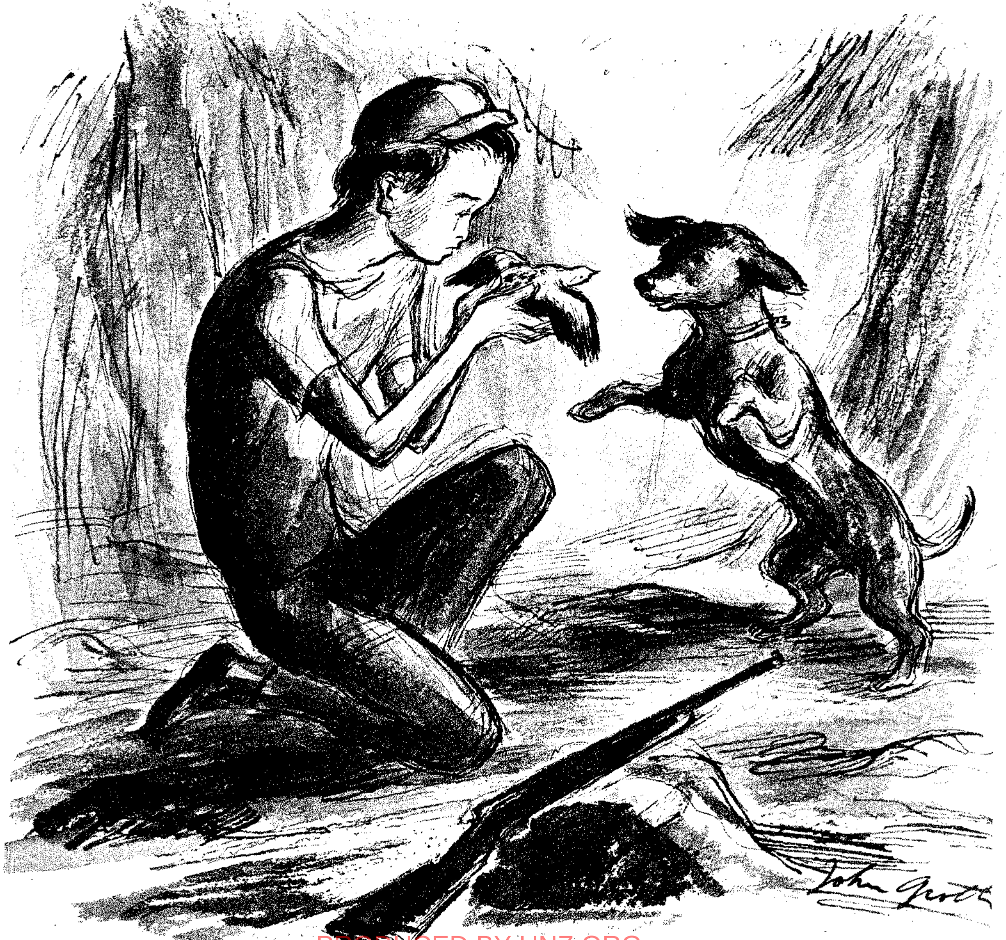
While we were walking, a brown bird with white edges on its tail sprang into the air a few yards in front of us. It was a bird I had seen many times before but had never been able to name. Carsy raised his gun and fired. The bird dropped. I felt remorse, but my regret went instantly when Carsy picked it up and I saw the yellow breast that had always been hidden before. Now I remembered my bird-book pictures. This was a meadowlark. The brown bird with the white tail edges would never fly away from me unnamed again. My remorse was lost in the thrill of a new discovery.

I spent many long boyhood hours wandering the woods and fields with Carsy and Daisy after that, and often we killed. I was sorry to see the wild things die, yet I yearned to know them better.

It was that way with Carsy too, I'm sure, although he never said so, and probably didn't know it. We found a book on taxidermy and usually we skinned and mounted our specimens. But the specimens stayed at Carsy's grandmother's and never went to my home, for my parents thought that Carsy West was no fit companion for me and they would have nothing to do with his killing.

From time to time my mother would say I couldn't go out with Carsy again. He was dirty and a "slum brat" and never went to Sunday School (because he didn't have Sunday School clothes). After a few days she would forget or relax, and I would be back with Carsy again.

We went on this way for perhaps two years. Then one May, Daisy had pups and suddenly everything changed. Carsy was so excited about the pups that he did something he had never done before—he came to my home to tell me. I dashed back with him to see them. Daisy lay in her box in the woodshed and



My remorse gave way to wonder as I examined the meadowlark. It would never again fly away unnamed or unknown.

greeted us with a thumping tail and big eyes from which the usual sadness seemed to be gone. There were just two pups. I thought they looked weak and inactive, but Carsy seemed not to notice. He stroked them softly with a finger, his face beamed proudly and he said that soon we would have three hunting dogs to accompany us instead of one.

But the following morning, a Saturday, the pups were dead. Carsy's face was strained and his voice trembled as he led me to the box where Daisy now lay alone. He patted her head and said: "Never mind, girlie, it ain't your fault. And today we're going to get you a chuck."

He picked up his gun and we started out, leaving Daisy behind. There was a woodchuck den beside a creek half a mile away and usually a big old chuck was basking in the sun at the entrance. We crept toward it through an alfalfa field but when Carsy rose onto one elbow to shoot, the woodchuck dove into its burrow.

"We gotta get him," Carsy declared. "We can fetch water from the creek and drown him out."

So we ran back to his grandmother's for two pails and returned to the woodchuck's den. Then, racing up and down the creek bank, we emptied pail after pail of water into the chuck's burrow. We worked hard for half an hour and my thin arms ached. But down in the darkness of the burrow we could hear the sloshing of the water rising higher and higher. Finally the woodchuck dashed out. Carsy fired away with his gun and the animal dropped, its short legs quivering. At last we had got a chuck!

But we had no feeling of elation because when Carsy rolled it over with his foot, there were three wet squirming babies clinging to the chuck's breasts. I shall never forget the choking distress I felt at that moment. Their eyes were just beginning to open, just narrow slits. It was then that the conflicting emotions I had always felt about our killing crystallized into disgust and remorse. Carsy must have felt the same but he didn't let it show.

"Come on, let's go," he said. "We gotta get this chuck to Daisy while it's warm. Hunting dogs like warm meat."

"What'll we do with the babies?" I asked.

Carsy didn't answer for many seconds. When he did, it was a weak "I don't know."

I covered the bottom of one of the pails with grass, put the three tiny woodchucks in it and we started back. Carsy carried the big one by the tail, I carried the young ones. Neither of us spoke.

Daisy sniffed at the dead woodchuck when Carsy dropped it beside her, then climbed into her box.

"Hunting dogs like to kill their own meat," Carsy explained. Then he looked at the babies in my pail. "They'll just die," he said. "Might as well feed them to Daisy. That's best. Daisy'll kill 'em quick with one chomp."

"No!" I said, very firmly. It was the first time I had ever disagreed with Carsy.

But Carsy reached into the pail,

lifted out the tiny chucks and dropped them into the box beside Daisy's nose. She sniffed each woodchuck baby in turn, then she began licking them. After a few seconds, I saw her open her mouth and a cold shudder passed through me. But her teeth closed gently on the small one and she lifted it down to the curve of her belly. She did the same with the others, nuzzling them tenderly up against her warm skin. One by one the chucks found her breasts and began to feed. They had a mother again. Daisy looked up at us with a serene contentment in her big eyes, her tail thumping softly against the side of her box.

I am sure there was a thin film of tears over Carsy's eyes. All he said was: "Well, guess Daisy wants to be their ma."

But the experience had struck much deeper into Carsy's conscience than his casual remark indicated. Daisy, his great hunter, had given a lesson in love and sympathy that Carsy was never to forget. I never saw him carry the gun again.

One of the woodchuck babies died, but Daisy raised the other two. Six weeks later, I went out with a proud and beaming Carsy to release them near their original home.

Carsy and his grandmother left my home town soon after and it wasn't until several years later that I heard of him again. He was then working for a city zoo, loving animals as I knew he always had. He was studying at night, finishing high school so that he could go to college and become a veterinarian.

He would have been a good veterinarian, but the world called Carsy West back to killing. He enlisted early in World War II. On the target ranges he must have been a good marksman, but in battle I doubt if Carsy West could press a trigger without struggling first against his conscience. Perhaps that is why he survived so briefly, for Carsy West was killed a few days after D-day.

REASON ENOUGH

A MAN AROSE EARLY ONE MORNING in order to surprise his family with hot oatmeal for breakfast.

He was dishing out a bowl for Jimmy, 3, when Jimmy walked into the kitchen.

"Want honey on it?" his dad wanted to know.

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"And milk?"

"Yes."

"Butter in it, too?"

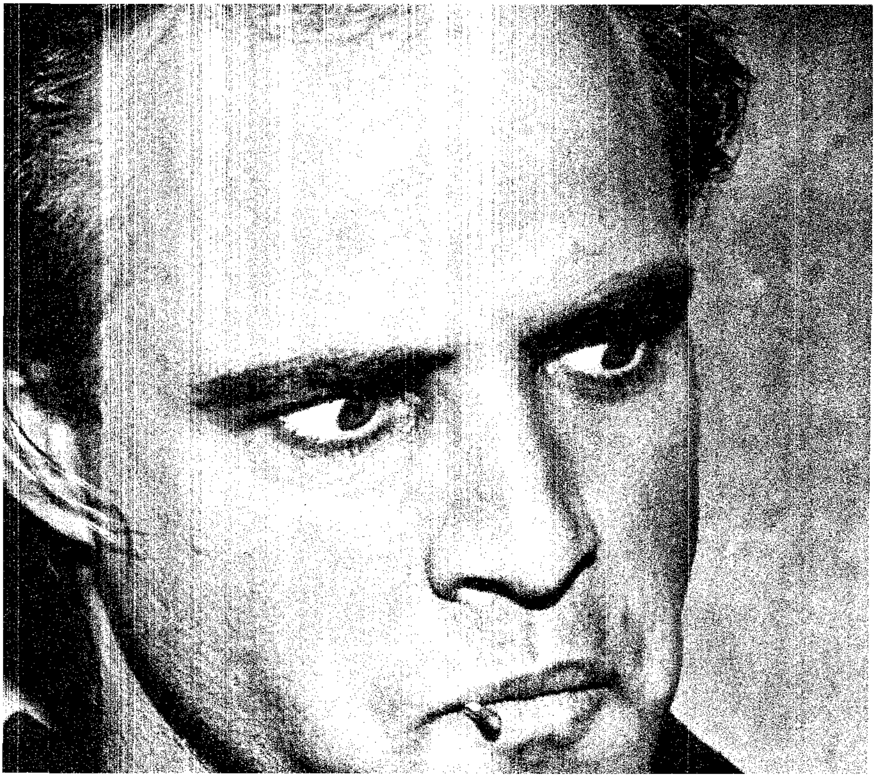
"Yes."

He gave the bowl to Jimmy. The youngster stared at it, then pushed it away.

"What's wrong? I put everything you want in it," his dad said.

Answered Jimmy, "I don't like oatmeal."

—ANNE MARSHALL

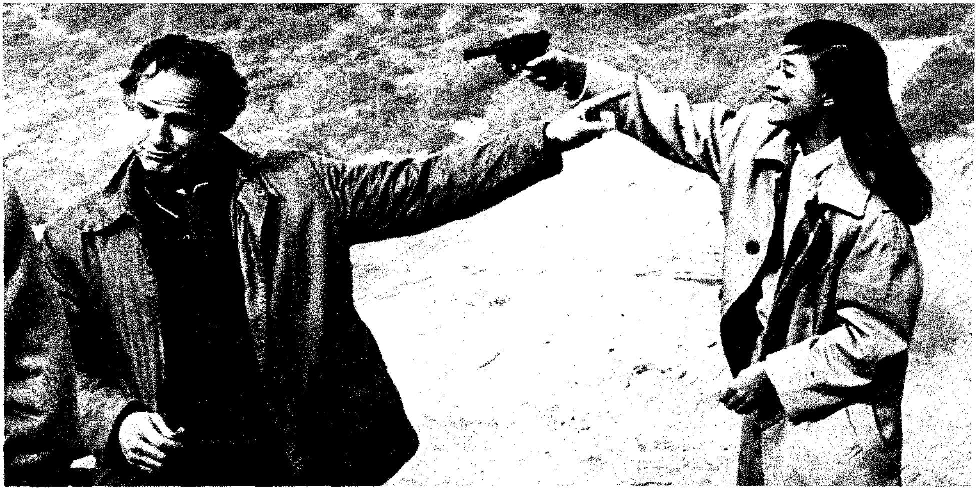


The many moods of Marlon Brando

Whether he's clowning in apology for scrambling his lines (left) or rotating his torso in "limbering-up exercises" (right) Marlon Brando is a volatile, impulsive personality, figuratively thumbing his nose at conventional behavior. Directing a movie for the first time, in addition to playing the male lead, he reveals in the pictures on the following pages his explosively different moods.

Text by Mark Nichols
Photographs by Sam Shaw

Filming—in Monterey and Death Valley, California—of "One-Eyed Jacks," the western on which Brando also labored as producer and part-time scriptwriter, continued for six months, because of his insistence on careful characterization. The budget soared to $4,500,000. But Brando shrugged this off. He often used mood music and suggested the actors improvise action and dialogue, hoping this spontaneity would intensify a scene's emotional impact. "The only tool an actor has is his feelings," Brando explains quietly; "an actor's brain is sometimes his arch enemy."



Brando tried spoofing Pina Pellicer in Spanish and French to bolster her self-assurance as an actress. "Then someone gave her a water pistol; it helped her overcome her shyness—but I was rarely dry after that," says Brando ruefully.

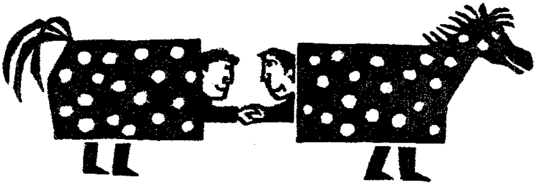
Running, passing, shouting excitedly, Brando slips back into boyhood during lunch-hour football practice. His right arm occasionally slips out of its socket, due to an old injury, so he throws underhand "to avoid strain."

Bearded makeup—he calls it "my Robinson Crusoe get-up"—
gives Brando somber, almost Biblical
look for part as escaped convict bent on revenge.

Brando erupts into unrestrained laughter—a mood
in which he is rarely photographed—
during a brief respite from tense acting-directing chores.

Using Harry Belafonte's record, "Shenandoah," to set mood, the mercurial Brando portrays an anguished lover (below). Later, for a storm sequence, he blithely sloshes himself with water (right).

When cameras halt, Brando displays a remarkable ability to turn off emotional valves
and, child-like, fall into a quiet sleep in a deserted jailhouse set, with broom as sun-shield. ♛



GRIN AND SHARE IT

WHILE traveling through Florida's panhandle country, a newsman stopped at a small town for lunch. He found a likely-appearing drugstore, parked his small foreign sports car out front and went in.

When he came out, a lanky farmer in overalls was circling the little car, peering curiously at points that caught his interest. As the newsman approached, the farmer stepped back on the sidewalk.

"Good morning," said the owner.

"Morning," returned the farmer, and, running a judicial eye over the sports car, added: "Picked that one before it was ripe, didn't you, stranger?" —*Tri-County Record*

IN A FREAK ACCIDENT, a Scottish farmer fell into the well. Treading water vigorously, he shouted to his wife for help.

"Hold on!" she cried. "I'll call the workmen from the field."

"Wait a minute," he called. "What's the time?"

"Eleven-thirty."

"Then bide a wee. I'll swim roon' till their dinnertime." —VAUGHN KNIGHT

LADEN WITH PACKAGES, a little old lady entered the supermarket ahead of me. Ignoring the row of empty carts, she proceeded to place a number of canned goods into a shopping bag. She then walked on to the frozen food freezer and fresh vegetable bins, adding to her load and refusing offers of help. Finally, at the candy shelves, a clerk who had been watching her suspiciously said, "I think you'd better put those groceries in a cart, ma'am."

"Oh, I'll turn this bag inside out at the check-out counter," she said, smiling. "But this is the only way I can keep from buying more than I can carry home." —MERRILL O'BRIEN

NOW, MR. GRIMM," said the seller of lake cottages, "let me tell you why I think you should pick this property we have listed at Round Lake."

"Round Lake?" echoed the prospective buyer. "Round Lake? It seems to me I know three or four Round Lakes."

"Exactly," beamed the salesman. "There are 14 Round Lakes in this state alone. And your relatives will never find you." —*Wall Street Journal*

AT A PRESS LUNCHEON in Washington, Major John Eisenhower recalled an incident during World War II when, as a second lieutenant and aide to his father, he was sent with a message to a colonel in the front line. "My dad says to watch your right flank," the younger Eisenhower told the colonel. "Fine," replied the puzzled officer, "and what does your mommy say?"

—LES AND LIZ CARPENTER (*Quote*)

FF THE COAST of Newfoundland, a ship collided with a fishing boat in a heavy fog. No real damage was done, but as the offending ship tried to back off, it banged into the boat again. The captain was afraid he might have done some damage with the second blow. "Can you stay afloat?" he shouted through a megaphone to the floundering victim.

"I guess so," called back the skipper of the boat. "Do you want to try again?" —ALBERT KANE

MY SMALL DAUGHTER had spent some time with her grandmother and broke something for which she had been reprimanded.

A few days later, she was listening to a discussion a friend and I were having about weapons, and afterward my daughter asked me what the word meant. I answered that it usually referred to an object that did damage.

She thought about this for a moment, then asked in a little voice, "Mother, am I a weapon?"

—MRS. W. H. DE MOURE

HE REVENUE AGENT toiled up the rock-lined mountain path toward a spot where a still was known to be located. Suddenly a shot rang out. Something grazed his sleeve. But, a determined man, the agent plodded upward. There came another shot, which put a hole in his coattail. Heedlessly, he went on. A third report, and a bullet knocked his hat off. Despite all this, however, he drove himself forward.

Then, from behind a rock near the top, a voice sounded. "One more step," it warned grimly, "an' I begin takin' aim." *—Wall Street Journal*

WAS IN THE HOSPITAL, due to be operated upon at 8 A.M. But the attendant did not arrive to take me to the operating room until 9:45. As he transferred me from my bed to the cart, I remarked, "They must be awfully busy in the operating room this morning. You're one hour and 45 minutes late."

One of his aides clapped his hand to his head and exclaimed, "Oh, man, it's been *murder* up there this morning!" —ERNEST BLEVINS *(Quote)*

HE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS has received this letter:

"Dear Sirs:

Will you please send me the Library of Congress?

Thank you.

I enclose $.25."

(Signed) ....

—Associated Press

IVE-YEAR-OLD Jimmy's mother was seldom surprised by anything she found in her offspring's pockets. However, she was a little more than curious when she found a wad of grass in his pocket one day. She called him in from play and asked why it was there.

Answered Jimmy with firm logic, "That worm I have in there had to eat, didn't he?" —EVELYN MULKERN

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

the search for a phantom father

by RONA JAFFE

Author of the best-selling novel,
"The Best of Everything"

Why do attractive, young girls throw themselves away on older, unavailable men?

ANYONE WORKING in a large office knows an attractive, young, single girl who goes out with a man old enough to be her father. Or perhaps an older girl, married now, who reminisces about the days when she did go out with such a man, and concludes with a sigh of relief that it is all in the past. It is easy to dismiss one such story as an oddity: a girl who is neurotic, lost or mixed-up; perhaps even an opportunist—or a victim. But the significance of the total picture of the working girl's search for a phantom father has suddenly become more shocking than any individual case.

The older man whom the girl in her 20s goes out with is almost always married; this happens not because she prefers married men, but because most men in their 30s are married by then and she is definitely looking for an older man.

But why should so many young, intelligent, attractive girls give up years of their lives to wait for a few hours with an aging, often unavailable man? Most single girls want to be a wife and mother, not just an adjunct to a typewriter, and this man cannot offer any future. Only the most ridiculous, mustache-twirling villain even pretends to. He cannot even always comfort her with his presence; he cannot be with her on Christmas and New Year's and all the other family times when loneliness can be most acute.

From the standpoint of sheer physical appeal, a man ten or 15 years younger would win most of the beauty contests, and the older man admits this, too, every time he undresses in front of a mirror.

It seems ironic, therefore, that a middle-aged man often can succeed where many a lonely, earnest, goodhearted, fumbling younger man meets bewildering indifference.

I have asked dozens of working girls, and older men, why so many girls prefer, at least once in their unhappy lives, men who are nearly as old as their own fathers. Surprisingly, all of them think the question is academic. The answers come quickly at first. They are the same answers from the men as from the girls.

1. An older man is kinder.
2. He is more understanding.
3. The girl can admire him because he has already made his mark in the world.
4. An older man offers security because even though he cannot marry this girl, neither can he play the field because of the time pressures of his married life.
5. He knows how to give a girl confidence. "Even in a little thing like walking into a restaurant," one girl told me, "I feel more at ease with an older man, because *he* is more at ease."
6. He makes the girl feel he will take care of her.
7. By consideration, he tries to make up for his unavailability.
8. He is neither hostile, nor elusive, nor is he wife-shopping. He does not feel or act as though he is doing the girl a big favor by devoting his free time to her; rather he acts as though she is doing the favor to him (as she is).
9. He can teach her about the world which seems so large and challenging.
10. He is more generous in a material way than the younger man because he has more money to spend and because he feels guilty about his unavailability.

To girls, the romantic older man is different from the husbands of their young friends, different from the eligible young bachelors they know, and different from their own fathers. Over and over, as they talk about the romantic middle-aged man, the same pattern emerges: he is an adult they can look up to, he is considerate and forgiving, he will not desert them. He is a "real man." When they talk about the young men they have gone out with, their tone ranges from pain to scorn, as if they were discussing an adversary who would hurt them or at least fall short of their expectations, not an attractive suitor with whom they could have fun and with whom they might eventually fall happily in love.

When the discussion is brought around to their own fathers, their talk becomes more guarded. It is not "nice" to seem to speak disrespectfully of one's father. But as they become more confidential, the wistful secrets come out.

"I remember when I stopped *really* respecting my father," one career girl admitted. "It was when I was in high school. That was when I first realized that my mother had made him a nothing in our house." The girl who spoke these words was involved in an affair with a man who was the same age as her father, but he was clearly the head of his own household and adored by his docile wife, who was unaware of his extra-curricular activities.

Another working girl in her early 20s, who was sneaking out to meet her boss after work, stopped for a moment to confide how much she loved him. Yes, she knew their affair might seem banal to an outsider, but to her it was different. She began to speak about her father. "My real father . . ." she began, and stopped in embarrassment. "*That* was a Freudian slip, wasn't it!" she admitted, and covered her face with her hands.

Another of these working girls had finally come to realize just how much of a phantom father her middle-aged lover was. The revelation was a complete surprise. "He was kissing me," she said, "and suddenly I looked at him and he looked just like my father and I began to cry."

"Why did you cry?" I asked. "Because it was a dreadful shock?"

"No," she said, "I cried because I was so happy. I felt I had found him at last. I realized then that what I really wanted was the father I had never had."

A successful lawyer had this to say: "In my small office, through the years, I knew five girls who were romantically involved with men old enough to be their fathers. In every case, the girl's own father was a Milquetoast."

Sometimes these girls actually marry the older men. We read in the newspapers of prominent young girls who marry men old enough to be their fathers, sometimes even old enough to be their grandfathers. But at least 90 percent of the young girls in their 20s who are in love with middle-aged men will *never* marry these men because these men will *never* leave their wives. This is the tragedy these girls docilely accept for years, longing for a home and children of their own, fighting their guilt and loneliness, harboring dark wishes that the man's wife might die.

Although the girls (and the men) explain their mismatched alliances on the superficial level of "being treated much better," a psychoanalyst cut a lot deeper:

"These girls feel that their mothers took their fathers away," he said. "But it is not the Oedipus complex of very early childhood. It is something that happens when they are nine or ten, or in their teens. The mother, by being the dominating force in the home, destroys the daughter's image of her powerful father. The mother makes the wise, strong, respected father vanish, replacing him by a sort of rubber stamp. The girl feels deserted. When she grows up, she constantly searches for her vanished father in older men, trying to take them away from their wives as she would have liked to rescue her father from her mother."

In the '20s there were flappers and sugar daddies. Before that there were wealthy patrons who kept young, pretty mistresses who had come from poor homes. But today, girls earn their own living. Some of them make more money than the young bachelors they go out with. Many of them genuinely enjoy their careers and work's daily challenges.

Today, it is not the poor, young shopgirl who becomes involved in a dead-end affair with an older man. It is the intelligent, educated, chic, white-collar girl, the secretary, the executive secretary, the assistant. These girls do not offer simply decoration to their middle-aged admirers; they offer intellectual stimulation and shared interests as well. One would think they would know better than to get involved at all.

In his book, *The Status Seekers*, Vance Packard cites one study which shows that in middle-class homes husbands tend to be dominated by their wives. And, what is even more significant, the husbands seem to like it that way. In lower class, or limited-income homes, the husband is still the boss. Foreign-born husbands are sovereign in their homes, too.

In this age of suburban living, the father is away from early morning until late at night. The mother is chauffeur, disciplinarian, arbiter, housekeeper and bill payer. The child of today might well say: "My mother is an automobile and my father is a train." We do not yet know the results of such a matriarchal society, in which noted anthropologist Margaret Mead calls the father "the children's mother's husband." But we can already see the results of a slightly less matriarchal urban and suburban society, the one in which my generation, now in their 20s, grew up.

In this article I am interested in the results on the sons only insofar as they affect their relationships with the girls they date and may eventually marry. Every unmarried working girl I spoke to had almost the same complaint: "A young man has no confidence," they said. "He wants to beat us down in order to dominate us. Going out on a date with a young man is like going into a battlefield. An older man treats us with consideration because he wants the regard of the woman."

There is something to be said for both sides. Why is it that a younger man lacks confidence, feels he must compete with a girl his own age? Why do so many bachelors prefer girls much younger and more naive than themselves, instead of dating girls who are more their equals? Why do so many young bachelors treat girls in an insincere and even hostile manner—insisting on affairs instead of marriage and stability, trying to collect a harem, cheating and manipulating their girl friends? Why are so many young men masochistic, chasing for years girls who clearly don't want to be bothered with them?

And on the other hand, why do so many unmarried working girls refuse to accept the relationship of equality, of starting out together, helping the young man and eventually building a life together—seeking instead someone who will play an indulgent father role? Men in their 40s and 50s will admit comfortably that it takes a man many years to mature and learn how to live with a woman. But many girls cannot see or cannot even look for the hints of this adult man-to-be in the young men who court them.

They do not want to excuse a young man's faults, nurse his ego, grow up with him. They have seen their mothers make the decisions, lay down the law. Their fathers sat quietly at the dinner table while their mothers held forth, dinner after dinner, year after year. Perhaps their mothers and fathers felt this relationship was easier, more comfortable. But to the young girls growing up in such homes, the dominant mother and passive father took on the air of classic tragedy.

Fifty years ago, a girl looking for a husband hoped he would have the same qualities as her father. It did not mean she actually wanted to marry her father. It meant she wanted a young man her father would approve of, who would grow up to be the kind of man her father would be proud to have as a friend. Today, the kind of man many girls want to find is the man her father was not. These girls are really looking for fatherly qualities and calling them manly attributes.

Unfortunately, every bad experience a girl has with a wolf, a playboy, a dullard, or a hostile adolescent-type, reinforces her mistrust toward all younger men.

Every year, young divorcees barely into their 20s, many with a small child or even two to support, enter the business world. Often the young man who was a failure as a husband was also a failure as a father. Sometimes these young ex-husbands are delighted to shed the premature responsibilities of a child and a home. They barely give any child support, and hardly, if ever, visit their children. The girl, who is left with the responsibility of being mother, father and career woman, is now more apt to look for an older man who will really take care of the family. She feels that even though some young men can help her economically, they cannot help her emotionally.

Every young divorcee I spoke to said she wanted to marry an older man, even a middle-aged man, because she felt he would be a better father. They felt that now social life was a rat race because young men wanted to bring up their own children, not someone else's, and many young men felt a divorcee was fair sexual prey. Many had friends whose young husbands were enthusiastic, devoted fathers, but somehow this did not seem to sway them.

In the course of their office work, these young divorcees met older men, often their bosses, who treated them with consideration. Thinking of the future of their children, these girls did not want to become involved with a married man. But proximity, loneliness and the constant balm of a man's sympathy sometimes turned into an unexpected and unwanted romance.

"I never thought I'd become involved," one of these divorcees told me. "But there I was every day, and there *he* was every day. . . . Besides," she added, almost angrily, "plenty of young men cheat on their wives, too. Mine did!"

So there she was with nothing, telling herself it was a stopgap, telling herself it was something; eventually so deeply involved that she was telling herself it was everything. A benevolent older man who came to visit occasionally and was kind to her child was not a father to that child, nor was he a husband to its mother. But that same young woman said to me later, wistfully: "If I could only find a young man, my age, who showed the same understanding, I'd be so bowled over I'd fall in love with him in a minute."

It seems to be a vicious circle. If fathers were more dominant and respected in the home and mothers were less dominating, then daughters would be more mature and secure and sons would be more mature and manly. There are still some girls who want to be women. Unlike their mothers, they want their men to be real men, not men like their fathers. Unfortunately these girls are handicapped by immaturity, by a search for a father they should have found many years ago.

They are confused. They are little girls trying to be women, they are women trying to be little girls. But one thing must be said in their favor: they are trying to be feminine. They are not trying to dominate their men and turn them into mice. One has to give them credit for that, no matter how many mistakes they make, no matter how much they should be scolded or pitied for the way they mess up their young lives.

AMERICAN KNOW-HOW

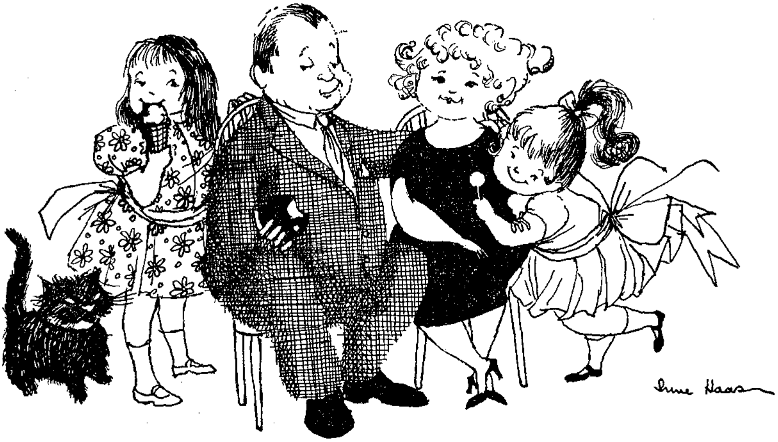
AN AUSTRALIAN TEACHER was conducting a Social Studies class. The subject was marsupials—animals with built-in pouches. She stated that there are only three varieties of marsupials in the world. Two of these—the kangaroo and the koala bear—live in Australia. They have only one baby at a time and the koala bear has only one baby every two years. "Now the opossum," she said, "lives in America, and the mother may have as many as a dozen babies at one time. And she may have several litters of babies each year."

As she paused, from far back in the room came the comment: "By jove, isn't that just like the Americans?"

—GERTRUDE MCCORMICK

by Jo Hubbard Chamberlin

How to indulge a bulge



They were e-x-p-a-n-d-a-b-l-e! So armed with knives and forks they hurled themselves into the Battle of the Diet—and came out looking like blimps

THE CHAMBERLIN FAMILY didn't *go* on a diet; we were pushed. First, I went for my annual medical checkup, and the nurse had trouble getting all of me on the X-ray plate. Second, my wife Mary became such a good cook that she fattened up and added ten pounds to her usual 125. Third, our daughters, Ann, nine, and Maria, ten, were looking more like sausages every day.

And we were entirely happy.

We weren't eating to fill some deep psychological hunger. We simply enjoyed eating—and our health couldn't have been better.

I faithfully read every diet I saw in the magazines. Once I actually went on one, after a hearty meal topped off with Dutch apple pie. That's the best time to start.

However, the two doctors who take care of our family said that we had to reduce, and that was that.

I'd bring my weight to 180 pounds, Mary to 125. We'd hold the line at 90 and 85 for Ann and Maria, while they grew a few inches. What could be simpler than that?

Our family doctors were no help to us, however. One was a six-foot, 145-pounder who had conducted a successful "get thin" clinic for years. He was firm with caloric backsliders, but I found out that he himself had tried for years to gain five pounds.

Our other doctor, a woman pediatrician, asked what foods our youngsters liked to eat best?

"Fried potatoes and chocolate bars," we told her.

"Why, that's what I like, too," she admitted.

The family began weight reduction with other handicaps. I grew up on a farm in Ohio where fresh butter and heavy cream were used in everything on the dinner table except the ham, which was fried in its own wonderful juice. Anyone who ate only one piece of pie was sneered at as a sissy.

However, we were determined to go on a diet, and we did. Look at the splendid progress we made the first fortnight:

	At start	After two weeks
Jo	190 pounds	190 pounds
Mary	135	135
Ann	90	90
Maria	85	85

We weren't losing, but at least we weren't gaining. Any family can do as well as we did. First, decide what fattening foods you will give up:

Jo: "Willing to pass up tuna fish." (I'm allergic to it.)

Mary: "I'll give up eggplant."

Ann: "No more spinach for me."

Maria: "Do I have to give up something? It's tough enough to wear corrective shoes."

This list of forbidden foods still left us such sturdy, sustaining items as peanut butter, ice cream and pork chops with which to keep alive during the weeks of semi-starvation which lay ahead of us.

Then we discovered a new weight-reduction technique which nutrition authorities have overlooked:

We found we could more easily pass up the rich foods on weekdays, if we revoked the diet rules on Sundays. This worked fine, until we discovered that our Sunday meals were increasingly becoming composed of ice cream, jelly roll and éclairs. It seemed wrong to eat all this stuff on one day, so we decided that the rule should include official holidays as well as Sundays. February, thanks to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, was a gala month.

The children grasped the idea quickly, and pretty soon we were also going off our diet for such birthdays as Molly Pitcher's, Marilyn Monroe's and Babe Ruth's.

Our family also found that we could get by with an abstemious 6:30 dinner of whole-wheat bread, skimmed milk, lettuce and other low-calorie items if there was a 10:30 P.M. visit to the icebox for pre-bed snacks. Originally, this wasn't planned. We just wandered casually into the kitchen "for a glass of water" and took a look in the icebox just to see what was there. After Mary and I bumped into each other in the darkness, we decided it would be better to have everything open and aboveboard, with the kitchen light left on for everyone.

Our friends and neighbors were no help to us, either.

Maria came home from school one day after visiting a classmate whose mother's battle against overweight was a community joke.

"Mrs. Stafford has lost a lot of weight since she went to Florida," Maria reported.

"Oh," said Mary, "does she look thinner?"

"No, she just told me she did."

Ann came home with a suggestion from a girl friend whose doting grandfather had bought her a pony to jolt her excess weight away. I priced ponies and gave that idea up.

Another neighboring family is of Serbian descent, and they live for good food. To show you the temptation we faced, here is the dinner they served us one night: fruit cup; consommé with macaroni; roast turkey with chestnut dressing; peas, Brussels sprouts and Lima beans in butter sauce; grapefruit (on our diet!); pastry; coffee and brandy.

We followed Oscar Wilde's advice and conquered this temptation by yielding to it.

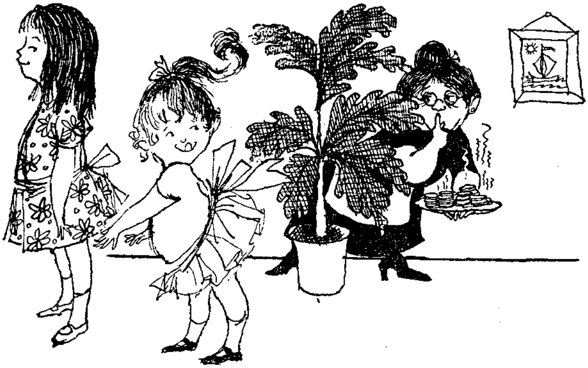
"Everywhere I look," Mary said disconsolately one day, "I see food. On the billboards, on the store shelves; even scenery reminds me of food. Mountains make me think of ice cream cones. A plateau may strike somebody else as a fine example of nature's handiwork, but to me it's a stack of buckwheat cakes."

I told her there was one good thing about a diet. Going on one gave you a great sense of virtue; and slipping off, a sense of sin.

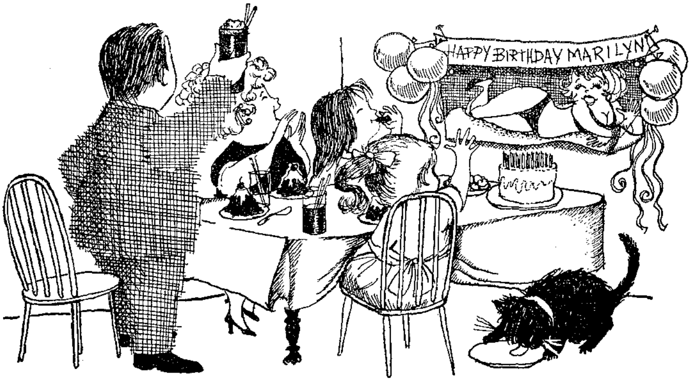
As a dieter, you must learn to face up to your problem. Ask yourself, "Is this piece of cheesecake worth what it costs in calories?"

Unfortunately, we always decided that it was.

One evening I came home from the office only to detect the faint odor of freshly baked ginger cookies. The women in the family assured me that it was just my imagination. I couldn't get too insistent, for I had eaten a cruller in town. I discovered, by some F.B.I. work, that Grandma



Grandma stuffed the kids with cookies—and blamed her own plumpness on the shrinkage of her dresses in the wash.



A birthday was a fine excuse for a gastronomic binge. And the birthday didn't have to be in the family—just so long as the food was.

was the culprit. She lives with us, and she was baking "bootleg" cookies and slipping them to the children.

"I couldn't see them go hungry," she said of these plump young ladies.

Grandma was a poor morale factor. She refused to go on a diet. "At my age," she declared, "a woman has a few prerogatives—and good food is one of them." She attributed her own plumpness to the shrinkage of her dresses in the wash.

What really discouraged me was that when I had a tough, ten-day attack of Asian flu, I still gained half a pound, just lying in bed. All the members of our family have plenty of "character," but it is the wrong kind. If our problem had been gaining weight, we could have done fine.

After eight weeks of dieting, we all weighed in, with the following results:

	At start	2 weeks	4 weeks	8 weeks
Jo	190	190	191	191
Mary	135	135	134	135
Ann	90	90	91	91
Maria	85	85	86	85

Mary and I decided it was time to call a council of war—or peace. Were we on a diet, or weren't we? We concluded that if we were to save the honor of the family, we must put temptation beyond reach. We decided to stop dieting.

The children cheered.

We all hopped into the car and drove a few miles to a wonderful bakery which advertises its wares with the line: "Butter makes the difference." We bought enough stuff for a banquet, to mark the end of our heroic struggle against insurmountable odds.

There's never been a time when our family had more fun than when we were on (and off) our diet. We didn't gain weight, and we really came to appreciate the wondrous foods we'd been taking for granted—napoleons, cherry tarts, chicken gravy, brioche, sweet potato pie. We think people who pass them up every time are crazy—let them get thin and bore somebody else telling about it.

What we accomplished, you can, too. All you need to do is to read the rules carefully, so you'll know which ones you're breaking.

The Scientists

Dr. James F. Crow

Dr. Robert A. Conard

Dr. John E. Rose

The specter of radioactive fallout now haunts the world. Each time we explode an atomic or hydrogen bomb designed for our defense we also hurl into the air a host of poisonous, potentially-lethal radioactive substances. Today, a worried world is asking: "How dangerous is this fallout? What will it do to our health?" And even more ominous: "What effect will it have on our children and our children's children?" For answers to these and other alarming questions, the editors of CORONET assigned veteran science writer John Pfeiffer to interview three leading specialists in the field of radioactive fallout: Dr. Robert A. Conard, of the Medical Research Center, Brookhaven National Laboratory, Upton, New York; Dr. John E. Rose, Director, Radiological Physics Division of the Argonne National Laboratory, Lemont, Illinois; and Dr. James F. Crow, Professor of Genetics at the University of Wisconsin . . .

...Here are their frank answers to 11 questions that worry mankind

1 What is fallout and where does it come from?

Fallout includes radioactive materials—spontaneously disintegrating atoms—which last for years and settle to earth following nuclear blasts. There are two distinct areas of fallout: close-in and world-wide. Close-in fallout tends to come down within a few days after an atomic-bomb blast, and at most within a few hundred miles from the explosion center. Humans absorbing enough radiation from close-in fallout will suffer from certain delayed effects such as nausea, loss of hair, burns, temporary sterility (depending on the radiation dosage) and other symptoms. Typical is the close-in fallout which occurred more than five years ago among Japanese fishermen and natives of the Marshall Islands, when a shift of wind changed the course of radioactive materials from an atomic explosion at Bikini atoll.

World-wide fallout generally takes years to come down to earth, and this is the fallout generally referred to in newspaper headlines. Ordinary atomic bombs send radioactive debris into the troposphere, about seven to eight miles above the earth's surface. But hydrogen bombs blast radioactive material into the stratosphere, up to altitudes of 18 miles or more. These materials are distributed widely but not very evenly throughout the stratosphere and drift down very slowly. The exact fallout rate is not yet known.

Such world-wide fallout forms a slow and invisible rain, exposing people everywhere to very low-level radiation and to the possibility of long-delayed effects. Fallout dates back to the introduction of atomic weapons in 1945. But it became more important in 1953, the year the first hydrogen bomb was detonated. Even if all nuclear testing were stopped forever, the effect of world-wide fallout on our bodies will continue to increase for perhaps seven years. For example, all the hydrogen-bomb tests to date have sent about 100 pounds of the radioactive material called strontium 90 into the stratosphere; but only about two-thirds of it has settled back to earth. Thus we have yet to feel the full impact of world-wide fallout.

2 Is fallout the only source of radioactivity?

No. Every year the average person receives about 30 units—or milliroentgens—of "natural" radiation from cosmic rays created in interstellar space. Energy from exploding atoms of radium and other natural radioactive materials in rock and soil gives us approximately another 60 units. Finally, some of these materials which get inside our bodies come from water, food and the air we breathe—and contribute about 95 more units a year to our radiation budget. Thus we have an estimated total of 185 units a year from all natural sources.

But since entering the atomic and hydrogen bomb age, we have become a threat to ourselves. Man-made radiation from fallout and medical sources makes up a dose of approximately 150 units a year. Adding this sum to the 185 units from natural sources gives us our total annual radiation burden: 335 units. By comparison, 500,000 units is a fatal dose. (This figure is for radiation to the whole body. Individual organs may be exposed to considerably higher doses without causing death.)

3

How much radiation comes from atomic and hydrogen bomb fallout?

To our best knowledge, over 200 atomic and hydrogen bombs have been exploded since 1945. These blasts have resulted in a total fission yield of 91,500,000 tons; that is, they have created fission products or nuclear debris equivalent to that which would be created by the explosion of nearly 4,600 Hiroshima-type bombs. (The U.S. and Britain have contributed approximately 74 percent; the Soviet Union, approximately 26 percent.)

So far, the fallout from all this activity has amounted to less than seven units out of the 150 units attributed to man-made radiation. The remaining 143 units—more than 20 times the fallout dose—are produced by X rays and other medical and dental radiation used to diagnose and treat disease.

This does not necessarily mean that bomb fallout is less of a hazard than medical radiation. Eliminating the use of medical radiation, or even reducing it sharply, would represent far more of a loss than a gain in terms of human health. The benefits generally outweigh the risks by at least 100 to one. But it should be noted that the fallout risk, however small it may be in comparison with other risks, has been increasing. That is one reason for our special concern today.

4

What is strontium 90?

More than 100 different radioactive isotopes have been identified in fallout. But strontium 90 is of special importance. For one thing, it is produced in relatively large amounts and tends to accumulate in living matter, including the human body. Strontium 90's half-life—the time it takes for half of a given sample to disintegrate—is 28 years, just long enough for most of the material to have resisted decay by the time it "falls out." Thus it is virtually always ready to damage the human body. Although strontium 90 falls unevenly over the earth's surface, a representative concentration in your neighborhood might be five millionths of an ounce per square mile. The element invades plant tissues and, eventually, through plant and animal foods, enters the human body.

Strontium 90 is a chemical relative of calcium, the substance that builds our bones. In fact, it tends to follow calcium around. And since our prime source of calcium is milk, strontium 90 is found there, too. Like calcium, it is a so-called "bone-seeker." Since it concentrates in the skeleton, strontium 90 subjects bone cells to a steady barrage of low-level radiation.

To keep a sense of perspective, however, remember that our total dose of radiation from all sources, natural and man-made, is roughly 335 units—and that on the average, strontium 90 currently contributes about half a unit to this total.

5 What does strontium 90 do to our bodies?

We don't yet know for sure. We do know from animal tests and other evidence that heavy doses of strontium 90—administered over relatively brief periods—can cause lowered resistance to stress, premature aging, leukemia and bone cancer. But fallout is a low-level effect that continues throughout life. And we have no direct knowledge of what such exposure does to humans, since it was not until late 1954 that we first detected traces of strontium 90 in the body.

Some indirect evidence is available, however. An estimated 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 Americans are drinking water which contains from 100 to over 400 times more radium than the average for the rest of the nation. They get their water from deep wells which tap underground sandstone reservoirs in Iowa, Minnesota, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois and Missouri. Most of them have been drinking this radium-rich water for about 50 years—the average age of the wells.

Radium, a substance roughly ten times more dangerous than strontium 90, also is a natural "bone-seeker." Yet preliminary research on past medical records among 300,000 "hot" water drinkers in Illinois shows no differences between them and their neighbors who drink low-radium water. This is one reason why the National Committee On Radiation Protection recently raised the maximum permissible level of strontium 90 in water by 25 percent for industrial workers having continuous occupational exposure. (To be on the safe side, maximum permissible levels for the general population are one-tenth of the industrial level.)

Yet even the fact that medical records show no bodily changes doesn't necessarily signify that nothing is happening. For example, if radium caused only one extra bone-cancer death per year among the 300,000 people drinking high-radiation water in Illinois, that might well be a significant increase. (Only about 2,000 persons die of the disease annually in the entire nation.) But because of errors in diagnosis and other reasons, our records are not accurate enough to reveal such a small difference.

Statisticians estimate that to trace the effects of radium we will have to follow 1,000,000 radium-water drinkers for ten years before any sufficiently large difference turns up—and such a survey is now under way. Since radium resembles strontium 90 in its action, this survey may help us decide what role fallout may play in causing bone cancer, leukemia and other conditions.

6

Many news reports mention the specific number of deaths that will be caused by strontium 90. How accurate are these statistics?

These statements are estimates, and they range all the way from no deaths at all to hundreds of deaths per year. It all depends on which of two theories you choose to believe.

According to one theory, our bodies have a built-in safety factor. We can stand larger doses of radiation than we are already receiving from natural and medical sources. Of course, there is a so-called "threshold" point beyond which we proceed at our own peril. But up to that point we are not in danger. The scientific way of putting it is as follows: "*If* the threshold theory is correct, and *if* we have not exceeded the danger point, then strontium 90 is causing no deaths." The trouble is that less precise and careful persons often omit these two big "ifs."

The second theory holds that there is no threshold point and no leeway. Every extra unit of radiation takes its toll, although we do not know just what this toll is. This is clearly the more pessimistic of the two theories. But until we have valid reasons for choosing between them, it is sound policy to assume the worst.

One authority has estimated that *if* the no-threshold theory is correct, then the strontium 90 released to date may cause from 50 to 100 bone-cancer deaths and 100 to 200 leukemia deaths in the U.S. every year for the next 70 years.

Summing up, as far as effects on our health are concerned, we do not yet know which theory is correct. But many authorities close to the problem privately place their bets on the threshold theory, the notion that there *is* a level below which the effects of strontium 90 are negligible, and believe that we are living well within this safety zone.

7 Will the fallout menace worsen in the future?

The National Committee On Radiation Protection has established a maximum permissible dose of strontium 90. According to the best current estimates, this is the amount we can have in our bones without undue risk. The dose is about 1,700 radiation units to the bone per year. This is a very small amount of strontium 90. It means that a 150-pound person would carry about five trillionths of an ounce in his bones. In other words, if every person in the world contained the maximum permissible amount of strontium 90, the grand total of all their doses would amount to only 1/135th of an ounce! Yet the potency of radioactive substances is so great that it is vital that we keep world levels well below maximum permissible levels.

Adults in the U.S. are now receiving an average of about half a unit of radiation from strontium 90. The dose for children, whose bones grow rapidly and take up more of the substance, is about eight times higher. If we put an end to nuclear tests that create fresh fallout, the concentration of strontium 90 in our bones will hit a peak in about 1966 of approximately 12 radiation units for children. This is 1/24th of the maximum permissible level.

But if nuclear tests continue indefinitely at their past rate, radiation levels will eventually rise to 30 to 120 units—a substantial increase. It has been estimated that if we should decide to keep concentrations at this level, all the nations of the world will have to limit testing to a total of 10,000,000 tons of nuclear explosive per year.

8 Will radiation have a genetic effect?

Until now, we have been discussing possible damage to ourselves. Genetic effects involve damage to humans yet unborn. Substances like strontium 90 are confined largely to bone and may threaten us directly. But they are no threat to future generations. They do not reach our so-called "germ" cells, the sperm and ova, carrying the genes which we pass on to our children.

But all other sources of radiation are significant genetically. Fallout contributes the radioactive isotope cesium 137, which enters the body, finds its way to the muscles, circulates in the blood stream and may irradiate the sperm and ova. Potassium 40, a natural radioactive element, behaves the same way. External sources, cosmic rays, medical radiation and "hot" substances in rock and soil also affect the workings of heredity-transmitting genes. These factors complicate the fallout problem enormously. We may be bold and daring about risking our lives. But we must take an extra hard look when it comes to risking the lives of those who will have no voice in our decisions.

9 How does radiation alter heredity?

Our genes represent the most precious heritage of the human species. The result of billions of years of evolution, they play a vital role in determining what we are and what we may become, our abilities and potentialities. You can think of them as submicroscopic particles, passed along from generation to generation. Each gene is designed to stay "as is," to maintain its structure throughout many successive generations. In fact, any given gene "mutates" only about once every 100,000 human generations; that is, once every 2,500,000 years or so. Mutations may produce increased susceptibility to various diseases, changes in stature or eye color, the shape of your nose or many other individual differences.

Radiation is what scientists call a "mutagenic" agent. It increases the number of mutations occurring in any given generation, and fallout—man's latest addition to his radiation burden—contributes its share of genetic changes. Moreover, evidence based on animal experiments indicates that no threshold exists where these effects are concerned. Every extra dose of radiation probably causes some extra mutations in our heredity material. There probably is no genetic tolerance of any kind for radiation.

Mutations tend to upset the workings of the marvelous, coordinated society of cells that is the human body. Most of them have no effect large enough for us to observe. But of the mutations which we *can* detect, an overwhelming majority cause some harm—great or small—to our well-being. Out of every 100,000 newborn infants, it is a reasonable guess that about 2,500 will have a mutant gene which the parents did not have and which will make an observable difference in terms of health and longevity.

10 How many genetic mutations are due to fallout?

Actually, fallout has been estimated to account for only about seven or eight of the 2,500 observable mutations mentioned above. Suppose we were able to work miracles and could shut off all natural sources of radiation and wait about 1,000 years until mankind has a chance to adjust to the change. From studies on mice, geneticists figure that stopping cosmic rays and natural radioactivity would decrease the average number of observable mutations among every

100,000 newborn babies from 2,500 to 2,250. These mutations would drop to about 1,990 if we next shut off all radiation from man-made sources. Thus, even in a world completely free of radiation, most mutations would still occur. They are due to factors which we do not yet fully understand.

1

Is this threat to our children's children enough to warrant stopping atomic and hydrogen tests?

On a proportional basis, seven or eight possible fallout-caused mutations out of 2,500 aren't very much. According to our calculations, the testing of nuclear weapons may have increased the mutation rate by only three-tenths of one percent. But small percentages may mean appreciable numbers when you consider world-wide effects.

For example, in a recent report the United Nations Science Committee estimated that throughout the world between 2,500 and 100,000 children may already have been born with major physical and mental defects resulting from genes mutated by fallout radiation. It may also be estimated that if nuclear tests continue at the average rate of the past seven years, they may cause 40,000 embryonic and infant deaths in the next generation—and a total of 700,000 such deaths during the next 30 generations or so, as the "bad" genes are weeded out of the population.

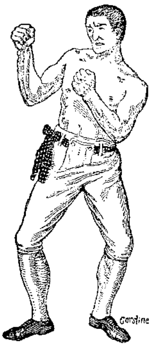
Even with "cleaner" bombs, bombs which produce less radioactive fallout (but *not* completely without fallout), it is costing us something to enter the atomic age. Scientists, as investigators of the physical world, can tell us approximately what the price is.

Whether the price is too high, however, is a question that can hardly be answered by scientists alone. It is one that ultimately will have to be settled by the citizens of the world—probably the biggest decision mankind has yet been called upon to make.

IN NOVEMBER CORONET

TENSION CAN BE GOOD FOR YOU
It may surprise you to know that your tensions can actually work in your favor. Here are the eight scientific ways to discover whether your tensions are normal or destructive.

YOUR HIDDEN MONEY IMPULSES
Do you squander money? Pinch pennies? Or depend on it to solve your troubles? Psychiatrist Smiley Blanton explores these impulses, reveals why money causes such problems and what you can do about them.



Bendigo the bruiser

by D. L. Champion

He weighed only 164 lbs.
But with a punch like
a mule — and the treachery of a
snake — he ruled
as heavyweight champ

William "Bendigo" Thompson, heavyweight champion of England in the old bare-knuckle days, was one of the dirtiest and most treacherous fighters ever to step into a prize ring. Yet he was so popular that a town, a race horse and a liqueur were named Bendigo in his honor during his lifetime.

Some boxing historians hold that he never actually earned the title of heavyweight champion. But it can be safely said he was the only temperance lecturer ever to collapse in a sodden stupor while exhorting an audience to forsake John Barleycorn.

Bendigo Thompson was one of triplets born in Nottingham, England, on October 11, 1811. His mother was a coarse and violent woman. However, she apparently was acquainted with the *Book of Daniel,* for she nicknamed her three sons Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. As a child, the latter's name was corrupted to Bendigo.

He was raised in slum squalor. His mother was the terror of the neighborhood. She cursed like a fishwife and fought like an outraged army. When she lost her temper—a circumstance which occurred two or three times a day—she beat up, impartially, her children, her husband and any indignant neighbor who thrust his head in the door to protest the noise. But in her own savage way she loved her fighting son and he loved her.

She taught Bendigo never to lead with his right and to fight from a crouch—a boxing style which he pioneered in the ring. By the time he was 14, Bendigo could thrash his mother, which no one else in Nottingham could do.

Never a man to be modest, Bendigo recalled his early athletic prowess in these words: "I was always passionately fond of fishing, of which I was considered a first-rate hand. I have also been noted for cock fighting, badger-baiting, running, somersaulting, stone throwing, cricketing and so forth."

When he was 21 years old he had attained his full height and weight: just over 5′9″ and 164 pounds. (Though no heavyweight by modern standards, in those day they didn't bother about division classifications.) His complexion was clear and fresh, his gray eyes bright and sparkling, his manner eccentric but confident.

In October of 1832 he embarked upon his professional career. When he fought one Ned Smith the following March for a purse of 5£, he cut Smith to pieces for six rounds, and knocked him out in the seventh. Ringside sports writers described him as quick, agile and muscular, with tremendous hitting power.

By the time Bendigo began to make a name for himself, the sport of boxing, once the "pride and boast of England," had come into disrepute. Brutality in the ring had caused an increasing number of deaths among fighters; critics complained that fighters accepted bribes to throw matches. The sport was attracting a great following of hoodlums and cutthroats.

Whenever they could, magistrates and other law officers broke up the fights and sought to outlaw them altogether. As a result, they were held in open country as far away as possible from police or constables.

As might be expected, this was precisely the kind of atmosphere in which Bendigo the slum boy could—and did—thrive. During the next two years, he fought eight opponents without a loss. At every fight then and thereafter, his bully boys, called the Nottingham Lambs, crowded in at ringside, prepared to take on all comers in or out of the ring if the decision should go against their man. Armed with clubs, chains, whips and crudely made brass knuckles, their methods make those of modern mobsters seem subtle. Other fighters also were accompanied to the ring by their claques of thugs but none were as tough as the Lambs.

Bendigo's 13th fight took him out of what today would be called the "preliminary boy" classification. It was in July of 1835. His opponent was Ben Caunt. They hated each other on sight. Caunt was then 22, stood 6′2½″ and weighed 210 pounds. Bendigo looked like a pygmy compared with Caunt. As one baffled sports writer of the period wrote, "Bendigo is the favorite at six to four, a state of odds which seems unaccountable when the disparity of size is considered." But the odds proved correct.

Bendigo enraged his gigantic opponent by his peculiar bending, weaving and crouching techniques; and the spectators roared disapproval when he "accidentally" slipped or fell (thus ending a round) whenever Caunt was getting the better of him.

Caunt finally lost his head, rushed across the ring and struck Bendigo while he was seated in his corner between rounds. This foul cost Caunt the fight.

Bendigo continued his unbeaten career, whipping men almost twice his size, through skill and skulduggery—and the intimidating presence of his Lambs who managed, one way and another, to make the referees see things their way.

In April of 1838 he was rematched with Caunt for stakes considered enormous: 100£ a side. Caunt proved clumsy, Bendigo tricky. In the 13th round, Caunt tried to strangle Bendigo by squeezing him breathless against the ropes. Spectators cried, "Shame"—and the Lambs quickly cut the ropes to release their idol. In the 75th round, Bendigo resorted to his usual tactics of tripping over an unseen obstacle and falling to end the round.

This time, the fans created such a row that the referee, in spite of the Lambs, had to award the match to Caunt on a foul. But the winner narrowly escaped a lynching at the hands of the Lambs, who twice dragged him from his carriage to continue the fight. He finally managed to escape on horseback.

The next year, champion Deaf Burke chose Bendigo over Caunt for a title match. Burke, a heavy drinker, refused to train for the match and Bendigo easily outfought him, although one writer said he was "full of unsportsmanlike trickery." Burke didn't seem to be loaded with ethics either. In the 10th round, knowing he had lost, he drove Bendigo to the ropes and deliberately butted him with his head. When Bendigo came to, he was awarded Burke's belt and declared the new heavyweight champion on a foul.

Bendigo's fame spread. A race horse was christened for him. The gold-mining town of Sandhurst, in Australia, proudly changed its name to Bendigo. (Today it is a thriving community of 40,000 people.) A distiller put on the market a liqueur called Bendigo. The ingredients were not revealed. But Lord Longford, one of the sporting gentry, went on record with this remark: "There are several liquids I would rather drink, at least one . . . is unmentionable."

Caunt, unable to tolerate the idea that Bendigo held the title, hurled challenge after challenge at him. Bendigo fought others, but ignored Caunt.

Then, in the early 1840s, Bendigo severely injured his knee while turning somersaults for the amusement of his friends. At this point, he announced his retirement from the ring and devoted himself to whisky, reminiscences and the management of a London public house, The Coach and Horses, which he had bought with his winnings.

With Bendigo retired, the championship went by default and eventually was won by Caunt. His repeated taunts finally brought Bendigo out of retirement in September of 1845. The fight created extraordinary excitement and the crowd that gathered for it was estimated at over 10,000. Because the police were determined to prevent the fight, the ring was moved three separate times.

It proved one of the most scandalous brawls in boxing history. Both men committed every known foul and invented a good many others. Frequently one or the other was tossed out of the ring onto the ringsiders. Again and again, the Lambs sought to bludgeon Caunt, missing him only by a hairsbreadth.

In the 93rd round, after two hours and ten minutes, the referee declared that Caunt went down without a blow, thus forfeiting the fight to Bendigo.

The scandal of it all kept London

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(*Cont'd from p. 63*)

clubmen in a state of excitement for months. Nevertheless, it is generally agreed that this disgraceful match had much to do with the reforms in the '50s and '60s that sent boxing on the road to respectability and made it once more a favorite sport of the aristocracy.

Bendigo permanently retired from the ring after defeating Tom Paddock in 1850. He returned to Nottingham where his acrobatic feats, even in his old age, were remarkable and delighted children, with whom he was kindly and gentle. He spent his sober moments gardening and fishing. But in his cups, he would hurl the first object that came to hand at whomever he thought had offended him. On one such occasion, he completely denuded a butcher shop, hurling joints and chops at the jeering crowd. Again and again, he was called up before the magistrate, and he never failed to bring as a peace offering a bouquet of the flowers he lovingly grew when he was sober.

An egocentric braggart, Bendigo oddly refused to discuss feats about which he could have boasted with reason, such as the three separate occasions when he saved persons from drowning—at the risk of his own life. When the townsfolk proposed to reward him for his courage, he indignantly refused to accept even a farthing.

Bendigo spent his last years as a traveling revivalist lecturing on temperance. While his new vocation might have fired him spiritually, it didn't quench his thirst. Whisky made him eloquent in the cause of prohibition. He invariably downed a pint before he mounted the rostrum to warn his audience of the horrors of strong drink. On one occasion, in Sussex, he collapsed in a drunken coma while exhorting one and all to come forward and sign a pledge of sobriety.

Bendigo died on August 23, 1880, after falling down a flight of steps and fracturing three ribs. A bony splinter perforated one of his lungs. It is said that his last words were: "I don't mind dying. I'll soon join my mother in heaven."

The odds against this appeared to be rather better than his usual six to four. For this time there were no Nottingham Lambs present to influence the referee.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

FINANCING A HOUSEHOLD these days is a three-ring circus. While you're trying to balance the accounts, your wife juggles the budget and the banker bounces your checks.
—HAROLD COFFIN

DIETS ARE FOR PERSONS who are thick and tired of it.
—*Tit-Bits*

MOST PARENTS know from experience that where there's a will, there's a won't.
—FRANCIS O. WALSH

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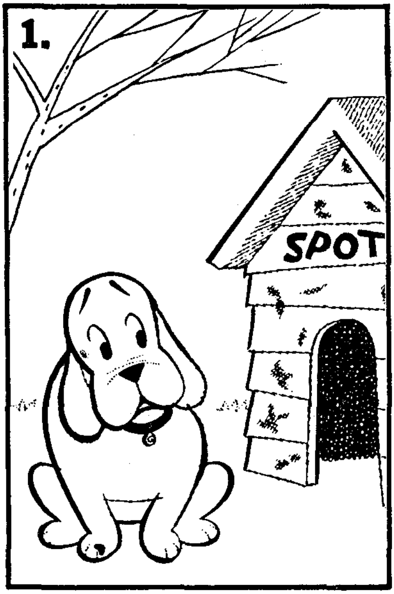

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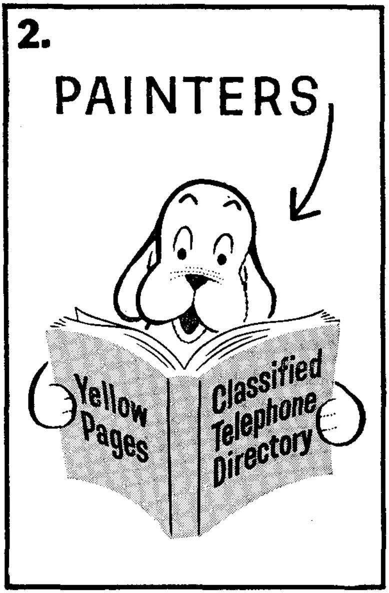
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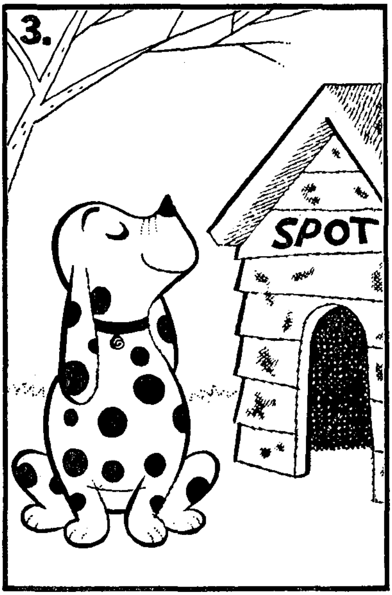

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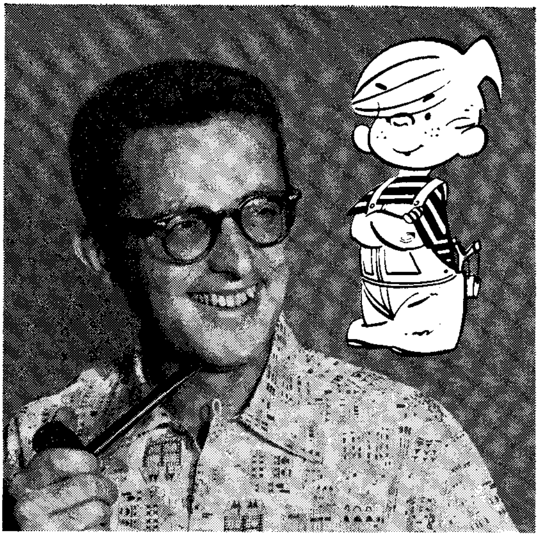

Hank Ketcham's comic-strip imp has made him rich and famous. But his son, the real-life Dennis, still bedevils him

The man behind "the menace"

by Lee Edson

A FEW MONTHS AGO, at a luncheon party in Carmel, California, a housewife dashed up to cartoonist Hank Ketcham, creator of *Dennis the Menace.* "I think your work is wonderful," she gushed. "You're the first man I ever met with the mind of a four-year-old."

Ketcham, who tells the story with a grin, has become, in the past eight years, the most successful oracle on the pre-school child since Dr. Spock.

His daily cartoon of Dennis, a pugnacious, freckle-faced little imp who is always at war with adults, appears in approximately 700 newspapers, with an estimated readership of 50,000,000. He authors the largest-selling single-character comic book in the nation, and his cartoons are translated into 21 languages. At a time when many comic strips are roundly condemned, Dennis has been endorsed by the Boys' Clubs of America and has been commended in the *Congressional Record.*

Dennis' enormous popularity has not only made Ketcham a wealthy man at 39, but it has created problems. "People are always asking me questions about child behavior or misbehavior," he says with a sigh, "but when it comes to my own real-life child, I am just as confused, frustrated and red-faced as any parent."

Despite this frank admission, Ketcham has developed an uncanny gift of mirroring the child-adult world accurately and vividly. His recording of child misbehavior is so true to life that doctors and psychologists have used his panels to illustrate lectures on child psychology. Within the space of a single cartoon panel, Ketcham makes Dennis say or do something that is honest from a child's point of view, yet embarrassing to an adult—all of which is revealing and reminiscently funny to adults as well as to youngsters.

Placing his hands on his hips, for example, Dennis will look up from his height of 36 inches and say indignantly to his mother: "Don't shout at me. I'm not your husband."

Actually, Dennis is the product of a cluster of cabana-studios bordering the swimming pool of Ketcham's isolated 61-acre ranch in Carmel Valley, California.

This idyllic setup is shared by three members of Ketcham's staff of five. Lee Holley, a former Warner Brothers animation artist, does the Sunday cartoon strip. Fred Toole, Ketcham's right-hand man, writes the scripts for the Dennis comic books series and also attends to the mail and public relations matters. Arch Garner, an accomplished sculptor, works on the development of new puppets, toys and games which bear the Dennis imprint.

In addition, Al Wiseman, a former free-lance cartoonist, is in charge of turning out the completed comic books at his home studio in nearby Carmel, and Bob Harmon, a gag writer, contributes the bulk of the ideas for the daily panels and Sunday pages from his home in Southern California. Harmon's sense of humor and keen insight into the minds of children are especially remarkable because he has no children of his own and has been a wheel chair-ridden victim of muscular dystrophy for years.

Ketcham, the maestro of this talented company, generally begins the day at 8 A.M. when a bell rings in the kitchen of his thick-walled, ten-room Spanish adobe home, announcing that his electronic gate has admitted staff members. Ketcham finishes his coffee and "commutes" 50 feet down a sloping lawn to his studio. The staff gathers around the coffee pot beside the swimming pool and discusses the day's work.

Toward mid-afternoon, as deadline time approaches, there is a flurry of drawing-board activity. Ketcham, who tries to keep about eight weeks ahead of publication, riffles through a dozen or so cartoon suggestions which come in every ten days from Bob Harmon. Some he tosses aside; others make him grin and he quickly draws a rough, preliminary pencil sketch. If he sets his mind to it, Ketcham says, he can do a full week's roughs and finished cartoons in one day. By the end of the day, the cartoons are ready to mail to the Hall Syndicate in New York, which distributes them to subscriber newspapers who pay fees ranging from $3 to several hundred dollars a week.

The Seattle-born Ketcham, tall

and bespectacled, with thick, graying, brown hair, always wanted to be a cartoonist. When he was six, he learned to sketch Barney Google and other popular cartoon characters of the day with such skill that the neighborhood kids commissioned him to decorate their wooden wagons at five cents a drawing.

Having tasted such delight at an early age, Ketcham went on drawing. In 1937, he enrolled as an art major at the University of Washington, but he quit after a year because he wanted to draw cartoons—a form of art frowned on in university circles. Finally, at the age of 18, he decided to seek his fortune in Hollywood. "I was pretty ambitious," Ketcham says. "I was all set to take over Walt Disney's operation."

But a personnel executive at the Disney lot, to whom young Ketcham applied for a job, looked at samples of his work and said flatly, "Young man, you're in the wrong business."

Undismayed, Ketcham remained in Los Angeles and took a job sharpening pencils and doing other odd chores for a small art agency. Finally, he landed his first major job at $16 a week with Walter Lantz Productions at Universal Studios. Months later, he was hired by the Disney organization, and for two-and-a-half years drew animated figures for such productions as the Donald Duck shorts, *Pinocchio* and *Fantasia*.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor Day, Ketcham enlisted in the Navy and was promptly assigned to Washington, D.C., where he drew cartoons, edited magazines and produced animated films to help promote war bond sales. On the side he sold cartoons to national magazines. In 1942, after a six-week courtship, he married the late Alice Mahar, an attractive brunette from Malden, Massachusetts, whom he had met in Washington. Dennis Lloyd Ketcham, the couple's only child, was born four years later in Westport, Connecticut, where the Ketchams settled after Hank received his discharge. Mrs. Ketcham died suddenly last June.

DENNIS THE MENACE came into being one foggy day in October, 1950. Hank had moved to Carmel and his son Dennis was four years old. Hank remembers the occasion well. "Alice had shut Dennis in his room because he was obnoxious," Ketcham says. Later she decided to look in on the child and immediately came running out of his room, wild-eyed at the sight of such disarray.

"Your son is a menace," she gasped. Hank, who was busy with a cartoon idea, looked up absentmindedly. "*Dennis the Menace*," he said. "That's cute."

That night, Ketcham dug into his file, where he kept amusing tidbits on children, picked out some gag situations and did six roughs on *Dennis the Menace*, which he sent to New York. The following week he received a wire from Bob Hall, head of the Hall Syndicate. It said simply: "Give us more."

After that, Dennis' rise was meteoric. In March, 1951, readers of 15 major newspapers grinned as they saw Dennis impishly lean out of a car window and tell a motorcycle cop: "You didn't catch us, we ran outta gas." Twelve months later, over 200 newspapers were signed up, and Ketcham was voted Outstanding Cartoonist of the Year by the National Cartoonists Society.

Dennis' popularity was best demonstrated in 1954, when Senator Ralph E. Flanders of Vermont rose in the Senate and accused the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of being the *Dennis the Menace* of the U.S. Throughout the country, Dennis-lovers urged Ketcham to sue Flanders for slander. "It isn't fair," wrote John Kelly, managing editor of the Bridgeport *Herald,* "to compare our Dennis with McCarthy . . . Dennis is a lovable character."

While secretly pleased at this furor over his brain child, Ketcham remained aloof. "Dennis is too young to enter politics," he explained.

In keeping with his youth, Dennis' character is constantly growing, or as Ketcham puts it, "each day we get to know his character better." In the early days, Dennis was taller and thinner and more scowling than he is now, and was occasionally involved in truly malicious mischief.

An early cartoon, for instance, shows two swans in a lake. One swan has a knot in its long neck and is saying to the other swan: "Keep away from the boy in the red overalls." Ketcham insists that Dennis would never do a thing like that today, and he constantly turns down ideas which suggest that Dennis put kittens in the washing machine or glue in his father's pants. Ketcham's

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most popular cartoon, judging by the mail, has Dennis kneeling before his bed and prefacing his prayers with: "Well, God, I goofed again."

Many parents have begged Ketcham to allow Dennis to grow up. But the cartoonist insists that growing up is a serious business, and Dennis—an unserious little boy—will always remain four-and-a-half years old and an only child.

On one occasion, when Hollywood was making the pilot film of a TV series on Dennis, the producer tried to give the boy a sister. Ketcham said no. However, he has added a younger companion, Joey, to the feature, so that Dennis can look down on somebody.

Although few people ever have objected to Dennis' antics, occasionally somebody does write Ketcham a letter of complaint. One tear-stained letter from a youngster begged Ketcham to stop drawing Dennis cartoons altogether. All his friends, he wrote, were laughing at him. The letter was signed: Dennis Mitchell. Sympathetically, Ketcham sent the boy a cartoon of Dennis, to which he had added this contrite caption: "Gee, you know, lots of kids are named Dennis."

Today, Ketcham's cartoon work is only part of a growing business enterprise. A few years ago, in Monterey's El Estero Park, Ketcham and Arch Garner designed a new type of children's playground, based, as Ketcham says, on what kids want to do, not on what adults think they want to do. Nine similar *Dennis the Menace* playgrounds are now under construction in other cities, including one in Canada. Ketcham also markets everything from hand puppets of Dennis and his family to a bola ball, a harmless version of the Argentine *gauchos'* famed weapon. And a CBS-TV version of Dennis is scheduled to make its debut. The TV Dennis, chosen from hundreds of candidates, will be Jay North, who at six is a veteran of the Dinah Shore and George Gobel shows and who is the great-grandson of the noted Scottish poet, Robert Burns.

From time to time, Hank Ketcham pauses to look at the phenomenal growth of Dennis and his world. "Gosh," he once blurted, "what if we'd named him George?"

A WORD TO THE WISE

THOUGH THE BRITISH have no written Constitution as we do, they know very well what the right of petition is all about.

They also know what to do with it, even in this electronic age, as the people of Longford Village showed a while back. The rumpus began when an airline company asked permission of the Transport Ministry to inaugurate a jet flight to New York daily at 1:30 A.M. The residents whose homes are in line with the airport's Runway No. 1, protested that they would all be awakened at that early hour by the noisy take-offs.

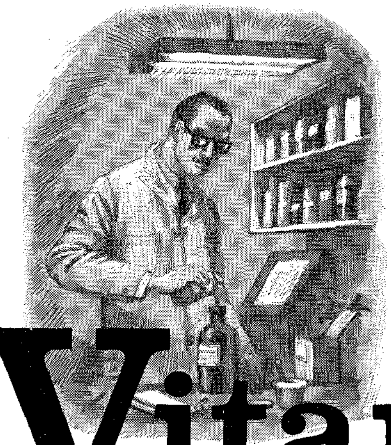
The Transport Ministry was sympathetic, but the complaints of the residents didn't seem to be getting very far. Until, that is, some student of the unwritten Constitution persuaded the residents of Longford Village to threaten to invoke their unwritten rights.

The plans for the flight were junked rather hastily after the homeowners issued an ultimatum: they would exercise their right of petition by telephoning all airline officials and Transport Ministry officers every time a jet plane woke them up at 1:30 in the morning.

—*Wall Street Journal*

A MAN IN ENGLAND was expecting a present—a decanter and some glasses—from Vienna. But when the parcel arrived, a gentle shake told him that at least some of the glassware had been broken. Opening it, he found that everything was smashed to smithereens. The man lifted it up in its brown paper sheets to transfer the contents to the dust bin, when he noticed a label stuck on an inner wrapping. It was the Viennese shop's warning to all English-speaking handlers of the consignment. It read "INEXPRESSIBLY BREAKLY."

—*Midland Bank Lt'd*



New York Newspaper Reveals Startling Vitamin Price Facts— Learn How You Can Save On Vitamins

Recently, a leading New York evening newspaper published a public service study of Patent Medicines. The VITAMIN installment uncovered the wide variance in the prices of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

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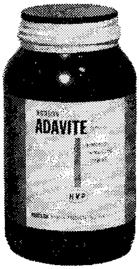

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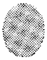

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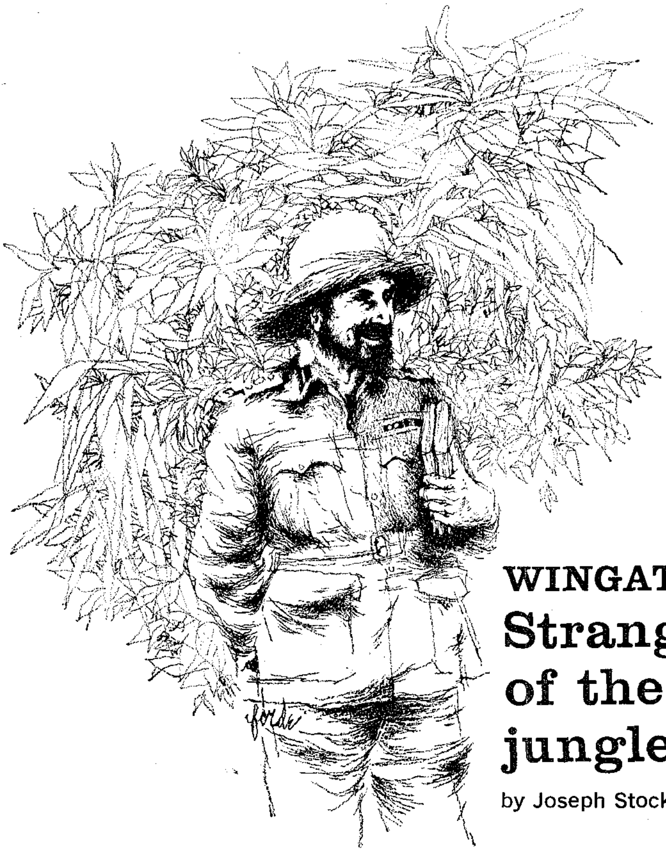

WINGATE:

Strange genius of the jungle wars

by Joseph Stocker

This Bible-quoting, Plato-reading, onion-eating, discipline-hating brigadier was one of the most eccentric — and successful — military leaders of all time

In May, 1943, a ragged column of British soldiers emerged from the Burma jungles and the veil was lifted from one of the best-kept secrets of World War II. For three months these audacious fighters had roamed behind the Japanese lines, wrecking bridges and airfields, blasting ammunition dumps, spreading confusion and panic among the enemy. They had surmounted incredible hardships, even subsisting—when their aerial supplies failed—on boiled python meat, elephant steaks and grass soup. The news of their exploits, released only when they were safe at their base in India, thrilled the Allied world. Since Pearl Harbor, the Japanese had been having things pretty much their own way throughout Asia and the western Pacific. Now they had been forced to swallow some of their own medicine. It marked a major turning point of the war.

The man who planned and led that bold thrust into Burma was Orde Charles Wingate, one of the most colorful and controversial personalities in British military history. He went to war wearing a full beard and a pith helmet, carrying a Bible under his arm and dangling an alarm clock from his little finger. He ate onions in prodigious quantities, claiming that they had special health-giving properties.

In the rare moments when he rested, he liked to lie naked in his bunk, reading Plato and scratching himself with a stiff toothbrush. He had contempt for most of his fellow officers, referring to them as "military apes." Wingate even kept a special grease-stained uniform to wear when meeting VIPs, to show his indifference to them.

He was a slightly built, intense and moody man, with thick, shaggy hair and piercing blue eyes. Born in India in 1903, he grew up in an environment dominated by the Bible. His father, a retired army colonel, belonged to a sternly Puritan branch of English Protestantism. Young Orde Wingate committed large portions of the Bible to memory; and in later years, in the quiet of a jungle night, he could be heard reciting Biblical meditations in his tent. He also liked to use Biblical language in battle. Once in Burma he radioed his subordinate commanders: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

He was given a military education and, after graduating, entered the Army. His first major assignment, in 1928, was to the Sudan, in northeastern Africa. Bored by this peacetime duty, he staged a one-man expedition in search of a legendary lost oasis. To save money for the hunt, he gave up smoking. He didn't find the lost oasis, but on a liner taking him back to Britain shortly afterward, he found a bride.

She was Lorna Patterson, the beautiful daughter of a Ceylon tea planter, and one story—possibly apocryphal—has it that she introduced herself to him by saying, "You are the man I'm going to marry." To which Wingate is supposed to have replied, "You are right. When?" Two years later (the story goes) she wrote him a letter which contained one word: "Now."

Wingate was sent next to Palestine. And it was there that the rebellious pattern of his career began to take shape. The British authorities were pro-Arab. But Wingate sympathized with the Jews. In their restless struggle to carve out a homeland, he saw the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy.

Wingate was only a captain. But with typical brashness he wrote directly to Winston Churchill to urge that the Jews be armed. The British finally agreed to let him organize "Special Night Squads" of Jews and British soldiers for a campaign of guerrilla warfare against marauding

Arabs, who had been financed by Axis funds.

Wingate saw himself as a modern Gideon, commanded by God—like Gideon before him—to "go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel." His tactics even paralleled those of Gideon. Gideon fought by night and so did Wingate. Gideon sent 22,000 men home for cowardice and fought with 300 chosen warriors. Similarly Wingate, instead of using a large force, led 300 carefully-trained men against the Arab insurrectionists.

In a short time the Arab revolt was broken. Captain Wingate was given a DSO and a promotion—and then recalled from the country for being too friendly to the Jews.

IN 1940 he was assigned another important mission. It was to retake Ethiopia from the Italians, who had bombed the helpless natives and toppled Emperor Haile Selassie from his throne. Again he took command of a "Gideon's force," this one comprising about 1,800 Sudanese, Ethiopian patriots, British officers and Palestinian non-coms. And again he used Gideon's tactics of dividing his men into small units for swift guerrilla raids at night.

Although vastly outnumbered, Wingate's half-pint army soon had the Italians in wild retreat. They fell back so quickly that he captured one enemy command post while its field telephone was still functioning.

"You speak Italian," Wingate snapped to a newspaper correspondent. "Call them up and tell them that a British division, 10,000 strong, is on its way." The correspondent cranked the phone and conveyed Wingate's message.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" wailed the Italian who answered at the other end.

"If you want my advice," said the correspondent, "clear out as quick as you can."

The Italians thereupon evacuated an impregnable position at a vital river crossing and Wingate captured it with a small detachment.

It took him just six months to vanquish Mussolini's African proconsuls. When they requested an honor guard for their surrender, he had to refuse because he didn't have enough men; and he was reluctant to humiliate a beaten enemy by disclosing the real size of his force. Later, on a white horse, he escorted Haile Selassie through the streets of Addis Ababa back to his throne.

But Wingate paid a price for his Ethiopian victory. He had incurred the disfavor of superior officers by ignoring messages and obeying only those orders with which he agreed. He arrived at General Headquarters in Cairo to find—not a hero's welcome—but cold indifference and even hostility. One night in his hotel room, worn out by the months spent in the African bush and deeply depressed, he slit his throat with a rusty Ethiopian knife. He eventually recovered from the wound and from his depression.

In 1942, Field Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell summoned Wingate to India. The Japanese had driven the British out of Burma and were getting ready to invade India. Wingate

(*Cont'd on p.* 82)

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(*Cont'd from p.* 80)

was made a brigadier and given the job of organizing a guerrilla force to go behind the enemy lines and sabotage their invasion preparations. His guerrillas, whom he called "Chindits" after a mythological Burmese dragon known as the "chintha," numbered only about 3,000 and had little actual battle experience. But they were honed to a fine edge by months of training.

On February 7, 1943, wearing his familiar pith helmet, Wingate led them into the Burma jungle. He knew that their only security lay in speed, and he ordered that all their waking hours be spent in marching and fighting. They were forbidden even to shave, for that would waste about ten minutes a day.

Supplied by air drops, co-ordinated by Wingate with a radio mounted on a mule, the guerrillas penetrated a full 300 miles behind the enemy's lines. It was a grueling campaign. Wingate had no field hospital with him and thus had to abandon his sick and wounded. But he effectively harassed the Japanese, probably staved off an invasion of India and, in the end, brought two-thirds of his force out of the jungle.

This marked the first time that the sorely pressed British lion had turned on its Japanese tormentors. Orde Wingate became a British hero—a man hailed everywhere as "the Lawrence of Burma."

Winston Churchill sent for Wingate to accompany Churchill to his Quebec conference with Franklin D. Roosevelt and other Allied leaders. There Wingate was made a major general and assigned the job of opening the road from northern Burma to the Chinese border so that American and Chinese forces might pour in against the Japanese.

The U. S. Army Air Force was to support Wingate's jungle fighters. Command of the air element was given to Philip Cochran, a good-looking young colonel from Erie, Pennsylvania. Cochran already had gained considerable renown from having inspired the character of Flip Corkin in "Terry and the Pirates," a comic strip drawn by his friend, Milton Caniff.

Wingate originally had thought of using planes to fly supplies to his new army of Chindits and bring out the sick and wounded. But Cochran came up with a far bolder idea: use gliders to fly in not only supplies, but the Chindits themselves. Wingate was delighted, although some of his native troops had misgivings. "We aren't afraid to go," said one Gurkha soldier to a British captain, "and we aren't afraid to fight. But we thought you ought to know—those planes don't have any motors."

At dusk one day the initial wave of planes and gliders took off for a jungle clearing 165 miles behind the Japanese lines. Wingate, nervously combing his beard, waited beside a radio to hear how they fared. For the first time he was not at the head of his troops.

At 4 A.M. a single word came crackling out of the loudspeaker: "Soyalink!" It was a prearranged code, meaning disaster. (Soyalink actually was a wartime ersatz sausage which the British hated.) Then, four long hours later, came another

(*Cont'd on p.* 84)

"We open or close our garage doors an average of 10 times a day. Used to be hard work—especially in bad weather. Now we have a "drive-in" home! Our garage door is as automatic as our automobile, kitchen, or washing machine. A pushbutton on the dash closes, opens, locks, and unlocks the door, turns on and off the driveway and garage lights. No after-dark danger. *Our new Radio-Controlled Barber-Colman OVERdoor* always works perfectly, easily—closes safely, snugly—no nudging needed. It's dirt-, weather-, theftproof—a style feature of our home. We can't imagine ourselves without it."

To locate your Barber-Colman door specialist, check phone directory under "Doors"

(*Con't from p.* 82)

code word: "Porksausage!" This meant that everything was all right—carry on with the operation.

Soon Wingate learned what had happened. The clearing, which had appeared smooth from photos taken by reconnaissance planes, actually was full of holes. Numbers of gliders in the first wave had crashed and 30 men had been killed. But the wreckage was cleared away, the holes were filled and planes and gliders came swooping on in until nearly 10,000 troops had been moved into the heart of enemy territory.

Wingate's second Burma expedition was successful beyond all expectations. Enemy supply lines were cut and the Japanese withered on the vine. One-fifth of their air force in Burma was destroyed. Finally all of northern Burma fell to the invading Allies.

Orde Wingate lived long enough to know that victory was in the making in this, his greatest military adventure. Then, on March 24, 1944, he took off in a B-25 bomber for a tour of inspection. The weather was bad. The plane became overdue. Next day its wreckage was found in the Burma jungle.

For days Wingate's death was kept a military secret, lest the news cause his men to lose heart. Then it was announced. "With him," said Winston Churchill, "a bright flame was extinguished."

Wingate's ambition had been to go back to Palestine after the war and help his Jewish friends win their independence. They won it without him, but with the encouragement he had given them, with tactics he had taught them and with military commanders whom he had trained. Thus, in spirit at least, this 20th century Gideon—a man who ranks among the most romantic warriors ever to stride acrosss the world's stage—finally did lead the forces of Israel to victory. ♛

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Sterling Silver Girl's Identification Bracelet $7.50 F.T.I. (in 12Kt Gold Filled $8.50 F.T.I.
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2. You must mail filled-in Official Entry Blank to: Forstner, Inc., 646 Nye Avenue, Irvington, New Jersey. Envelope must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1959.

3. Winners will be notified by Registered Mail. Judges decisions will be final.

4. Only one prize to a family.

5. Employees and children of Forstner, Inc., and their advertising agency are not eligible. Contest subject to all Local, State, and Federal Regulations.

A father's adventure with Sweet Sixteen

by Michael Morris

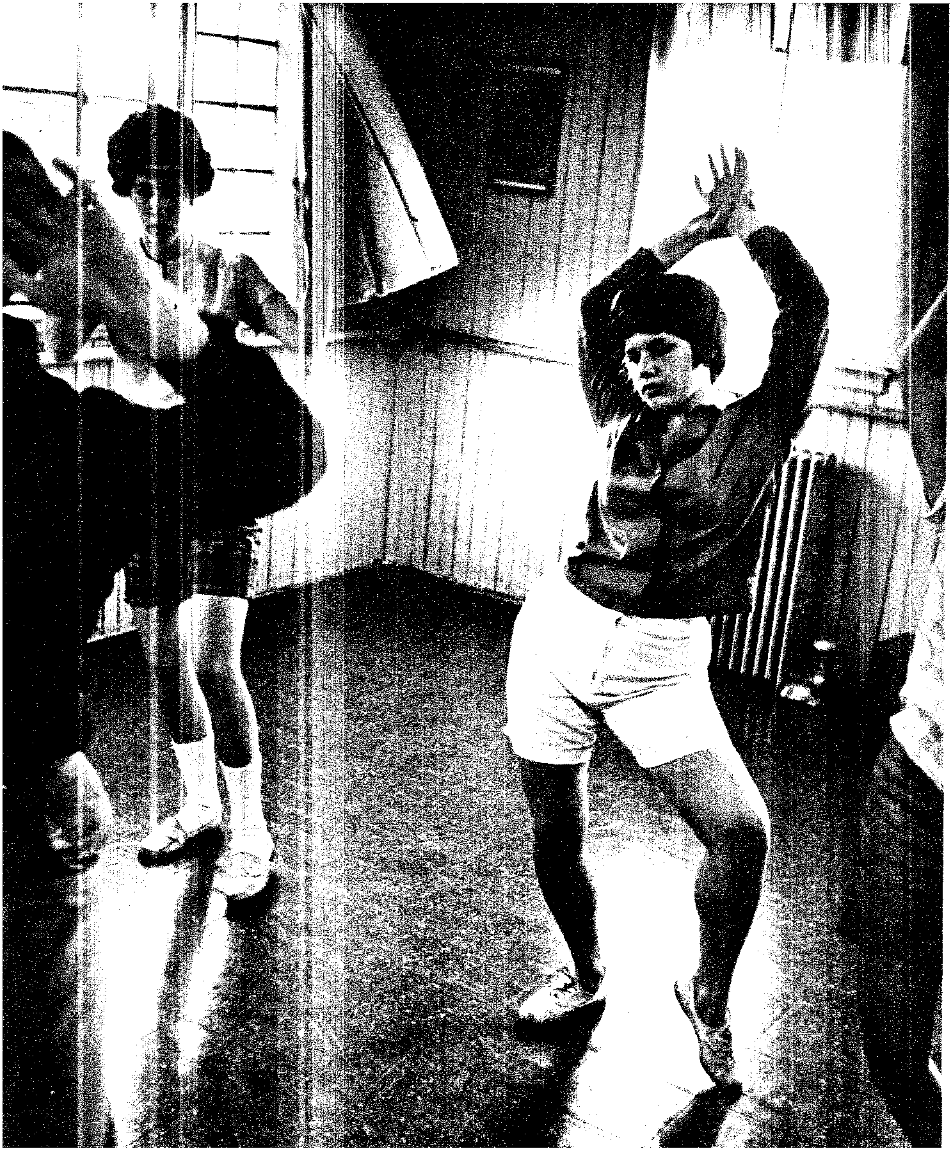
In his Seven Ages of Man, Shakespeare seems to have overlooked the most bewildering: a father who finds himself with a 16-year-old girl-woman on his hands. Rarely can they walk arm in arm in almost complete contentment, as I am (at right) with my daughter Felicia, a senior at Long Island's Oceanside High School. For 16 is an age where calm is but an interlude—and drama a way of life. As a TV writer, I suppose I should claim this is grist for my mill; that I understand it all completely. I don't. And neither does my wife Sonia. Mostly we're perplexed—and proud. And on the following pages you see Felicia as I wonderingly see her.

Photographs by Dan Budnik

Felicia's enthusiasms are: boys (seven "steadies" in a year); clothes (a double wardrobe, hers and her mother's); studying and eating. A "B" student, Felicia gets "A" in food. So she's grown not only from north to south, but from east to west. The battle of the lower bulge is fought with blitz diets, followed by famished surrender to mounds of banana splits. But the boys at school approve of Felicia's "hour-and-a-half-glass figure."

The maiden makes her maiden voyage behind the wheel. I won't buck the calendar. But how swift the time did fly from baby carriage to convertible.

The party's over. But the memory of my butterfly
emerging from her cocoon of blue jeans
into her white organdy still lingers on. Felicia certainly
didn't inherit her poise from her father!



Felicia is an intense person. So is my wife. As a consequence, the rages are as monumental as the laughter. Explosions can be set off by Felicia banishing her kid sister, Shari, 11, from the living room when she is entertaining her friends; and earthquakes can rock the house when my wife objects to Felicia using doe-eye make-up for school wear. But sometimes Felicia's maturity surprises me. Rather than a Sweet Sixteen party, she said she would prefer contact lenses: "a more lasting and practical gift." She got the lenses and the party. They left me both poorer and richer.

In my home, the sound of laughter comes in torrents. It's the secret laughter a father can share only with his son, and a mother with her daughter. I see my wife growing younger as my daughter grows older.

When Felicia started her dancing classes, she chose something called Modern Jazz. If she dares perform in public, she's going to be raided by a blushing father.

Felicia pours on tears as easily as shampoo into her hair.
But I was ready for this deluge. "I don't care if you are 16," I said,
lighting my pipe to steady my voice. "You may not smoke!"

Bowling is one of the things we can
do together as a family. I taught Felicia to throw the ball.
She taught me something more important—
an appreciation for fun I thought I had almost lost.

As Felicia steps into the shadow of womanhood,
her little sister Shari is preparing to step into Felicia's
teenage world. I'll be a little older by
then. And I hope I'll be a little wiser. But I doubt it.

By using the filibuster, leather-lunged politicians can talk legislation to death and turn the U.S. Senate into an oratorical circus

Big wind in Washington

by Al Toffler

THE GALLERIES of the U.S. Senate were jammed on June 12, 1935, when, at precisely 15 minutes past noon, heavy-set, black-maned, flamboyant Sen. Huey P. Long of Louisiana sprang to his feet and began talking, his bull voice reverberating through the chamber.

Long had made up his mind to change the National Industrial Recovery Act, then up for passage. He would talk in support of an amendment designed as a slap in the face to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom Long bitterly opposed.

Once again, a quirk in the American political system was transforming the U.S. Senate into a cross between a carnival and a gladiatorial arena. For the weapon Long chose was the filibuster—one of the most spectacular and dangerous parliamentary weapons in the politician's bag of tricks. In the Senate, interminable talk has often altered our nation's course by killing and emasculating bills, delaying appropriations, postponing adjournments, forcing special sessions to be held and causing legislative chaos. The filibuster has been used to torture, goad, protest and paralyze.

Huey Long knew that even the threat of a filibuster was usually enough to send Senators scurrying for cover. For, if the Senate is frozen by filibuster, each Senator risks seeing crucial legislation crushed in the resulting logjam.

But what Long didn't know was that for the first time in his stormy career, his colleagues—led by Sen. Lewis B. Schwellenbach of Washington—were ready for a showdown. They would not even extend Long the privilege of leaving the room at the call of nature. If he did, he would lose the floor.

Brashly telling his audience that they were listening to the "greatest speech in history," Long talked steadily and strongly all through the afternoon, although at one point Sen. Sherman Minton broke in to suggest sarcastically that Long speak more softly. "A number of people around here are asleep," Minton snapped.

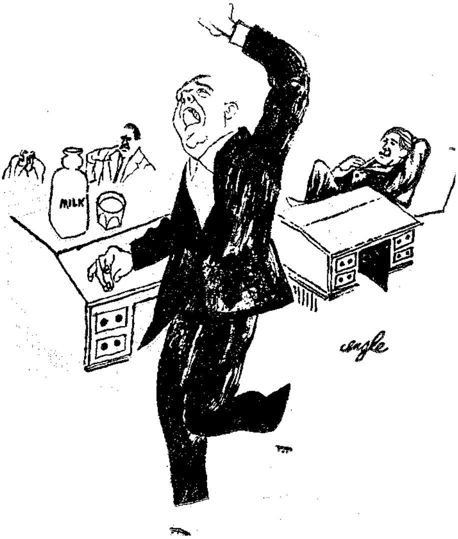
By seven o'clock the gallery crowd had thinned. But the Schwellenbach men sat as determined as ever in the chamber. Long was forced to continue into the night.

As Long's incredible speech entered its tenth hour, tempers flared throughout the chamber. Senators jumped to their feet, demanding that Long be deprived of the floor by parliamentary maneuver. The Schwellenbach group, however, sat stonily in the rear, determined to play the game to the bitter physical end. They wanted no tricks. They intended to crush Long and to humiliate him.

By 10:40 Long was weakening. But he assured his listeners he would be there 24 hours later, still "a-teaching the Senate how to act." At midnight, Long sent out for caramels. He ate a few, then tossed the remainder to Senators sitting nearby. Later an aide brought him a sandwich. Tearing off small chunks, Long rolled them into balls, crammed them in his mouth and swallowed them, without missing a word.

By the 14th hour, however, the intense strain was beginning to take its toll. In an effort to stay awake, Long was hopping up and down on one leg at a time. To hasten the end, the Schwellenbach group taunted him, pointing out that they were taking turns at leaving the room for coffee or to care for their personal needs. Long later called Schwellenbach the "cruelest man in the Senate" for his refusal to let him leave the chamber.

As morning approached, Long's powerful frame was trembling with exhaustion. His face had turned chalk-white. His voice had dropped to a slurring mumble, scarcely recognizable. At 3:50 A.M., still talking, Long shuffled toward the door. Then, broken by physical agony and silent ridicule, Long gasped, "I yield the floor . . ." and ran desperately toward the men's room.



Sometimes hopping on one foot to stay awake, Huey Long kept babbling for over 15 hours.

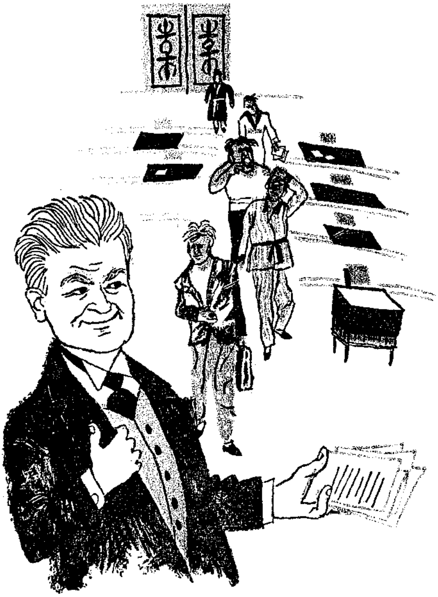
During 15 hours and 35 minutes of uninterrupted oratory, Long drank 15 glasses of milk, ate a pound and a half of grapes and uttered roughly 150,000 words. He filled 100 pages of the *Congressional Record* at a cost of about $5,000 to the taxpayer. He showed he could bulldoze the business of the U.S. Senate to an ignominious halt.

Ironically, Long's astonishing stunt was futile. By 6:14 that morning the Senate had ridden roughshod over the amendment for which he fought.

The term "filibuster"—which derives from *filibustero,* the Spanish word for freebooter—through the years has come to mean delaying or obstructing legislation, especially by prolonged talk. The fine art of obstruction by unrestrained oratory goes back to ancient days. Julius Caesar, while a Roman Senator, once filibustered until he was driven from the floor of the Senate by sword-brandishing guardsmen.

But the U.S. Senate has seen more full-scale, dramatic and important filibusters than any other legislative body in the world. Nevertheless, the Senate stubbornly refuses to ban the filibuster. Even after the rules were tightened last January, it still requires two-thirds of the Senators present and voting to cut off debate. In practical terms, it is nearly impossible to shut off a filibuster. Moreover, through Senatorial team play, filibusters are sometimes extended beyond the physical limits of one speaker. Thus a group of like-minded Senators can yield the floor to one another ad infinitum. In that way, some team filibusters have lasted for months.

Waggish Robert M. La Follette had colleagues routed out of bed, and they came running in pajamas.



Filibustering has a pernicious way of getting deep under the skin of its victims. In 1856, words uttered during a filibuster led to the most brutal episode in Senate history.

During a lengthy debate to prevent the recognition of Kansas as a state, Sen. Charles Sumner of Massachusetts delivered a monumental address against slavery, in which he savagely tongue-lashed Sen. Andrew P. Butler of South Carolina.

A few days later, as Sumner sat quietly writing letters at his desk in the Senate chamber, in strode Rep. Preston S. Brooks, a kinsman of Butler. Brooks cracked Sumner on the skull with his gutta-percha walking stick, and showered vicious blows on him until the cane broke and Sumner collapsed unconscious in a pool of blood. Sumner never fully recovered, although he served 18 more years in the Senate.

It was Sen. Charles J. Faulkner of West Virginia who really made the nation filibuster-conscious with an 11-and-a-half hour speech on January 16-17, 1891. Faulkner spoke during a long talkathon arranged by opponents of a bill to put Congressional elections under Federal supervision. The bill, filibustered for a month, never did pass.

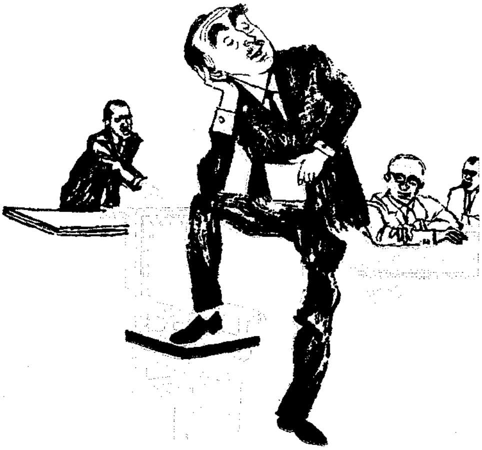
But Faulkner's record was easily outstripped by Wisconsin Sen. Robert M. La Follette's 18-hour, 23-minute torrent of words aimed at killing a currency bill. This outburst, on May 29-30, 1908, was marked by two fantastic incidents.

La Follette had been sustaining himself for hours on a concoction of raw eggs and milk. At 1 A.M., when his secretary brought him another container of the drink, La Follette tasted it, then stage-whispered: "Take it away. It has been doped!" Analysis subsequently revealed that the drink contained enough poison to have killed La Follette. Whether the poison was put into the milk by accident or design is one of the unsolved mysteries of Capitol Hill.

When La Follette finally quit talking at seven the next morning, he yielded by prearrangement to Sen. Thomas P. Gore, who was to keep the filibuster against the currency bill going. Gore, who was totally blind, was supposed to speak at length, then yield the floor to another La Follette follower—Sen. William J. Stone.

The plan fell through, however, when opponents of the filibuster managed to lure Stone into the cloakroom. While Stone was out, Gore sat down, expecting his colleague to take over. Being blind, he was unaware of Stone's absence. Before he could find out what happened, a vote had been called and the filibuster was smashed.

La Follette also took delight in demanding a quorum call every time his colleagues slipped from the chamber during his filibuster. Throughout the night the Senate sergeant-at-arms roused unhappy lawmakers from their beds so that a quorum could be maintained. They would come in sleepily, wearing pajamas and undershirts, then sneak away as soon as they could. Whenever a quorum was lacking, La Follette was permitted to hold the floor without talking.



When Wayne Morse tried to rest leg on chair during 1953 filibuster, vigilant opponent cried, "Foul!"

Today the rules stipulate that the filibusterer must talk constantly or lose the floor. He may neither sit nor lean. But even so, the old records have been surpassed time and again.

Thus on April 24, 1953, Sen. Wayne Morse of Oregon—who, ironically, favors stricter anti-filibuster rules—took the floor for 22 hours and 27 minutes to protest the tidelands oil bill which gave states the rights to underwater oil off their coast lines.

Although Morse was periodically interrupted by questions, his longest respite was two minutes. Once, when he placed a foot on a chair and began to lean his elbow on his leg, Sen. William A. Purtell of Connecticut demanded that he straighten up. Purtell was one of a team of Republicans who kept watch on Morse as he outstripped all past records for lengthy speeches.

The last great filibuster—the one which won the Senate's all-time endurance record—was conducted in 1957 by Sen. J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, when the Senate was on the verge of passing its first major civil rights legislation since the Reconstruction Era.

Starting on the morning of August 28, 1957, the 54-year-old South Carolinian, a right-wing Democrat, held the Senate floor for a phenomenal 24 hours and 18 minutes, attacking the civil rights measure.

At one point, Dr. George Calver, the Senate physician, urged Thurmond to quit. But the Senator refused. So Calver sent out a "pep pill" which Thurmond downed with a little water. On August 29, at 9:12 P.M., he finished strong—the new talkathon champion of the Senate.

But even Thurmond's record has been topped in state legislatures. In 1955, in Austin, Texas, Sen. Kilmer Corbin of Lubbock spoke—with interruptions—for a sensational 28 hours and 15 minutes. His friends promptly pinned a gold medal on Corbin's chest. On it were the words "World Champion Filibusterer." Said Corbin modestly: "That champ business is silly."

There is one bizarre filibustering honor which indisputably belongs to little Rhode Island, however. Thirty-five years ago, Democrats in the Rhode Island legislature filibustered for two days and nights to get certain constitutional reforms. Suddenly, with the filibuster in its 42nd hour, a strange odor wafted through the chamber. Abruptly, there was a mad stampede out of the chamber as nauseated lawmakers groped through a thick brown fog toward the nearest windows and lavatories. Within minutes the filibuster had been cracked permanently—the only filibuster in history to be fumigated by a homemade stink bomb!

MATCHLESS MOTORISTS

THE GOOD OLD DAYS were when policemen didn't hide at the side of a busy road, but took their chances in traffic like anyone else.

—TERRY MC CORMICK
(Quote)

WHEN A PASSENGER refused to pay his fare, a Detroit cab driver drove to a police station. While he was inside filing a complaint, the passenger drove away with the cab.

—HAROLD HELFER

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Guest Quizmaster Lawrence Welk, whose orchestra plays for the "Dodge Dancing Party" (ABC-TV, Saturdays, 9-10 p.m. EDST) is also a student of the Bible. In honor of National Bible Week, celebrated the third week in October, he offers this scriptural test. How many of these questions, based on the world's best-selling book, can **you** answer? Check sources on page 139.

scripture search

1. The Ten Commandments were received on (a) **Mount Carmel** (b) **Mount Ararat** (c) **Mount Sinai**

2. The feast celebrated at the Last Supper was the (a) **Feast of Tabernacles** (b) **Feast of Dedication** (c) **Passover**

3. Solomon wrote how many Proverbs? (a) **3,000** (b) **600** (c) **10,000**

4. The Bible's composer of songs was (a) **Moses** (b) **Joshua** (c) **David**

5. According to Bible record, the number of Wise Men who visited the Christ-child is (a) **three** (b) **two** (c) **unknown**

6. Jehovah is the Hebrew name of (a) **an angel** (b) **God** (c) **a prophet**

7. A shaved head was once used as a symbol of (a) **position** (b) **infidelity** (c) **mourning**

8. Jesus was baptized at the age of about (a) **30 years** (b) **21 years** (c) **12 years**

9. The diet of John the Baptist consisted of (a) **locusts and honey** (b) **fruits and herbs** (c) **meats**

10. This Bible character wrestled with an angel: (a) **Jacob** (b) **Saul** (c) **Job**

11. The Bible tells of a famine over Egypt lasting (a) **30 weeks** (b) **12 months** (c) **seven years**

12. Which of these trees was cursed by Jesus? (a) **fig** (b) **olive** (c) **palm**

13. Noah's Ark was designed by (a) **Noah** (b) **God** (c) **unknown**

14. Daniel remained in the lions' den about (a) **one night** (b) **five hours** (c) **two days**

15. On one occasion, God turned back time (a) **to stop a war** (b) **to prove a promise** (c) **to punish evil-doers**

16. To feed the hungering Israelites, God sent: (a) **cattle** (b) **manna** (c) **a caravan**

17. Straw was used in the making of Egyptian (a) **clothing** (b) **weapons** (c) **bricks**

18. Enoch, first city in the Bible, was built by (a) **Enoch** (b) **Cain** (c) **Abraham**

19. While in hiding, Elijah was cared for by (a) **ravens** (b) **shepherds** (c) **children**

20. This prophet walked naked and barefoot for three years: (a) **Isaiah** (b) **Jeremiah** (c) **John the Baptist**

21. Which is the one unforgivable sin? (a) **murder** (b) **blasphemy against the Holy Spirit** (c) **adultery**

22. The prophet Balaam was once saved from an angel's sword by (a) **an ass** (b) **a child** (c) **a dream**

23. The father of the harp was (a) **Nimrod** (b) **Jubal** (c) **Shem**

24. The Bible book "Song of Solomon" is (a) **a love story** (b) **a prayer** (c) **a hymn of worship**

Pressure groups rob students of precious school years through useless studies, private fund drives and obsolete holidays

They're stealing time from

AMERICA'S SCHOOLS often can deal with their enemies, but today one of their most serious problems stems from their friends. So many persistent but well-meaning pressure groups have elbowed their pet ideas into the daily school schedule that many youngsters' education is being drastically curtailed. These important years of education have been nibbled away quietly and gradually. Most parents are not even aware they have been lost.

But today, educators everywhere are totaling up the giveaways with grave concern. On one hand, they are being pressured by a sputnik-aroused public to devote more time to mathematics and science. On the other, they are being stymied by segments of the same public insisting that schools retain—or even increase—time earmarked for their cherished projects.

"Many of these causes are noble," says Dr. Paul Woodring, consultant to the Fund for the Advancement of Education. "But is it the schools' job to be a platform for everything?"

In the view of some of the nation's most respected organizations, it *is* the schools' job to advance their causes. The American Automobile Association, for instance, thinks more schools should teach more students to drive. Temperance organizations want schools to indoctrinate students in the evils of drink. Local Chambers of Commerce believe that schools should find curriculum time for on-the-job training; labor groups wish the schools would devote time to the rights and history of labor. The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. feels that every student should be given time off each week (at the request of parents) for out-of-school religious instruction.

Some pressure groups have even persuaded legislatures to freeze their ideas into law. Thus, in California,

our schools

by Philip Reaves

state law requires elementary schools to teach 19 non-academic subjects including manners, morals, safety, fire prevention, conservation of natural resources and something called "training for healthful living."

California schools are legally required to hold special observances of Bird Day, Arbor Day, Luther Burbank Day and Susan B. Anthony Day. In several Southern states, schools must pay yearly homage to Robert E. Lee.

Of all the forms of pressure, the one school men resent most is the state school-requirement laws. Many are virtually unworkable. (One would require students to do more homework. Nothing is said about students who do not comply.) And old laws don't fade away. As a legacy from Prohibition days, many states still must instruct children in the dangers of alcohol. New Jersey's law goes so far as to spell out the amount of time: one-half hour a week.

Many schools are also badgered by pressure groups who want to pluck students out of classrooms. In Portland, Oregon, a high school principal recently calculated that 2,155 class periods had been devoted to the city's annual Rose Festival.

The creeping erosion of school time was illustrated in New Britain, Connecticut. There, about 14 charity organizations had been given permission to hold fund drives during activity periods.

"Our teachers," says Superintendent Ralph Gantz, "seemed to be spending too much of their time doing clerical work for non-school groups." And some students were alleged to have skipped classes and even exams to work on fund drives.

The board first tried to eliminate all but the "most worthy" of the charities. But no agreement could be reached as to which were the "most worthy." Finally, a resolution was passed to the effect that all charity drives require the sanction of the Board of Education. The Junior Red Cross is the only organization thus far approved.

While New Britain was winning back time for learning, exactly the opposite has been happening elsewhere. "The situation," says Dr. William G. Carr, executive secretary of the National Education Association, "is growing more chaotic."

One school superintendent estimates he is confronted by one new pressure a day. Under such an avalanche, Paul Woodring says, "many a superintendent has said in effect: 'All right, we will teach anything you want.' " A few officials have tried to draw a firm line. In almost every case, they have met with angry argument, bitter debate and even name-calling.

In Fairfield, Connecticut, this spring, school officials ran head-on into a tempest by proposing to eliminate "extras" from the school budget, such as driver education. Since, in Connecticut, new drivers under 18 must complete a training course, howls went up immediately. When the subject came up in the state legislature it was voted to leave it to the discretion of town school officials to decide whether driver instruction should be scheduled during the academic day or after school hours.

"Pressure groups . . ." says Superintendent John Fischer of the Baltimore, Maryland, schools, "rarely consider . . . that any new addition to a school schedule forces the elimination of some part of the existing program." Adds the N.E.A.'s Dr. Carr: "All any of them ask is that the non-essentials be dropped in order to get their material in."

The rub comes in defining a non-essential. Some schools have set the standards so low that, by estimate of James Cass of the National Citizens Council for Better Schools, it is all too easy to devote ten minutes of a 50-minute class period to "low-priority" material.

Why have schools allowed precious learning hours to be frittered away?

Some educators candidly admit that, in the past, schools had no "hierarchy of values." One "learning experience" was rated as valuable as the next. Pressure-group causes were welcomed as "fine lessons in citizenship" and "experiences in human relations." Many schools offer thrift training (a pet of banking associations), which requires only 15 or 20 minutes a week when students turn in savings to be deposited. The time expenditure seems little enough—until it is added to all the other tiny bites.

The kind of pressures school officials face vary. In suburban communities like Long Beach, New York, and Clayton, Missouri, parents want their children to be "well-rounded" college material. In small Iowa towns, local merchants want winning basketball teams. In industrial towns in Ohio, employers want students trained in "practical" subjects.

Elected school boards and appointed school officials sometimes see "pressure" in a mere hint from a prominent citizen or civic group. Only occasionally does a superintendent have it laid on the line as did an anonymous official in an Ohio town. "You approve our program," he was informed, "or we'll see to it that your next building bond issue is beaten." ("They beat it, too," he says ruefully.)

After the Korean War, schools were blamed by patriotic organizations because 21 American POWs chose communism over repatriation. As a result, some schools beefed up their offerings in economics and American history, only to be blamed later for not meeting the challenge of Soviet scientific competition.

A whole host of national organizations—the Joint Council on Economic Education, a co-operative project to press for the study of economics, is a typical example—has grown up for the express purpose of advancing special subjects and causes in the schools. The Council hopes to integrate the study of economics with existing courses in history, etc. Corporations and foundations have departments devoted to furnishing schools with free educational material on their pet subjects.

Few groups will soft-pedal their own themes in favor of more academic work.

"We have no quarrel with the objective of providing more science training . . ." says Francis T. McGuire, president of the American Automobile Association, "but certainly this can be accomplished without sacrificing the proved accident-reducing potentialities of driver education in the schools."

"Religious training belongs in what the child regards as his 'work week,' " says Alice Goddard, of the National Council of Churches, in reply to suggestions that religious education programs might be shifted to after-school hours or Saturdays.

TO EDUCATORS' CLAIMS that fund drives consume too much school time, The National Foundation points out: "No segment of the nation's population has benefited more from the March of Dimes than the school children of America."

Most school men have no quarrel with the March of Dimes—nor, for that matter, with the A.A.A. or the National Council of Churches. But, adds Dr. David G. Salten, superintendent of schools in Long Beach, New York: "Every time a school administrator admits one type of extra-curricular material into the school, he makes it more difficult to deny some other organization."

More and more school officials believe the time to close the school door is at the first overture of a pressure group, however worthy. In Portland, Oregon, last spring, the school board announced a firm policy of keeping the school day sacred to learning. Even such normal in-school services as physical examinations were rescheduled for after-school hours. Requests for new services and new courses, the board pledged, would be measured by a yardstick of first things first. Nevertheless, the Rose Festival observance continues to take up more than 2,000 class hours.

In Long Beach and New Hyde Park, New York, schools kept the program much as it was, but added 40 minutes to the school day—"because," Dr. Salten explains, "we felt the education needed for today's society required more time." In San Angelo, Texas, schools strengthened all courses by placing emphasis on academic education.

In each case, the move succeeded because the school administration and the school board took a courageous stand and refused to budge. In the end, points out Dr. Harold V. Webb, associate executive director of the National School Boards Association, elected officials must make the decisions as to what, when and how much the schools will teach.

But citizens' committees and parents and teachers associations can help. An advisory committee of citizens, working with the school administration, can inventory the school program, hear suggestions from all elements of the community and define the schools' goals and objectives.

Then, based on their inventory, the citizens' group can advise the school board (but not dictate to it) on educational priorities. Such evaluation, according to former U.S. Education Commissioner Earl J. McGrath, should establish the amount of time needed for academic education and then fill in the extras around it—"not," McGrath emphasizes, "the other way around."

Any such priority system would offend some pressure group, and the citizens' committee could expect to be sniped at. The lay group would have to back the board in an unpopular stand, and try to speak for the view of the majority.

"The trouble with many school systems today," Paul Woodring says, "is that the minorities make so much noise. They're so busy trying to outshout each other with their favorite ideas that no one can hear what the majority is saying."

STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

THIS IS AN AGE OF STATISTICS and we will concede at the outset that the statistics below are wholly assailable, but the conclusion is one with which we sometimes find ourselves in agreement.

Population Balance Sheet

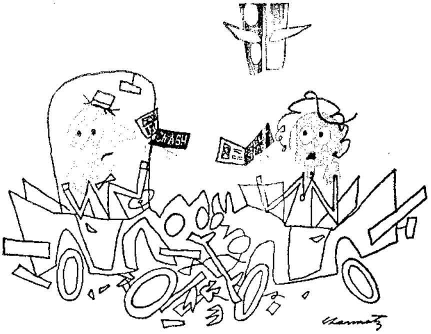
Population of U. S.	175,000,000
Population over age 65	57,300,000
People left to work	117,700,000
People under age 21	64,700,000
People left to work	53,000,000
Government employees	24,000,000
People left to work	29,000,000
People in armed forces	12,000,000
People left to work	17,000,000
City and state workers	16,800,000
People left to work	200,000
Insane and in hospitals	126,000
People left to work	74,000
Bums and drunks	62,000
People left to work	12,000
In jails and prisons	11,998
People left to work	*2

*You and me, and you better get busy because I'm getting tired of running this country alone.

—*Chicago Sun Times*

What's in a name? Plenty!

by John Carlova



IN A MIDWESTERN CITY a few years ago, two cars rounded a corner and ran into each other. A policeman hustled over to take down the details and found to his amazement that the driver of one car was named Mr. Crash. A Miss Collision was driver of the other.

Both, it turned out, had lengthy traffic records. Miss Collision, when she appeared in court, blamed hers on her name.

"It's a jinx," she told the judge. "I can't seem to drive anywhere without getting involved in a collision."

Mr. Crash, too, considered his name to be a source of trouble. "It seems to act as a kind of compulsion," he said. "I try to be careful, but I get into crashes anyway."

Many people's destinies seem to be shaped by their names. In Oklahoma City not long ago, a chronic tippler was arrested for the 36th time for drunkenness. His name: Daniel Drunkard.

It is perhaps appropriate that in London, Samuel Sermon is a preacher, and that out on America's West Coast, after Mr. Punch and Miss Kick were married they got into so many fights that they wound up in a divorce court.

Such coincidences in names sometimes seem a little hard to take, as when a flier named Ben Saucerman appeared on the guest list at a recent party honoring a guided-missile expert.

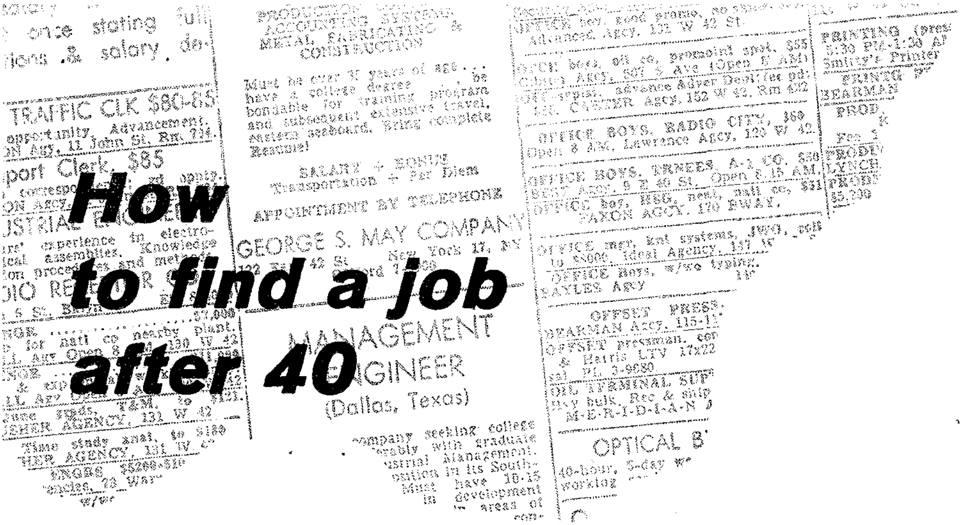
A man called the Union Rescue Mission in Los Angeles and offered to donate two wild ducks.

"I don't care for ducks myself," he explained, "but I like to hunt them. Whatever I shoot, I give to charitable organizations."

The offer turned out to be genuine, though the switchboard girl had reason to be skeptical at first. For the man who wanted to donate the ducks was named Mr. Mallard.

In a British medical journal, a psychiatrist told of a patient he had treated named Miss Pig. This poor girl actually acted like a pig, dressing slovenly and eating sloppily. On the advice of the psychiatrist, she moved to another city, changed her name—and, in so doing, changed into a normal, happy young lady. The name of the psychiatrist who signed the article, incidentally, was Dr. Couch.

How to find a job after 40


TRAFFIC CLK $80-85
PRODUCTION SYSTEMS ACCOUNTING SYSTEMS & METAL FABRICATING & CONSTRUCTION
SALARY + BONUS Transportation + Per Diem
APPOINTMENT BY TELEPHONE
GEORGE S. MAY COMPANY
MANAGEMENT ENGINEER (Dallas, Texas)
OFFICE BOYS, RADIO CITY, $60
OFFSET PRESS.
OPTICAL

by Harold W. Williams

Executive Director, Pennsylvania Advisory Board on Problems of Older Workers

Despite the accent on youth, there's a steady demand for the skills and experience of older workers. Here, an expert blueprints the technique for cashing in on these opportunities

IT'S ABOUT TWICE as hard to get a job after 40 as it is before that age, but far from impossible. In fact, a man with a reasonably good work record, living outside a labor surplus area, has a pretty good chance of employment despite his age.

At the height of the recession, the Pennsylvania Bureau of Employment Security hired 14 special counselors, under the direction of Dr. George Snyderman, a vocational guidance expert, to help the over-40 find jobs. Results? Over 40 percent of those counseled were placed directly by the employment office. An estimated additional 25 percent found jobs through other sources.

The major conclusion of the counselors was: older workers can be placed if they try hard enough. Luck helps, but the harder they work at it, the easier it is to be lucky. The biggest obstacle faced by older workers is not employer prejudice, but lack of confidence.

Counterparts of organizations like mine in Arkansas, Massachusetts, Michigan and New York constantly remind employers that age barriers to employment are unwise. Business organizations tell their members that older workers are the "cream of the crop." Labor unions point up the tragic waste in lost skills when older persons are denied a chance to work. Laws forbidding discrimination in employment are enforced in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania. Similar legislation is being considered in many other states. Canada has a program to help older workers, too.

Never have so many public and private resources been ready to help unemployed people over 40. But they have to help themselves, too. A few simple job-hunting rules, like the ones below, can help every person in need of a job, and they are particularly apt for older workers.

Here they are:

1. *Get professional help.* Don't try to do it alone. A good counselor can help discover something a job hunter might never have thought of about himself.

Take the case of George, age 56. He had been employed for ten years as a table-and-chair-frame maker. The counselor found out that George also had a record of more than 20 years experience as a shoe-machine operator. It had never occurred to George that there might be opportunities as such. A short time later he was placed in a shoe factory.

Counseling help can always be had from one of the 1,800 full-time employment offices operated under the Federal-State system of employment security. Practically all states and nearly all large city employment offices have special older-worker counselors. There are also many private vocational-counseling agencies.

2. *Concentrate on small firms.* Most big businesses have highly organized programs for promotion from within, or union contracts with strict seniority provisions. These work against the older, experienced person on two counts: a) There are few jobs open to outside experienced people because there's someone in the shop waiting to fill the vacancy; b) Young people are preferred for beginner jobs, so they will be ready for promotion at the proper time.

The situation is reversed in smaller firms. Here, the owners need experienced people, but don't have training facilities. They are happy to find someone on the open market with know-how.

3. *Get someone to help canvass all potential employers.* The Pennsylvania project was successful largely because the counselors called many employers for interviews on behalf of each applicant. This is costly and time-consuming, and can't be done for everybody regularly.

But there's nothing to stop friends or former associates from doing it. A man can't do it himself, because it's hard for anyone to puff himself. A church, a lodge or a fraternal group might be willing to help canvass employers. A good outline of experience should be mailed to those employers who say they're too busy for interviews.

4. *Follow all leads.* Every possible job lead should be investigated. If 25 employers have turned a man down, the 26th may hire him.

He should read the local newspapers carefully, and check those from neighboring towns; answer all ads for which he seems to be qualified, and register with all reputable private employment agencies and the public employment service.

Be sure to check for civil service openings at Federal, state or local sources. Most civil service jobs do not carry age limitations.

A job hunter shouldn't be ashamed to let friends and relatives know he is seeking work. Be sure to contact previous employers, especially those left under friendly conditions.

5. *Go back to school, if necessary.* Job-slanted training courses are just the thing for an older worker. In some places, special courses have been established by civic groups or the public employment offices. For instance, unemployed Pennsylvania miners over 45 were retrained to operate sewing machines, and got jobs. Older women were successfully trained as practical nurses in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Secretaries and stenographers over 40 have been trained in New York. In Worcester, Massachusetts, many older workers found jobs after completion of a training course as stitchers.

Most school boards offer night vocational classes at little or no cost. The public employment counselor can help in choosing the right one.

6. *Try for jobs in a labor-shortage area if you can.* Employers aren't so picky about age when there aren't enough workers. It is obviously common sense to go looking for work where there are more jobs than people, rather than the other way around. But you would be surprised how many people insist on sticking in the old home town, even when new jobs are scarce.

A man with a car can try nearby areas within daily commuting range. The local employment office can tell him the likeliest place. He may even find it necessary to go a little farther and to consider moving his family.

Another good way to cut down on competition is to be willing to work odd hours or in out-of-the-way places which many younger workers are unwilling to do.

7. *Don't lie about age.* All the experts agree. Tell the truth. A man who lies is nervous all through the interview. The employer finds out eventually, anyhow. Don't make a point of age, either. Age is a fact. When the employer asks for it, tell him. He's buying ability, not how many times the earth has gone around the sun since you were born.

8. *Concentrate on experience.* In most cases, it's the biggest selling point. Telling an interviewer how much one needs the job and how prejudiced people are because of one's age is the worst way in the world to find employment.

The case of Doris illustrates this. She was 55 and very nervous. Her husband had left her. She had to support herself and two teenagers.

After calming her down and listening to her story, a counselor found that she had worked as a private secretary before her marriage. However, she felt that she could no longer type or take shorthand. Yet on the strength of office experience, she was placed as a file clerk.

Alone, or with a counselor or a trusted friend, it is most important to take stock of oneself. Experience is an asset that a younger person can't match. Most employers are interested in someone already trained.

9. *Use the law.* In Pennsylvania, New York, Rhode Island or Massachusetts, the law forbids discrimination. If a man thinks his age is the reason he was turned down on a job, he has the right to file a formal complaint. He needn't be afraid of causing trouble. These complaints are generally settled in friendly negotiations; and if he has a good case, he'll get the job. Many employers don't realize that they're breaking the law. Here is where to write:

Pennsylvania: Elliott Shirk, Executive Director, Fair Employment Practices Commission, Labor and Industry Building, Harrisburg.

New York: Charles Livermore, Executive Secretary, Commission Against Discrimination, 270 Broadway, New York City.

Massachusetts: Mrs. Mildred H. Mahoney, Chairman, Commission Against Discrimination, 41 Tremont Street, Boston 8.

Rhode Island: Director of Labor, State House, Providence 2.

Many other states are considering similar laws. To find out the legal position of your state, check with the public employment office.

10. *Watch the waistline.* As many persons grow older, their waistlines get bigger, and they don't look quite as neat as they used to. This can be a big handicap in getting a job.

Gertrude found this out about a year ago. She was a 54-year-old widow who had worked for ten years as a clerk. She was turned down by several concerns on the grounds that she was too old, but friends hinted that the rejections might have been due to her appearance. She decided to get rid of her excess weight. The next time an employer said no, the employment counselor pointed out that Gertrude was making an effort to do something about her weight. She got the job on a trial basis, and soon became a regular employee.

In the last analysis, whatever your age, it's up to you. If you're over 40, the chances are that you may not be considered for some jobs. But remember there is a vast network of public and private agencies throughout the country which can help you find the right job. Keep working at it. Get all the help you can. And give yourself every break in the world by observing the above rules. They really work—if you will.

CANDID COMMENTS

ONE OF THE QUICKEST WAYS to meet new people is to pick up the wrong ball on a golf course.

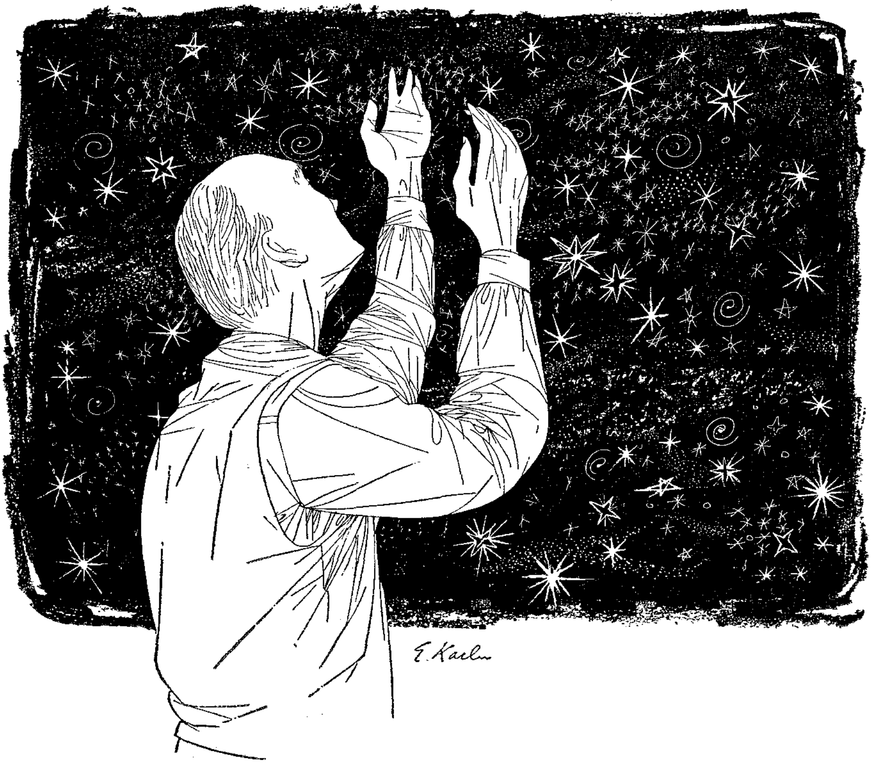
—PAUL MC ELANEY *(Wall Street Journal)*

THE PARENTS of a large brood of children deserve a lot of credit; in fact, they can't get along without it.

—ROY A. BRENNER

A NON-CONFORMIST is a person who keeps gloves in the glove compartment.

—FRANCIS O. WALSH



"Light in the twilight of my life"

by Ernest Ek as told to Helen Burrowes

When he saw the starry sky after 48 years of blindness, he "understood why man gazes upward as he prays"

I WAS 50 when I underwent the operation that ended a lifetime of blindness. At least it seemed a lifetime to me. They tell me that my sight was normal until I was two, but I don't recall anything about that.

What I saw for 48 years was dark and light and vague shadows that would suddenly loom up beside me, either because I walked up to them or they had walked up to me. I saw no color and no form. Light was usually a painful sensation to my one, badly damaged eye. Blind to all intents and purposes, I had to wear heavy, dark glasses when I went outside on a sunny day.

The sightless glare that was sunshine to me, and the impenetrable blackness that was the darkness of night, come back to me now as I think of two great moments during those wonderful first hours in the world of sight.

One came on the evening after I had come home from the hospital. I stood in the open doorway of my house and looked at the real night, so different from mine. Why did people say the night was dark? The sky was luminous with stars, and up and down the street glowed the lighted windows of my neighbors.

I knew then why people often looked upward as they prayed, because my face turned instinctively toward the velvet sky as I spoke in my heart a prayer of thanks.

The second came the next morning. I stood again in my open doorway as the sunlight I had known only as a hurtful glare poured its radiance from a cloudless sky—and, oh, what it meant to me to see that marvelous blue I had always heard people speak of so casually.

Across the street rose the green wall of the tree tops, stirring in the summer breeze. Trees had been one of the major mysteries of my sightless childhood. Perhaps it was because they were so much a part of my childish ventures away from our house, when that native urge to explore the world overcame the pleadings of my elders to stay close to home. My foggy progress on these excursions usually led me along the wooden sidewalks of our neighborhood, because, in clear weather, being close to the ground in those days, I could make out the edge of the walk and thus had a guide to follow.

Big trees grew along the sidewalk, and we met. I used to put my arms around them, and wonder how tall they were. In the hot weather, I could feel the coolness of their shade, and sometimes I sat there, listening to the birds singing above me, wondering how high up they were.

It was my friends, the trees, who introduced me to a human friend. I needed one badly, too.

I could hear the rest of the kids in the neighborhood shouting and running and this would usually lure me outside our yard in search of someone to play with. One day as I paused in this hopeless search to try—for the hundredth time—to get my arms around a big, old tree, a boy's voice asked who I was and what I was trying to do.

That was Art, my first friend and still my best. One of Art's big attractions for me when we were kids was his skill at climbing those mysterious trees. He even gave me a few lessons, and I still remember the day I applied them to an old apple tree. I was bold as a lion as I went up, partly because I didn't know that the higher I went the thinner the branches were, and partly because I couldn't look down and see how far away the ground was. But a neighbor did notice me, a ladder was brought and I was rescued—unrepentant—despite a spot of corporal punishment from my frightened grandmother.

Next to tree-climbing, my big ambition was to play ball. I used to press my nose against the fence around the school ground across from our house, trying to watch the kids hit the ball, but unable to see anything. Sometimes the ball would fly over the fence near me, and at first it made me feel like one of the gang when the other boys yelled to me to throw it back.

The trouble was I never could find the ball, and since they didn't know I couldn't see, they made fun of me. The same was true when I followed their example by shouting enthusiastically at the sound of the bat meeting the ball—only to find I was cheering a hit that everyone else could plainly see was a foul.

They were just kids, but I must admit the hurt I felt lasted until, at 50, I realized my childhood dream of catching a ball out of the air.

The pitcher, when that dream did come true, was my seven-year-old grandson, Denny. The first time I ever saw Denny was when he came bursting in the door with his bat and ball, the morning after I came home from the hospital. He brought the bat and ball along because now, at last, his grandfather would be able to play ball with him.

In-between those ball games in the old school yard and the ones I first played with Denny were years of living that, as I look back, were surprisingly normal—for a blind man.

I grew up, I made friends with other young people—thanks to Art—and I married a girl I met one day at his brother's house. That was the greatest thing that ever happened to me, greater even than my miraculous gift of sight. She gave me the vision of love which many sighted people never have.

We had two children, both girls, and both were married when I first saw them. My daughter, Gloria, had two children by then, but fortunately for me, Bernadine's little boy came later and gave me my first look at a baby belonging to our family.

The job of earning a living for my wife and young family was rugged. The Depression coincided with the early years of our married life, but even worse, my blindness kept me in a personal depression that lasted much longer.

WHEN I GOT a steady job at last, in a shoe factory, we bought a lot and built our own small house. The mortgage was dwindling in a satisfactory manner when recurrent ulcers made my eye so painful that I went to the doctor. He told me that the minute fraction of sight I had was doomed. He also told me that there was a new surgical technique that might actually enable me to see, by replacing the diseased cornea of my "good" eye with a healthy one from a human donor.

Strange as it seems now, I didn't leap at the suggestion, since I knew that if the surgery failed I would be totally blind. It may sound ridiculous to someone who has always been able to see, but I was terrified at the thought of losing that awareness of light and dark which was all the sight I had.

It was the prospect of relief from

pain that decided me. I agreed to the operation, and the day finally came when the skillful surgeon fitted my eye with a clear "window" from an anonymous donor.

For nearly a week the thick bandages over my eye kept me from knowing whether the operation had been successful or not. Then came that climactic moment when the bandages were taken off. As the last layer was peeled away, I let out a cry of joy. In front of me and on both sides I could see the doctors and nurses standing around my bed.

The moment was brief. Layer by layer, new bandages went on again and I was back in the familiar darkness. But how can I describe the happiness of knowing it was only for a little while and then I would be free as I had never been before?

The bandages came off for good when I got home from the hospital. We were in the kitchen—my wife, my daughters and one of my sons-in-law. I sat with head bowed while my wife unwound the bandages and the darkness grew lighter.

Suddenly I realized I was looking at our kitchen floor, at the miraculous beauty of color—blue squares, marbled with white. Then I looked up and saw my family standing there watching me.

You'd think that this would have been my greatest thrill of sight, to see for the first time these people I loved most. But to be frank, practically none of my happiness stemmed from my discovery of what human beings looked like. Shapes were not so surprising—I had seen with my hands all my life. I can remember, for instance, "watching" my daughters grow up as the childish roundness of their faces lengthened into the more pronounced bone structure of adults.

I found as I looked at the faces of my expectant family that I wasn't so far wrong in my mental picture of their features. What shocked me was the appearance of human skin. I had pictured it as milky white and smooth as alabaster. My seeing fingers had missed pores and blemishes and wrinkles. I hadn't seen my wife getting older through the years of our marriage.

The color of hair and eyes was another surprise. It thrilled me to see the way eyes moved—something I hadn't been conscious of before, because I didn't use mine.

I can't say that my own appearance was a disappointment, since I had never thought much about it, but I was terrified when I first happened to look at my hand. I thought I was dying because I could see the veins standing out under the skin.

But how wonderful everything else seemed! It was the color that astonished me most. I found I had imagined the world to be a black and white photograph. Wonderingly, I ran my fingers over the kitchen walls—bright yellow, with red flowered wallpaper—and looked at everything from the beautiful shining aluminum cake cover to the little red sprinkling can I used for my flowers. It was the same in the living room. How big it seemed after my years of gauging its size from the furniture I kept stumbling into!

The feeling was still there when I

woke up the next morning to see the sunshine, even if I did close my eyes in a wave of panic that my sight might have gone again. But the fear quickly passed and I knew the summer world was waiting for me.

Breakfast that morning was the most wonderful meal I ever ate, because it was the first meal I ever saw. I'll never forget my surprise at the beauty of those white and yellow fried eggs, the golden toast, the wonder of the intricately sectioned grapefruit. Everything looked so good that I wondered how I could have been hungry before, when food was just a taste.

After breakfast, my wife and I went outdoors together. I wish I could describe how different "outdoors" is when you can't see it. I had no impression of distance when I was blind; it was just like going into another room, except for the feel of the air and the smell of outdoor things. A sense of limitless space always comes back to me when I think of that morning stroll around our place. So does the memory of roses—crimson, white and yellow—to me a vision of unbelievable perfection as they moved from sunlight to shadow in the summer breeze. I had planted those rosebushes myself, and I was hoping all the time I was in the hospital that they would wait until I got home before they bloomed.

The weather was perfect that first day, but a few days later another kind of weather looked perfect to me—a heavy rainstorm. I stood at the window, entranced, and called to my wife, "Come and look at the beautiful rain!"

These shining first impressions have never left me, and every day there are new small wonderments to remind me of the gift of sight. Maybe if I'd had it always, I'd be used to it by now. But I know now that nothing in this bright world can look very ordinary when it is seen against the dark background of nearly a half century of blindness.

MOST PRIZED POSSESSION

IN MEDIEVAL TIMES, a king, after conquering a town, decided to execute all the men old enough to bear arms. He decreed the women and children would be spared but were to be banished from their homes.

Someone pointed out that the Christmas season was approaching and the victor relented a little. He refused to reprieve the men, but promised that every woman could take any prized possessions she could carry.

The next day the king was chagrined to see each sturdy peasant woman march through the gates with a man on her back—wives carried husbands, sisters carried brothers, girls in love, their sweethearts. No man was left behind.

To the everlasting credit of the disappointed king, he kept his word.

—*Nuggets*

Food freezer savings; the best rug for you; new marks on motor oils; a Social Security rule that means more money

money-wise

by Sidney Margolius

FREEZERS: would owning one pay off for you?

Prices of deep freezers have tumbled in recent years. You can now buy family-size models for $250-$300. Experienced owners report freezers unquestionably save time and work. But can a freezer pay for itself or would it be an extra expense for you?

Here are realistic, typical costs for a $300 freezer with 600-pound capacity suitable for a family of four or five:

	Amount stored a year	
	600 lbs.	1200 lbs.
Depreciation, based on 15-year life expectancy	$20.00	$20.00
Interest on investment, at 3 percent	9.00	9.00
Repairs, at 2 percent of cost	6.00	6.00
Electrical consumption, at 2½¢ per kwh	20.00	21.25
Packaging, at 2¢ a pound	12.00	24.00
Annual cost per freezer	$67.00	$80.25
Annual cost per stored pound	11 cents	6.7 cents

If you use a freezer only occasionally or below its storage capacity, costs may cancel the potential savings of bulk buying. Small families and city dwellers may find that trading in their old-style refrigerator for a modern box with a 75- to

150-pound freezer compartment is more economical than buying a separate freezer.

Larger families, and those near meat-packing and freezing plants, can make a freezer pay off. Turning over the contents of a 600-pound freezer at least twice a year chops per-pound operating costs almost in half. The trick is to keep drawing on the freezer's contents and making replacements with fresh bargains. It doesn't pay to store inexpensive, bulky foods. Biggest savings are in storing concentrated foods like meat.

If a freezer does have money-saving possibilities for you, the proper size will give maximum savings. A 13-cubic-foot cabinet costs about $18.50 per cubic foot; a 17-footer, $16.50; a 21, $16. A 17-cubic-footer stores 30 percent more food than a 13, yet uses little more electricity (possibly five percent more). Cornell University found that freezer owners averaged 3.8 cubic feet of freezer space per family member, but needed 4.8 cubic feet.

RUGS: what service from various types?

In selecting a rug a family now has to decide between natural fibers such as wool and cotton and synthetics like rayon, nylon, acrilic fiber, and among various blends.

One type may be satisfactory for one room but hard to keep clean and too fragile for another. To help solve the dilemma of which type to buy, CORONET has prepared this guide:

	Durability	**Soil resistance**	**Resilience**	**Suitability**
Acrilic fibers	Medium-high	Medium-high	Medium-high	Heavy traffic areas (living room, halls)
All-wool	Medium-high	Medium-high	Medium-high	Heavy traffic
Cotton	Medium-high	Low-medium	Low	Light traffic (bedrooms)
Nylon	High	Medium	Medium-high	Heavy traffic
Rayon	Low-medium	Low-medium	Medium	Light traffic

Sometimes a less-expensive fiber like rayon is blended with a costly fiber like wool or nylon to reduce price. Blends also merge the best features of different fibers. A wool-nylon blend combines wool's great resilience and soil resistance with nylon's high durability and ease of cleaning, while minimizing the tendency of some nylon carpeting to form tiny fiber "pills." A blend of wool with rayon costs more than all-rayon, but has more resiliency than all-rayon and combats rayon's tendency to mat.

A blend takes on the characteristics of the predominant fiber. Trade experts prefer a predominance of wool. A preferred blend in the more expensive bracket is 70 percent wool, 30 percent nylon, and, in less costly rugs, 70 percent wool and 30 percent rayon. A blend should contain at least 20 percent of a given fiber to possess any of its characteristics.

Many young families have bought cotton carpeting for living rooms in recent years because of its low price and clear, bright colors. But as the chart shows, cotton is best for lightly traveled areas. Cotton carpeting sometimes stretches—which creates a problem if it has been installed wall-to-wall. Cotton rugs are satisfactory for bedrooms, and excellent as scatter rugs because of their easy home-launderability.

But the right fiber alone does not guarantee satisfaction. A well-made rayon rug may be more serviceable than a poorly-made wool one. Look especially for close weave, dense pile, firm backing. Dig your fingers into the carpet to feel the depth and thickness. When you remove the pressure of your hand from a good rug, the surface immediately springs back. Another simple test: a good rug feels heavy when you lift an end. To judge closeness of weave, inspect the back of the rug. The smaller the squares formed by the thread visible on the backing, the greater the density.

Tip: The National Bureau of Standards found that a good-quality hair-and-jute rug cushion increased rug life by about 135 percent; a costlier foam rubber pad, by about 145 percent.

MOTOR OIL: two little letters help you buy the right kind

Have you noticed the letters "ML," "MM" and "MS" on motor-oil containers? These represent types established by the American Petroleum Institute. Knowing what conditions of service they will meet enables you to know whether you're buying the proper oil for your needs.

"ML" stands for "Motor Light." This is the least expensive and is considered satisfactory for driving at moderate speeds over medium distances with no severe high or low engine temperatures.

"MM" stands for "Motor Moderate." This is medium-priced and has chemicals and detergents added to prevent corrosion. It's satisfactory for average driving conditions in moderate climates but not for continuous stop-and-go driving in the city.

"MS" stands for "Motor Severe." It's highest in cost, but desirable for sustained high-speed driving (50 m.p.h. or over), for hilly country, extremes of heat or cold and constant driving in traffic. It has more detergency than "MM." Most manufacturers recommend it for new or fairly new cars. Some manufacturers of very powerful cars with high-compression engines recommend "MS" oils under all circumstances, but "MM" is safe if "MS" is not available.

SOCIAL SECURITY: a loophole for beneficiaries

There's a peculiar contradiction in the Social Security rules that allows families on Social Security to increase their earnings while protecting their benefits.

Beneficiaries often have the mistaken impression they can earn only up to $1,200 a year without losing any Social Security payments. For each $80 over that limit, a beneficiary may lose one month's check, and is supposed to forfeit all that year's benefits if he earns a cent over $2,080.

However, there's a subsidiary rule which can enable beneficiaries to earn well over the annual limits while getting at least some payments. Here it is: you lose no payments for any months in which you earn no more than $100 no matter how much you earn for the year.

Congress intended this loophole as a special assist to farmers and other seasonal workers. But actually any beneficiary can use this rule.

For example, one man concentrates his work so he earns $2,100 in five months but no more than $100 in each of the other seven. He gets seven Social Security checks even though he earns $2,800 for the year. Another takes a job paying $233 each month. He earns the same $2,800 as the first fellow, but gets no Social Security checks at all. Thus, the payment-preserving technique is to concentrate earnings in several months of the year, rather than work part time year-round. Unfair? Possibly. But that's the way Congress wrote the rules.

Another point beneficiaries often misunderstand: each person in a family which gets benefits can have earnings within the limits of the law. Thus, both husband and wife, or a widow and her older children, each can earn up to $1,200 a year without losing checks. And even though a widow earns too much steady income to be eligible herself for any payments, her children under 18 or disabled may still receive benefits. ♛

Announce New Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids

By James Henry Weston

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain, Stops Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain — without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all — this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug counters. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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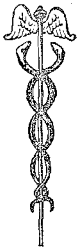

Are our family doctors good enough?

by Martin L. Gross

Swamped by work—and with no time to keep up with the rapid-fire pace of research—many GPs practice "second-class" medicine. Here is an analysis of the problem—and a possible solution

SINCE 6 A.M. the fatigued doctor had been at his job. He had delivered a child at 8 A.M., visited some of his patients at a local hospital, made several home visits and then returned to his office by 11 A.M. A long line of sick children and adults greeted him as he slumped into his chair. But his day had really only begun. He would still be working until late that night—and then there were always those emergency calls that ruined his early morning sleep.

His first office patient, a man of 30, complained of a serious cold. He was overfatigued, had fleeting sensations of dizziness and a "burning" in his chest. The doctor took his temperature but found no fever. After a brief examination, he diagnosed the man's illness as "flu," which had been reaching epidemic proportions at the time.

Four days later, the patient returned with the same symptoms, only further aggravated. The family doctor's examination still showed a normal temperature. But this time he took an X ray of the chest. The film showed a viral pneumonia of the left lung, a condition that appeared to be at least a week old.

"I'm afraid the normal temperature confused his family doctor," said the internal specialist who was finally called. "We often see viral pneumonias with low fevers, which can be depressed even further by aspirin, which the patient had been taking regularly."

This portrait of the modern family doctor—often overworked, overbusy and underinformed in contrast to many of his specialist colleagues—is becoming commonplace. The venerated general practitioner, long the backbone of our superior medical care, is now the center of one of the most important debates of our time—a controversy that will undoubtedly affect the nation's health.

More and more, patients and physicians themselves are asking the nagging question: Is the modern family doctor good enough? In this era of great scientific advancement, are our family doctors practicing virtually "second-class" medicine? Is anything being done to help them do their tremendous job of caring for whole families and treating a wide variety of illnesses?

At a recent convention, the outspoken president of the American Medical Association, Dr. Gunnar Gundersen, warned that unless doctors take time out from their busy practice to keep abreast of medical progress, "the quality of medical care rendered will not be uniformly of the high standard that the public has every right to expect. Medical men must look at themselves with searching eyes and a critical mind." An unpublicized A.M.A. survey of nearly 5,000 doctors frankly states that doctors are not keeping up sufficiently with new medical knowledge and techniques.

A staff member of New York's Montefiore Hospital is even more critical of the family physician. "GPs are inadequately trained to carry the new role in the increasingly scientific practice of medicine," he declares. "At the same time, they are failing in the old role because they are improperly equipped to offer the guidance and support that the kindly 'family doctor' dispensed."

In many areas there is also sharp patient dissatisfaction with the family doctor. One survey conducted by the County Medical Society in Los Angeles stated that 54 percent of the patients had changed doctors, mostly because they were not sufficiently thorough, were too busy or because they were GPs instead of specialists. This dissatisfaction is partly responsible for a frenetic patient rush toward specialists, especially in our mushrooming suburbs.

Many large hospitals are so critical of the general practitioner that they have locked him out—from both staff membership and even the privilege of bringing patients in. In Akron, Ohio, the only hospital with a pediatrics ward recently closed it to GPs, forcing patients to change to doctors who had at least one year of pediatric residency. A Richmond GP complains that he must turn over his emergency cases to a specialist in order to get them into a hospital. More than 20 New York State hospitals refuse to extend staff membership to GPs. In a large Baltimore hospital, a GP is not even permitted to stitch up a small cut.

The average family doctor, who must diagnose thousands of diverse ailments, has only one year of supervised postgraduate education—his traditional hospital internship. Most specialists have had three to seven years of intensive hospital "residency," learning in living laboratories before they enter private practice.

The fault lies as much with medicine itself as with the undertrained family doctor. Of some 20,000 hospital training residencies in the nation, only 500 are reserved for GPs.

More than ever, young doctors are deserting the ranks of general practice. Of 183,000 physicians in private practice today, only 68,482 are general practitioners—in contrast to 30 years ago when 70 percent were family doctors. A recent study of 1950 medical school graduates showed that only 18 percent had gone into general practice. We have 25,000 more doctors today than in 1950, but 5,000 fewer GPs.

Thus, the overworked family doctor has been made even busier by this serious national shortage. According to Dr. John A. D. Cooper, assistant dean of the Northwestern University Medical School, not only the quality, but the quantity of medical school applicants is decreasing. The nation's 78 approved medical colleges are graduating only 7,000 doctors a year, some 3,000 less than we need just to keep up with our population growth.

Do we really need the family doctor, after all, in this age of specialists?

The answer—that one doctor to guide a family is essential to good health—is shared by almost all medical spokesmen. The President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation recently stressed the value of the family doctor but pointed out that "in reality, most of the American people grope their way through a variety of health services without the guidance of a personal physician." A Long Island hospital official explains that many such people without family physicians are "playing doctor"—the dangerous practice of self-diagnosis.

MOST EXPERTS still insist that the competent GP is the indispensable master of the "art of medicine" that deals with whole human beings, not just ailments. The A.M.A. points out that 85 percent of all illnesses *can* be handled by the general practitioner. Others point out that only a family doctor can know his patient's full background.

"The family doctor is the captain of the medical team," says Dr. John De Tar, a prominent Michigan GP. "He should make the diagnosis and care for the patient to the limit of his ability. He should bring in a specialist when needed."

In the summer of 1947, 150 family physicians from all over the nation met in Atlantic City to raise the standards of their profession. Out of the meeting was born the American Academy of General Practice. Today 25,000 members display the Academy certificate in their offices, attesting that they have gone "back to school" to learn new information and techniques in everything from diabetes to space medicine. To maintain membership, a busy family doctor must complete 150 hours of postgraduate education every three years.

In Illinois, the Academy collaborates with the state's five medical colleges on a "Medicine for Today" program. Instructors travel to some 22 cities in the far reaches of the state, setting up schools for eager GPs wherever they can find space. For attending, family doctors receive 30 hours of Academy credit.

"We're proud to be GPs," says Dr. Louis Bush, president-elect of the New York State Academy of General Practice. "In answer to the question whether America's family doctors are good enough, I'd say that at least our 25,000 members are. The A.A.G.P. is the only medical group that requires continuing postgraduate education. I look with doubt on doctors who don't attend educational meetings. It involves a sacrifice of time and income to continue to learn, but it's worth both."

Thousands of others are also learning to become better doctors. One general practitioner had a woman patient in her 30s who had just given birth to her fourth child and was suffering from a severe case of nervousness and serious diarrhea. She had lost about 30 pounds, and according to her doctor, looked "almost like a corpse." After treatment by a psychiatrist and specialists failed to help her condition, the GP remembered that he had heard his patient's unusual symptoms described at an A.A.G.P. lecture. He then uti-

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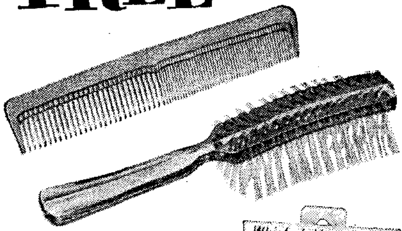

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Buy the two Pro Double Duty Tooth Brushes shown—one with Nylon bristles—the other, Nylon *and* natural bristle center. Use both for 30 days, then write Pro Brush Co. telling which brush you prefer, and why. Enclose both labels and coupon on the package. Pro will send you the Roll Wave Jewelite Hairbrush & Comb Set above—regular retail value, $4.50—absolutely FREE! Offer expires October 31, 1959.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., FLORENCE, MASS.

lized the treatment suggested—methinazole anti-thyroid pills—and achieved remarkably happy results.

Other alert Academy family doctors are constantly learning the proper use of new medical equipment. One GP thought electrocardiography equipment would help his practice and took three years of advanced instruction in its use at an Academy course. He was able to use his new-found knowledge to uncover a heart condition in a 64-year-old man who had gotten dizzy climbing the stairs, not necessarily a classic symptom of an impaired heart.

This fall the Stanford University School of Medicine is beginning a radical program on a new $22,000,000 campus, based on the concept of looking at the patient as a whole man rather than a sick organism. "We will keep the students continually associated with human beings," says Dean Robert H. Alway. "From the first year they will work with infants and small children at the medical center."

The new five-year Stanford course will accept students with only three years of college, and will teach sociology and other academic subjects as well as medicine—helping future doctors to adapt better to a changing environment. In the last year, students will work in the hospital out-patient clinic, caring for all types of patients.

The four-year-old Albert Einstein College of Medicine of Yeshiva University is based on a similar "whole man" concept, including 60 hours of psychiatry.

Perhaps the most ambitious school program to train better family doctors is the unique Department of General Practice at the University of Tennessee College of Medicine in Memphis. Fourth-year students are assigned an indigent family for whose health they are responsible.

The young Tennessee GP is equipped with the traditional little black bag and makes house calls regardless of the time or schedule of school work. He arranges for hospitalization, if necessary, and then treats the patient in the hospital. His office, open seven days a week, is the General Practice Clinic, equipped with 16 examining rooms, a laboratory, X ray, physiotherapy, minor surgery and waiting rooms.

"He rapidly becomes a family doctor," says a college official, "schooling himself in the art and science of medicine."

These are excellent and constructive signs. But observers like Dr. Gundersen of the A.M.A. believe some definite "stimulus" is needed to be sure that doctors are kept on their medical toes. He proposes a mandatory plan for postgraduate education for a doctor all his life, and regular re-examination by a licensing board. He also suggests that formal training for family doctors after graduation be increased by at least one year.

To give the family doctor the full training and status that he needs, some believe that eventually he must become a specialist in the whole body, or a "generalist," as Dr. Bush and Dr. DeTar, a former A.A.G.P. president, call it. Under such a plan, future family doctors would spend

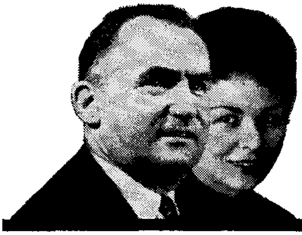
(*Cont'd on p. 128*)

Every day, it seems, somebody finds a new use for it around the house

Jim Masterman likes it for lighting charcoal, wood, and coal fires.

Ed Morris uses it to remove old paint and putty, other household repairs.

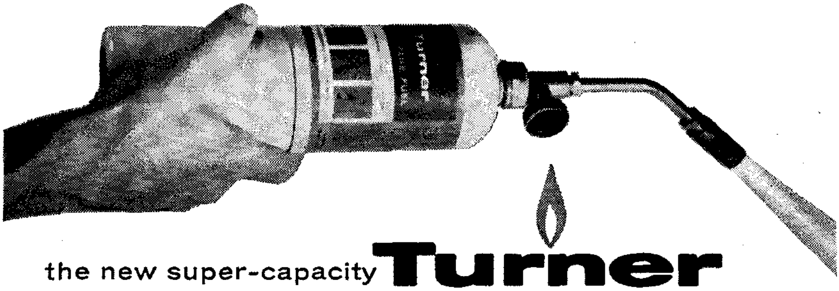
Mr. and Mrs. Pete Carlson burn out weeds, leaves, and tree parasites with it.



John and Esther Sheehan refinish furniture and lay asphalt tile with it.

Burt Roberts saves by sweating copper pipes; uses it for auto repairs.

The new super-capacity Turner torch burns two to four months longer, under average use. It's safe, quick-lighting, easy to handle, lightweight. Handsome new colors and styling. Don't borrow—select *yours* now wherever fine quality hardware or tools are sold.



the new super-capacity **Turner**
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TURNER CORPORATION, SYCAMORE, ILLINOIS

(*Cont'd from page 126*)

at least three additional years being expertly trained in pediatrics, internal medicine, obstetrics and minor surgery so they could better treat the whole human being.

More than ever, the family doctor is under scrutiny by patients and colleagues. And GPs themselves are undergoing a period of unprecedented self-criticism—and learning—that will help them meet the challenge of being "good enough." ♛

OOPS!

IN COMMERCE, OKLAHOMA, a grocer anxious not to be late getting to church, absent-mindedly locked 20 customers in his store.

THREE MEN were turned down for Indian roles in a Hollywood movie because they didn't look enough like Indians. All three were full-blooded Cherokee Indians.

IN BUFFALO, NEW YORK, a man attempting to steal a police car, pushed the siren button instead of the starter.

IN HAMILTON, ONTARIO, a thief stole a tape recorder from a tabernacle. The taping was a sermon by the minister on the penalties of sin.

AN F.B.I. AGENT in Kensington, Connecticut, noticed new wires in his house, concluded someone was trying to tap his line, ripped them out. He then discovered they had been installed for the hi-fi set his wife had planned as a birthday surprise.

IN NEW YORK STATE, one of two gunmen who had robbed a bank of more than $23,000 was arrested and pleaded guilty after he returned the following week to open a savings account.

—FRANCES RODMAN

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover Ruth Bushman from ALPHA; 5 CBS-TV; *10 left Films Around The World, right Paramount; 12 Friedman*-Abeles; 16 top & center, 18 top & bottom, 22 top Jack Dressler Studio; 30-39 Sam Shaw; 53 top University of Wisconsin, center Brookhaven Research Center, bottom Argonne National Laboratory; 72 Hall Syndicate; 86-95 Dan Budnik; 134 Columbia Pictures; 142-151 Burt Glinn from MAGNUM; 174 Wide World Photos.

Mrs. America* says:

"We weren't a musical family...but now we're all having fun with the Hammond Chord Organ"

The "Nation's No. 1 Homemaker," Mrs. Clark J. Priebe of Des Moines, Iowa, won a Hammond Chord Organ as one of her Mrs. America prizes.

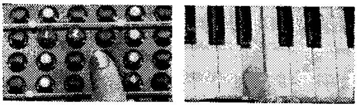
"My daughter Margaret had taken music lessons, my husband knew where to find Middle C—and that was about the extent of our musical background," says Mrs. America.

"But when our Hammond Chord Organ arrived . . . my, what excitement! The kids wouldn't let it alone. Finally, my husband got to it—and stayed up till *two* in the morning playing it!

"Yes, *playing* it. He did 'Home on the Range,' and sounded pretty wonderful for his first time on any musical instrument.

"There's lots of wonderful music in the Hammond Chord Organ, but what I like most—my whole family can enjoy it."

Wouldn't your family like to try it? Then bring them to your Hammond dealer!



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Send free "Happy Homes" booklet, and tell me how to get free LP record of Hammond music.

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HUMAN COMEDY

While driving through Cleveland, Ohio, I approached an intersection just as the stop sign was changing and was forced to make an abrupt stop on the pedestrian crosswalk. A well-dressed but irate woman who was crossing the street, and whose way I was blocking, walked up to my car and pointing to the white boundary line of the crosswalk, said to me: *"There, for your information, is the front line of attack!"* —E. M. SWANSON

After helping me prepare Italian-style spaghetti, my seven-year-old daughter, Susan, was boasting of her new culinary achievement to her brother. She named each ingredient and the quantity used.

Thinking her talents more limited than she portrayed them, her brother finally interrupted with, "All right, Sue, if you're so smart, how long do you cook it?"

Without hesitation, she replied, "Until daddy comes home."

—MRS. RICHARD S. JACOBS

Seven-year-old Steve was only two days shy of his eighth birthday when he brought word home from his summer day camp that all the boys were going to attend an evening game of the town's baseball team. Campers under eight had to be accompanied by parents; campers over eight didn't. "Do you think," asked Steve gravely, "that I'm eight enough to go alone?"

—JOSEPH STOCKER

When interviewing a new prospect, an insurance man used this effective introduction:

"I'm just an ignorant fellow," the salesman would begin. "I don't know much about insurance, but I'm interested in your children and how they're going to get along in later years." Then he would proceed to wade into an enthusiastic and high-powered sales talk.

On one occasion, he was interrupted by an old farmer who remarked:

"You say you don't know much, brother, but I declare you sure do seem to believe in what little you *do* know!" —JOHN DOBINA

I had formed the habit of pulling my truck off the highway for a quick snack each mid-morning at the only restaurant in a little crossroads Oklahoma town. The food was good, but the coffee was the blackest, thickest and strongest I have ever encountered.

After several stops, I noticed a

LIANG MEI NEEDS A GLASS SLIPPER

Liang Mei

An orphan, Liang Mei lives with a widowed stepmother in a squatter's hut, 12 x 12 feet in size, in which three other families exist. This is in a section of Hong Kong where three to five people sleep to a bed, with a population of 2,000 to the acre, where 80% have TB, 95% need dental care and 75,000 children are unable to attend school. Liang Mei begs for and collects garbage ten hours a day and acts as a baby sitter for two or three extra hours after she gets to what she calls home. It is true that she is not quite as bad off as some refugee children because she gets first pick of the garbage which is really pretty much what she lives on.

But she deserves a glass slipper because she is by nature a sweet, bright and interesting child. It would not be difficult to make a fine lady out of this little garbage collector. A month in a CCF Home and she would be transformed into "a beautiful princess."

Hong Kong, a British possession adjacent to Communist China, in 1947 had a population of 1,800,000. Today the flood of refugees from Red China has increased the population to approximately 4,000,000. The Hong Kong Government is doing a noble work in trying to assist these freedom-loving newcomers but the task is gigantic. Children like Liang Mei can be "adopted" and admitted to the nine CCF Homes in Hong Kong, which include Children's Garden, the largest cottage-plan Home in the Far East. The cost is the same in Hong Kong as in all the countries listed—$10 a month.

Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 288 affiliated orphanage schools in 35 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world. It serves 25 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.

Africa (Central), Austria, Belgium, Bolivia, Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Canada, Chile, Finland, France, Free China, Greece, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Iran, Italy, Jamaica, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland Lebanon, Macao, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Syria, United States, Vietnam, Western Germany, American Indians.

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I will pay $10 a month ($120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year ________ first month________. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption

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wizened old rancher who seemed to come in each day about the same time I did. What caught my attention was his loud complaining to the cashier about the strong coffee.

Finally one morning, a little more annoyed than usual, the cashier said sharply, "Well, Mr. Dawson, nobody is forcing you to drink it."

He politely tipped his hat and left.

Next day was Saturday and the place was jammed. I was somewhat surprised to see the old man come in and quite cheerfully order coffee.

This time, however, in very dramatic fashion, he placed his cup beside the cash register; then propping one foot on the stool, he took a small brush from his pocket. Dipping it into the coffee, he liberally smeared both his dusty boots. From another pocket he took a cloth which he vigorously applied to each in turn.

Apparently satisfied, he carefully placed a dime beside his cup, tipped his hat to the embarrassed cashier and the chuckling customers and walked out. —CLOYCE W. LITTLEFIELD

AS A YOUNG LAWYER in Georgia, the late Senator Walter F. George gained a reputation as a tireless worker. He had just won a big victory in court and his opponent was congratulating him.

The latter said he admired George's skill and stamina. He added a question as to how George managed to keep standing all day long in court without once sitting down. George said the explanation was very simple: "I ride a mule to the courthouse every morning."

—E. E. EDGAR

A FRIEND'S eight-year-old granddaughter had just started taking swimming lessons. She returned home full of praise for her swimming instructor. When her mother asked her how old he was, the youngster thought a moment and replied: "Oh, I don't know, but I would say that he is either a late teenager or an early man."

—HELEN SHAW

TWO HOLDUP MEN hit a small country bank one quiet afternoon and herded everyone into the vault at gunpoint. However, they bound the teller hand and foot and, after placing a gag in his mouth, they pushed him to the floor of his cashier's cage.

Suddenly the teller began to squirm, at the same time gesturing with his head to make it evident he wanted to say something. After stuffing the money into bags, the bandits leaned over the helpless figure on the floor and removed his gag.

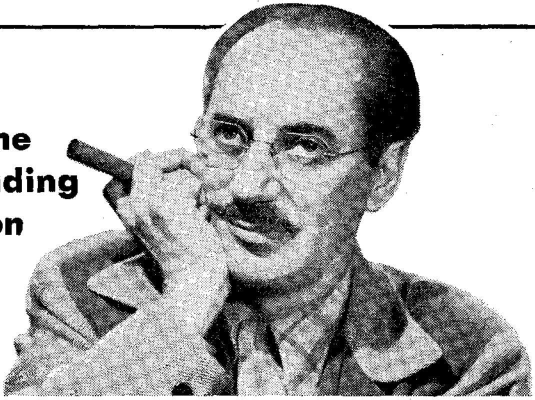
"Give a guy a break, fellows, will you?" he begged. "Take those books along with you. I'm almost $5,000 short." —FRED ENGLISH

DURING MY FIRST WEEKS as a new high school librarian, I wondered how to get the best students as my assistants. However, I soon discovered a sure-fire method of getting volunteers. First, I picked six girls, and named six boys who had "already" volunteered. The girls signed up immediately.

How did I deliver the boys?

I told them the girls had elected them as the boys they most wanted to work with. —JAMES CHISUM

At last . . . the world's leading authority on Groucho Marx tells all



• For the first and last time, Groucho tells about Groucho. From his tenement childhood (he didn't know he was underprivileged) through his vaudeville days and Hollywood nights, these are the uproarious memories, the private thoughts and public philosophy of one of the world's funniest men. Illustrated with 22 photographs. $3.95, now at your bookstore.

GROUCHO AND ME

By GROUCHO MARX

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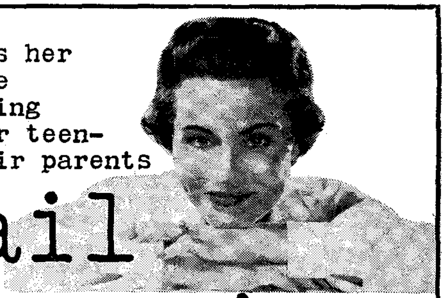
Now "Dear Abby" gives her honest answers to the personal and perplexing questions that bother teen-agers and baffle their parents



Abigail Van Buren's

DEAR TEEN-AGER

"How should I act on a date?"
"Should I 'prove my love'?"
"I'm not stacked; what should I do?"
"I don't know how to kiss!"
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by Richard G. Hubler

Sweet slice of Lemmon

Bright young man-in-a-dither Jack Lemmon, a gagster out of Harvard's Hasty Pudding Club, hasn't hit a sour note in Hollywood since his success in "Mr. Roberts"

THERE PROBABLY ISN'T a more versatile or popular young actor in Hollywood today than 34-year-old, hazel-eyed, curly-haired Jack Lemmon. Whether he's wrestling with an angry 1,200-pound steer in *Cowboy* ("He nearly killed me before the cow hands got the beef off me") or casting exaggeratedly covetous eyes at Marilyn Monroe or Kim Novak, Lemmon invariably wins a rousing vote of confidence from his glamorous associates.

Tony Curtis, who co-starred with Jack in *Some Like It Hot,* insists Lemmon is "one of the most selfless and talented persons I've ever met"; Peter Ustinov, a triple-threat talent himself, calls him a "very fine actor"; and Jean Simmons, the British actress, flatly pronounces him "the funniest man on the screen."

His fellow professionals also point out that Lemmon is not only a comic but one of the few basically sound actors available. In *Fire Down Below,* for example, he played a grim, clawing character realistically enough to make the script look shoddy. In a *Playhouse 90* TV drama, he enacted the role of a small-town district attorney with such energy and intensity that it stole the show. In *Cowboy,* he engineered the transformation from a shy tenderfoot into a roaring trail-boss with such skill that the audience which loved him at the beginning hated him at the end.

However, Lemmon's ability to etch sharp dramatic roles has been clouded by his popularity in comedy. In the last six years he has been expert at the lighter side in such pictures as *It Should Happen To You, Three For The Show, Phffft, My Sister Eileen, You Can't Run Away From It, Some Like It Hot* and *It Happened To Jane.*

"I've always been dogged by massive titles like those," he complains. "The only title I ever got pruned down was *Phffft.* The producers didn't like the original and went into a two-hour conference and came out beaming. They had changed it from *Phfffft* to *Phffft.*"

An actor of considerable experience in New York stage, radio, and TV, Lemmon admits he used to look down his nose at movie actors. "You know," he says, "sitting around on a drugstore stool and talking over the Chekhov you did that morning in the workshop." Now, however, he has a respect for actors like Spencer Tracy, Henry Fonda and James Cagney that verges on awe. "They've got a sort of natural genius that lets them leak their personality through the pores of their screen character."

A tense, wire-thin individual,

Lemmon is capable of switching from one type of characterization to a completely different one with incredible ease. In 1957, for instance, he ran through a straight portrayal of a romantic loser, a G.I. "fixer," and then an early American cowboy —following it with the part of a male witch in *Bell, Book, And Candle.*

He calls his part of the dude who becomes a tough trail-boss in *Cowboy* his toughest role. "Glenn Ford and I threw up twice from sheer exhaustion on that one," he says. The movie, Lemmon's first Western, became famous in the trade when the director shouted hysterically, "Cut! Cut!" to the steers in the cattle-car as they threatened to mangle his top stars.

If Lemmon is noted in movies for his brand of wry comedy, he is equally known for his gags on the set. It was he who introduced a charming nude into a cake—"she wore panties, actually"—in a banquet sequence. In another movie, Lemmon had to make an appearance at a window, then a lightning entrance down a flight of stairs. He got the prop man to rig up a mass of crockery and tinware near the door and, on cue, to pull them down with an ear-shattering crash. Whereupon Lemmon entered on crutches.

He churned up the set of *Mr. Roberts* so much as the naive Navy ensign, Pulver, that it was difficult for the most hardened actors to remain straight-faced. "I used to work opposite Jimmy Cagney," recalls Lemmon blandly, "and I could see his eyeballs rolling around like marbles, trying to keep from breaking up."

The tale of how he got the role of Pulver sounds like a Lemmon fantasy but it seems to be true. It started in 1947, when he was starving to death in New York and heard about the all-male cast of the play. "Two thousand others and I stormed the casting office," says Lemmon. "That lasted four days. I never got inside the door." He saw the play the following month on a pass and drooled over the part of Pulver.

Out in Hollywood eight years later, Lemmon tested for a West Point picture being produced by John Ford. Ford refused to look at the actor's test.

A month or so later, Lemmon disconsolately sneaked onto the set and ran into "some old bum with a beat-up hat, torn trousers and dark glasses." The bum glanced at him and said: "You're Lemmon and I like your work." Lemmon, staring over his head, said distantly: "Thanks." The bum added: "You should play the part of Pulver." Lemmon tried to edge around but the other forestalled him. "Spit in your hand and shake," he commanded. Lemmon demurred, but finally agreed to the weird ceremony in order to get away. "I'm Ford," announced the bum, "and you're Ensign Pulver."

Lemmon went away with the distinct feeling he had been ribbed. Two months later, however, he got an agitated call from one of the *Mr. Roberts* producers. He told Lemmon indignantly he had never seen his work and that Ford insisted on having him for the part. It worked out that way. Says Lemmon, "It was the finest lesson in movie acting I ever had."

Eager to make good, Lemmon studied his first scene until the lines haunted his sleep. Each day, he demanded to act, but Ford refused. Only on the fifth day was Lemmon summoned before the camera—and then to do a scene he had glanced at only briefly. "I know now what Ford wanted," adds Lemmon. "It was nervousness at seeing the captain. He got my nervousness because I didn't know my part but the audiences never knew the difference."

JOHN UHLER LEMMON III—his full ancestral name—was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on February 8, 1925. His father, Jack II, was a vice president of a doughnut-making firm. It was he who was given the credit for introducing doughnuts to Europe in World War II. Lemmon's father—who originally pronounced his name Le Mon and gave up after the jokes about it tended to stifle other conversation—was an amateur barbershop singer and soft-shoe dancer. He initiated his son into the theater in a Western called *Gold In Them Thar Hills* which played a two-week benefit in a wealthy suburb. Lemmon, for his part, liked to tinkle on the family piano and compose songs. To this day, Lemmon will not act in a picture unless he has a piano to doodle in his self-taught style—and he has written about 400 unpublished popular ditties.

Unimpressed by his youthful ambitions, his family sent Lemmon to select New England schools such as the Rivers Country Day, Phillips

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Andover Academy and Harvard—where Lemmon got low marks but an eventual B.S. and B.A. He was forbidden to appear in outside theatricals but often graced the stage under bogus names such as "Timothy Orange." As president of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club, he put on a revue called *The Proof Of The Pudding* in which he inserted several of his own songs; the show was severely panned by the local critics.

Upon being graduated from Harvard in February, 1946, Lemmon was sent directly to an aircraft carrier, *USS Lake Champlain,* on which he served for a month as communications officer and was pitched back to Boston for duty in the transportation office. He was demobilized shortly afterward and rushed off to Broadway to starve for nearly two years working as a waiter, master of ceremonies, musician, composer and food-checker for a restaurant chain.

Late in 1948, Lemmon began his career. He had been subsisting on loans of $10 and $20 from his father but now he discovered radio soap operas. He earned nearly $100 a week by appearing two or three times in sudsy dramas like *The Brighter Day* and *The Road of Life.* He read so many parts that on one 15-minute program he got carried away and read the lines of the character opposite him. The other man stared, drew himself up and walked away. Lemmon was forced to read all the parts while his director and producer had apoplexy in the corner.

For the next five years, Lemmon swears, he appeared in virtually every dramatic show issuing from New York, including the top ones like *Studio One, Robert Montgomery Presents, Suspense* and *The Web,* for a total of 500 performances. The records do not give him quite as high a total, but he did meet an attractive, energetic actress named Cynthia Stone. They collaborated, produced and co-starred in four TV series: *Wonderful Guy, The Couple Next Door, Heaven For Betsy* and *The Ad-Libbers.* These proved reasonably successful and their personal interests appeared to mesh very well. On May 7, 1950, they were married in Peoria, Illinois, on a tour. They have a son, Christopher, who was born in Hollywood four years later.

Meanwhile, the famed Lemmon gusto was not sufficiently challenged by marriage, TV and radio. He played several summers of stock in New England and, in the winter of 1953, made his Broadway stage debut as the hapless playwright in a revival of the old hit, *Room Service.* "It just wasn't funny," Lemmon mourns. "The jokes of Depression days made no dent on the audience." But he was observed by a scout from Hollywood during the "fast 16-performance run" and was brought out to the West Coast in May, 1953.

Fortunately, Lemmon had enough of a reputation to refuse a term contract. He started out—as he has continued since—selecting about two scripts a year that he wants to make. His original $25,000 a year has now risen to $65,000 a picture. "Not the highest price," he says, "but one that keeps me in the market doing my stuff and getting a kick out of it."

Next to his artistic freedom, Lemmon values the Academy Award he got in 1955 for the best supporting role—his portrayal of Pulver.

In June last year, his first record album, *A Twist Of Lemmon,* was produced, including one of his own songs, *With All My Love,* and 11 other numbers, nine vocals and two instrumentals. This effort, in his estimation, cannot come up to his achievement of creating the harmonica theme for *Fire Down Below,* one of his 1957 pictures, a theme that was orchestrated for the background score.

He fancies himself in light comedy—and some critics have credited him with creating a whole new vogue of the bright-young-man-in-a-dilemma—but he cannot find enough roles of this kind.

His favorite movie, *Operation Mad Ball,* he says, was a smash on its first release and has now made more than 600 percent above that on its re-release. "It seems to take time for humor to get around these days," observes Lemmon. He has four pictures set for the immediate future, one of which is tentatively titled *The Wackiest Ship In The Army.*

"Right now," says Lemmon seriously, "I'm ashamed—disgusted with television. It used to be a medium you'd be proud to appear in—but it's come down so far it's almost impossible to find a decent script or, at least, one that the sponsors will let you put on." He gets top prices for dramatic shows, about $10,000, and will probably do a couple a year in the future.

His Yankee background is still evident in the selection of his bachelor home (he was divorced in 1956)—a New England cottage set atop a California coastal range in an exclusive Hollywood suburb. A symbol of his incessant acceleration toward success is evidenced by his hobby: driving a white, foreign-built sports car at high speed.

Asked if his ceaseless activity has had any effect on him—Lemmon had one week off in 18 months in his most recent spree of movies—he grins and admits: "It wears you out, sure. But I don't know anything, even sleep, that doesn't. This is the nicest way I know to get a nervous breakdown."

SCRIPTURE SEARCH

(Answers to Quiz on page 101)

1. (c) Exodus 19: 17-18; 2. (c) Matthew 26: 19-20; 3. (a) 1 Kings 4: 32; 4. (c) See Book of Psalms; 5. (c) The account (Matthew 2: 1-12) makes no mention of number. 6. (b) Psalms 83: 18 and Exodus 6: 3; 7. (c) Leviticus 21: 1-5; Isaiah 15:2; 8. (a) Luke 3: 21-23; 9. (a) Mark 1: 6; 10. (a) Genesis 32: 24-29; 11. (c) Genesis 41: 53-57; 12. (a) Mark 11: 13-14; 13. (b) Genesis 6: 14-16; 14. (a) Daniel 6: 10-23; 15. (b) 2 Kings 20: 8-11 and Isaiah 38: 1-8; 16. (b) Exodus 16: 4, 14-17; 17. (c) Exodus 5: 7, 16; 18. (b) Genesis 4: 17; 19. (a) 1 Kings 17: 3-6; 20. (a) Isaiah 20: 2-3; 21. (b) Matthew 12: 31-32; 22. (a) Numbers 22: 22-33; 23. (b) Genesis 4: 21; 24. (a) See Song of Solomon.

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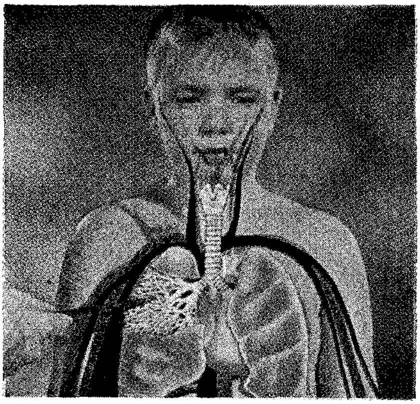

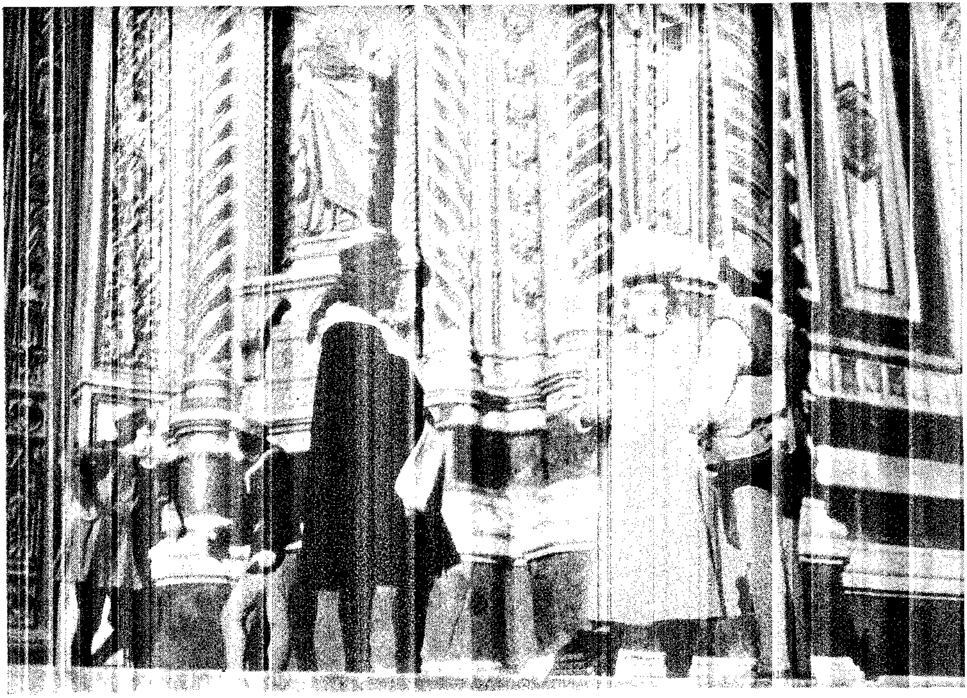

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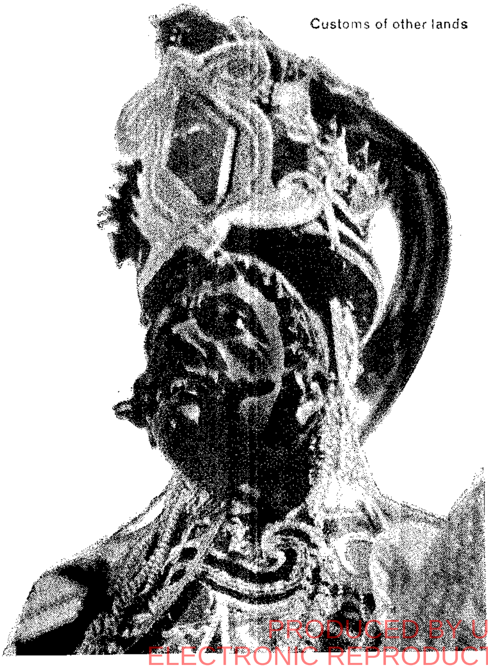
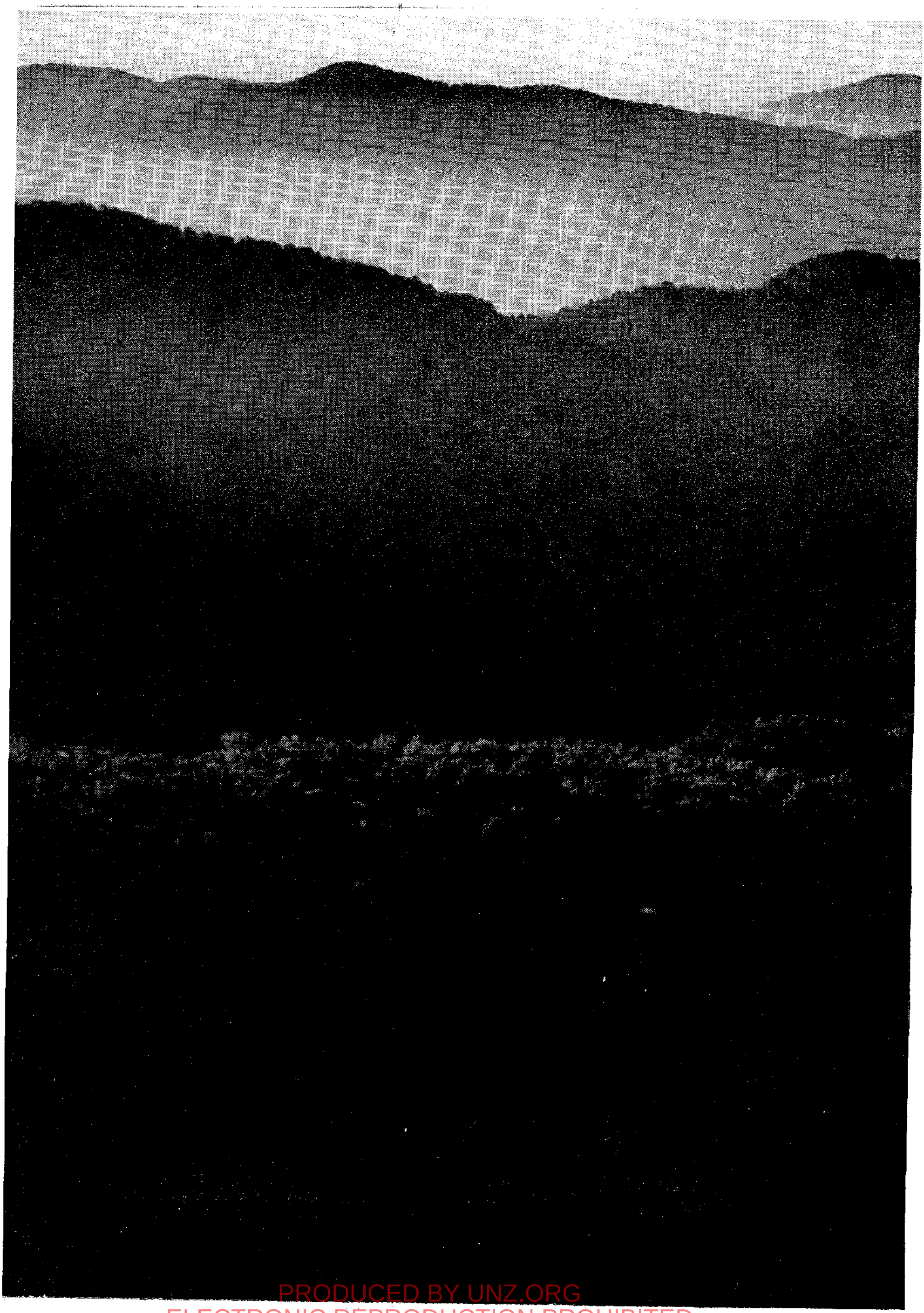
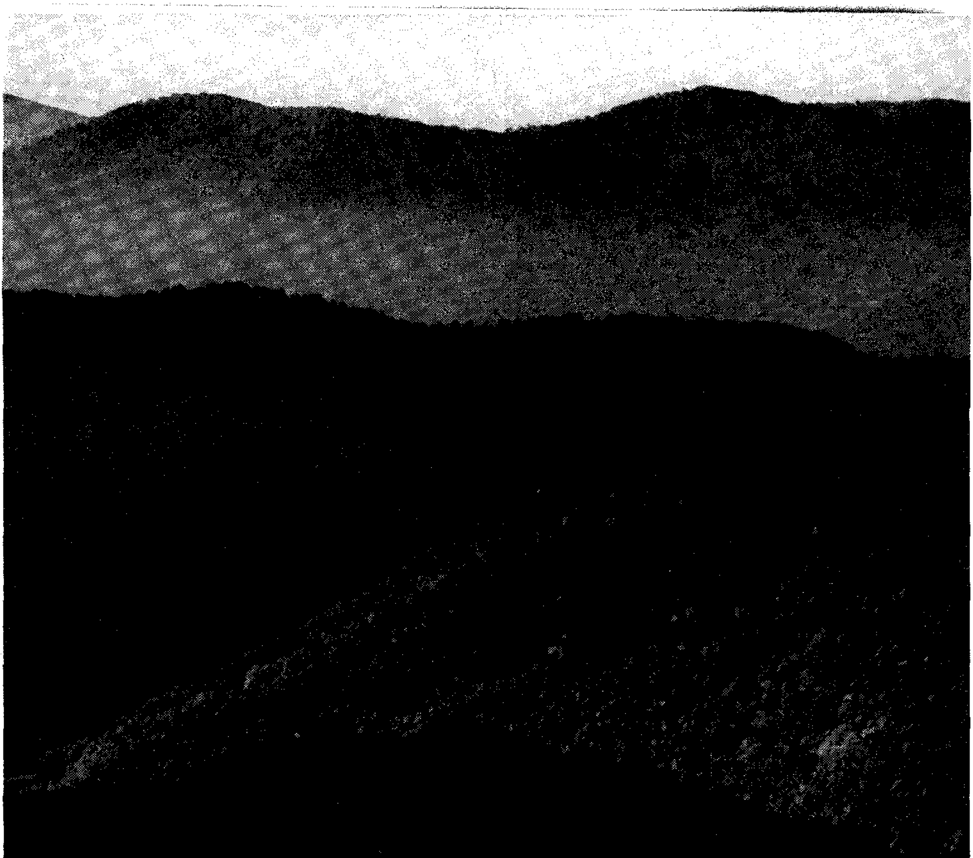


Customs of other lands

Science in industry

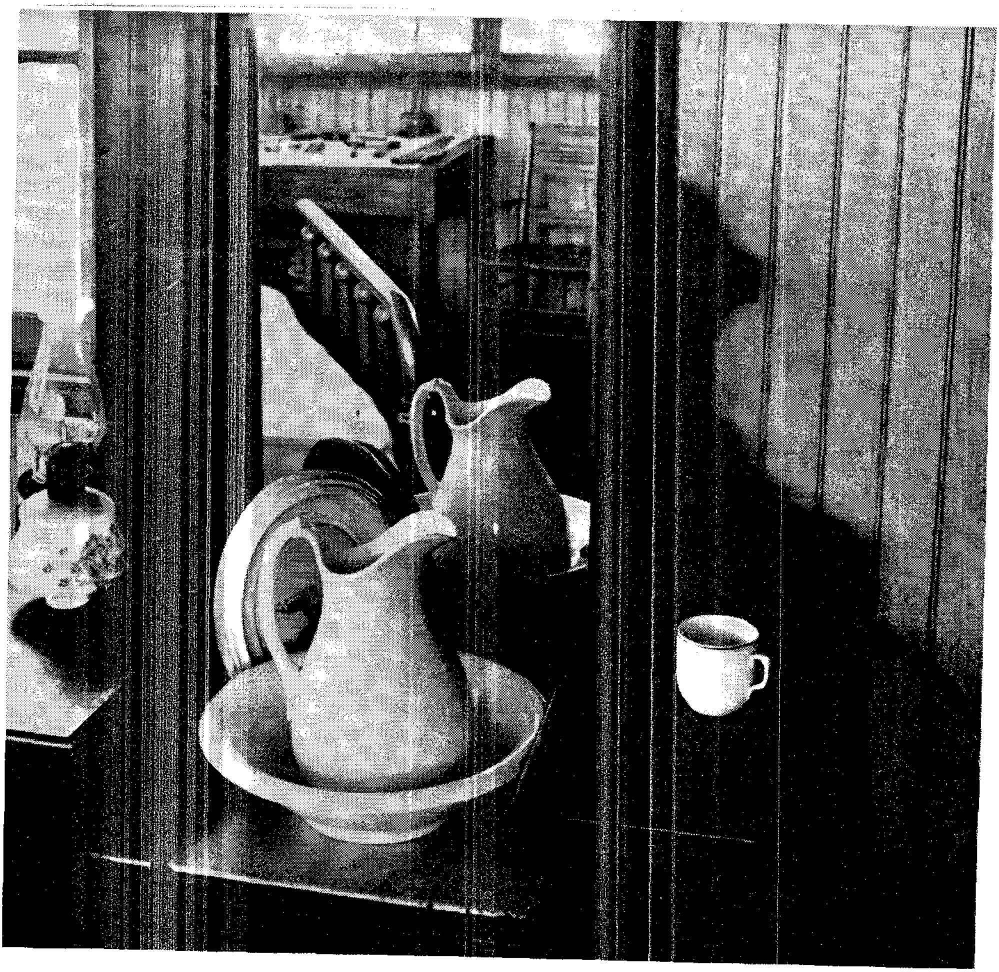




Land of smoke and dreams

"The hills climbed sunward to the sun. There was width to the eye, a smoking sun-hazed amplitude, the world convoluting and opening into the world..." With such lyricism, famed author Thomas Wolfe poured out his love for the land he could never forget, his homeland hill country of North Carolina. Accompanying the scenes on these pages are the immortal words of the region's great native son.

Photographs by Burt Glinn



"world of the ash of time..."

"It is the world... of the Winter nights,
the howling winds, and the fire-full chimney throats—
world of the ash of time and silence while the
piled coals flare and crumble, world of the waiting,
waiting, waiting—for the world of joy,
the longed-for face, the hoped-for step, the unbelieved-in
magic of the Spring again.... It is the world
of warmth, nearness, certitude, the walls of home!..."

"a stone, a leaf, a door..."

"As the boy looked at the big angel with the
carved stipe of lilystalk, a cold and nameless excitement
possessed him. The long fingers of his big hands
closed.... He wanted to carve an angel's head... these
are blind steps and gropings of our exile,
the painting of our hunger as, remembering speechlessly,
we seek the great forgotten language, the
lost lane-end into heaven, a stone, a leaf, a door...."

"the pleasant world of humble people"

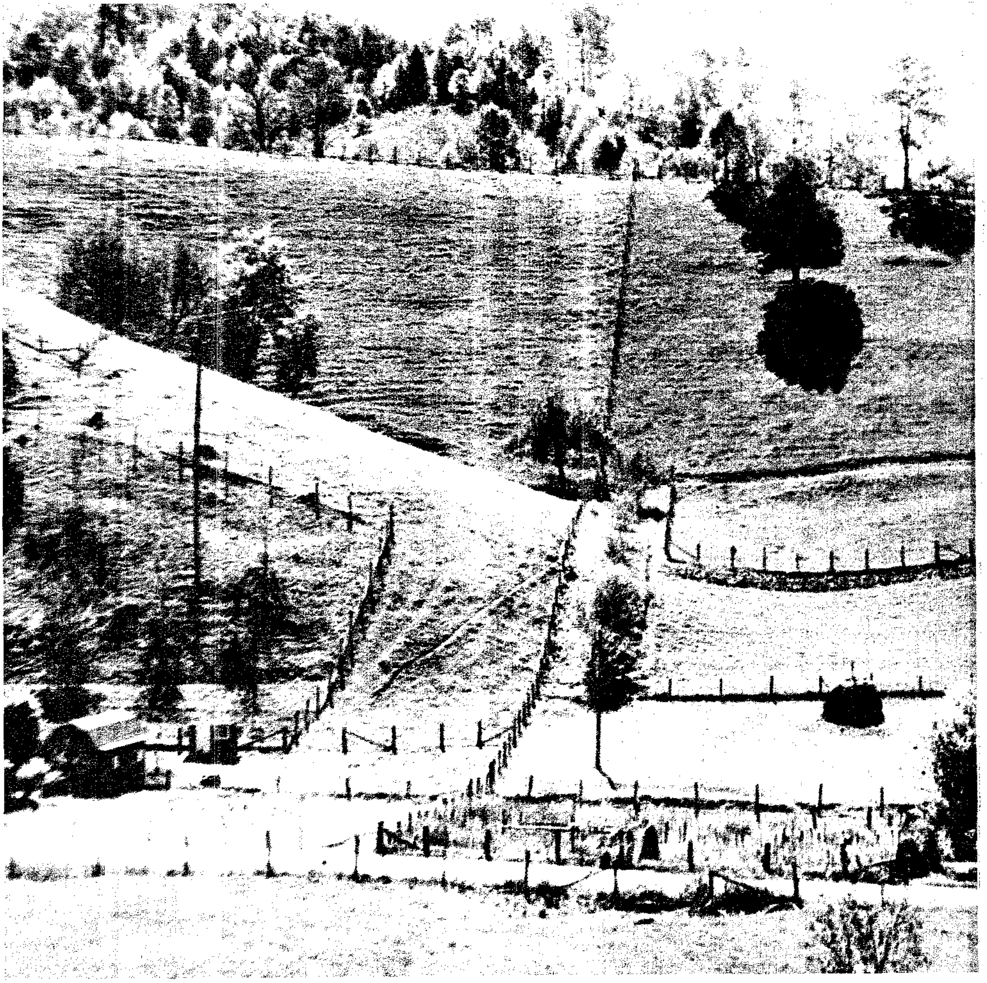
"His heart turns west with thoughts of unknown men and places and of wandering; but ever his heart turns home to this his own world, to what he knows and likes the best. . . . the old, common, native families of the mountains—his mother's people . . . it is the pleasant world of humble people and small, humble houses . . . the yards, the porches, swings, and railings, and the rocking chairs . . . all the homely and familiar backyard world of chicken houses, stables, barns, and orchards, and each one with its own familiar hobby . . . the whole, small, well-used world of good, small people. . . ."

"Weave, weave, weave..."

"And what is it that you want? . . .
To be in your room and out in the street at the
same time. To live in the city and know a
million people, and to live on a mountain top and
know only three or four. To have one
woman, one house, one horse, one cow, one little
piece of earth, one place,
one country, and one everything . . ."

"their gossip of destiny..."

"And as they peeled, or pared, or whittled,
their talk slid from its rude jocularity to death
and burial: they drawled monotonously...
their gossip of destiny, and of men but newly
lain in the earth.... And like a man who
is perishing in the polar night, he thought of the
rich meadows of his youth: the corn,
the plum tree, and ripe grain. Why here? O lost!"



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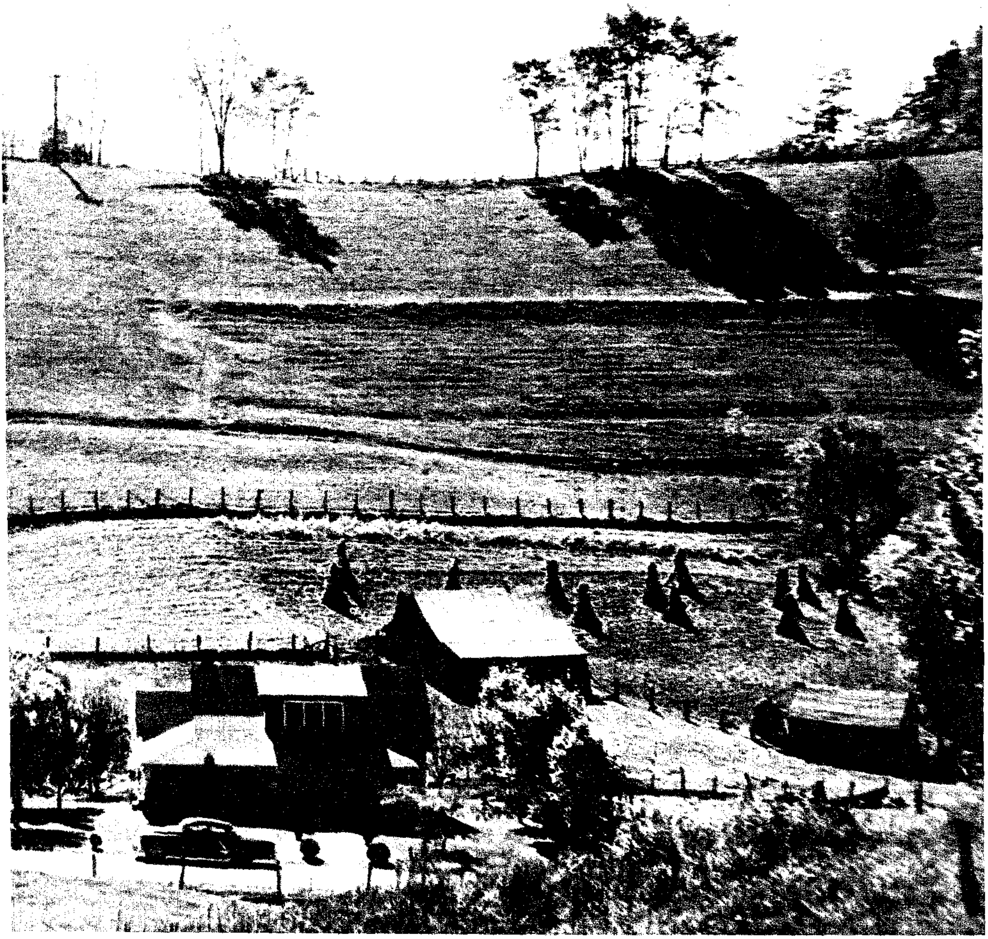


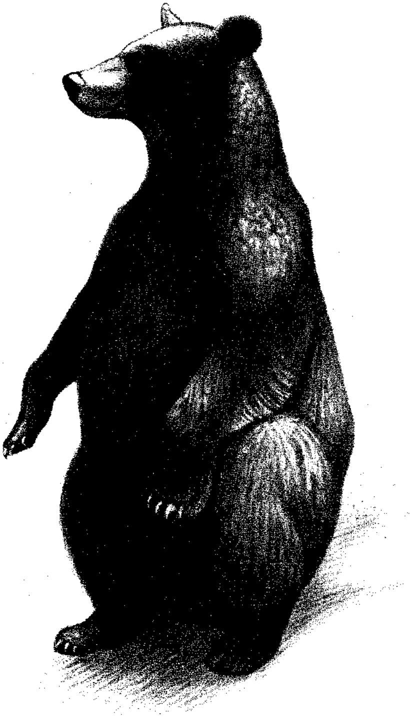
"and all life is near..."

"This is rolling, rugged . . . field and fold and gulch and hill and hollow, rough meadow land, bunched coarsely with wrench grass, and pine land borderings, clay bank and gulch and cut and all the trees there are . . . How near, how homely, how common and how strange, how utterly familiar—the great bulk of the Blue Ridge imminent upon you and compels you. . . . And all life is near, as common as your breath, as strange as time . . ."

Big bruin: half brother in a shaggy coat

by Gary Webster

The remarkable likeness of bears and humans has led to cults of bear worship, to tall tales of "abominable snowmen" and even to fairy tales like "Goldilocks"



FROM SCANDINAVIAN SAGAS to Russian and Greek mythology, there runs a weirdly recurrent theme: human blood flows through the veins of a warrior who has the head of a bear but who walks like a man. This theme undoubtedly stems from the fact that there are striking similarities between bears and men. Many animals walk gracefully upon their toes; bears and men throw their weight squarely upon the soles of their feet—and so lumber along rather clumsily. Bear tracks are remarkably similar to human footprints. It is this feature, say some naturalists, which contributes to the legend of the "abominable snowman." Giant man-like tracks in the snow of Himalayan peaks probably come from the feet of red bears—not from a supposedly strange race of fur-covered men living on 20,000-foot peaks.

His ability to walk upright upon hind legs—and even to dance clumsily in that position—dramatizes bruin's resemblance to man. Many creatures produce young that are ready to fend for themselves soon

From: CODFISH, CATS AND CIVILIZATION by Gary Webster. **Copyright © 1959 by Webb B. Garrison.** **Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.**

after birth; human babies and bear cubs are helpless for comparatively long periods. Born blind and toothless, the cub of a black bear weighs only four pounds after 40 days.

Bruin differs widely from his human rival in one respect, however. Mating occurs only once in two years—and the season is limited to three or four weeks. Actually, the typical bear is so preoccupied with eating that he has time for only a brief and occasional interest in sex. Many animals restrict their diet to a narrow list; bears feed on a range of substances wider than that of any other creature. Bruin is the largest land carnivore of recent geological epochs. His remote ancestors probably ate nothing but flesh.

The teeth of most bears are startlingly different from those of such flesh eaters as the lion and tiger. For, instead of having flesh-cutting surfaces like those of typical carnivores, bruin's are broad and tuberculated. This means that he has the proper apparatus to grind vegetable substances—and can feed on almost anything living. Hence bears can thrive in regions where insistence upon a meat diet would lead to extinction.

Present-day grizzlies and polar bears are chiefly carnivorous; nearly all other bears feed largely or entirely on vegetables and insects. Fruits, berries and nuts are considered delicacies; the American black bear sometimes breaks down 20-foot scrub oaks for the sheer delight of stuffing himself on acorns. He also relishes everything from bitter cherries to skunk cabbage. The stomach of one specimen, killed by a hunter, was examined and found to include two quarts of yellow jacket wasps—swallowed whole.

Bruin's love for honey is proverbial. Few other creatures consider it worth the taking—except man.

Like medieval barons, male bears pay little attention to their progeny—and probably do not so much as recognize them. With she-bears, it is a different story. Cubs remain with their mothers for 18 months or more. During much of the time, they are in nursery school—with the mother actively teaching them how to climb trees, scoop fish from streams and stalk small game.

Small wonder that men of ancient and primitive races, divided on many issues, were united in their admiration for the animal foe so strangely human in structure and ways. Aboriginal tribesmen of Japan made the festival of the bear a high point of their worship—and honored great men by comparing them to the animal. Among the early Norsemen, the bear-like hero, Berserk, was so venerated that his name lives on as part of our language. Today, one who fights with the blind fury of a wounded bear is said to *go berserk.*

Artemis, the goddess of the hunt in Greek mythology, was for centuries a central figure in bear cults. Ancient rites in the land of Socrates included dances by groups of young girls wearing bearskins—perpetuating dim traces of earlier ceremonies in which Artemis herself was a bear to whom human sacrifice was offered.

Even that favorite of children in the TV age, *Goldilocks and the*

Three Bears, is probably a modernized version of ancient tales in which a maiden becomes enamored of a shaggy male and takes up residence in the house of the bears.

Long regarded as fantasy, these yarns are relics from one of the most vivid chapters in the story of mankind. For during that long and rather vaguely defined period in which the cave man came into prominence, humans and bears not only lived under the same roofs—they fought fiercely for possession of the only existing shelters.

By the time prehistoric man developed artistic skill, he was competing with the brown bear, rather than the earlier and bigger cave bear. In the caverns of France alone, modern diggers have found remnants of more than 3,000 drawings and paintings of bears. One cavern yielded an unbaked clay figure—a bear nearly four feet long, the figure mutilated by dart thrusts. In Switzerland, the cavern of Drachenloch must have served as a primitive temple. For in it was found a crude altar piled high with the skulls of bears. All surviving traces of bear worship point dimly toward the period when survival of the race demanded that men gain mastery over bears.

Polar bears are the most specialized of modern bears. Though their white fur is tinged with yellow from long immersion in brine, it blends naturally into snowy backgrounds. There is a bit of webbing between their toes, adding to their equipment for long-distance swimming. Polar bears have been seen 60 miles from land, still going strong. A third eyelid, nearly transparent, serves as a filter to protect the eyes of these creatures from the glare of the polar sun.

It was their savage disposition that prevented bears from becoming the first domestic animals. For tens of thousands of years, they were more intimately associated with man than any other beast—yet resisted taming. Among polar bears, resistance to living in a man-shaped environment goes so far that it is difficult to bring up young ones in captivity. Most mothers kept in zoös neglect their babies so badly that they die. Sultana, a big female in Milwaukee's zoo, was the first polar bear to rear cubs in confinement. Captured at the age of one year, she lived to be 35, gave birth to 12 cubs and reared 11 of them.

Scotland's last brown bear was killed in 1057. Thereafter the animal was believed extinct in England. There are many surviving groups in Europe and Asia, however. America's closely related common black bear is in no danger of extinction; the species is actually increasing in regions as thickly settled as Pennsylvania.

Ursus horribilis, "the terrible bear," or grizzly, has not fared so well. During pioneer days, this beast was undisputed master of the whole U.S. Northwest. Three times as big as a lion, a grizzly can break the back of an elk with one blow. Far more dependent upon meat than his smaller brown and black cousins, the grizzly now thrives only in remote mountainous regions and national parks.

Among other members of the family, the sloth bear is perhaps the most bizarre. Abundant in the mountains of India, this shaggy fellow lacks one pair of upper front teeth; his lips and tongue are long and mobile and his nostrils are equipped with a set of special valves. All this equipment is admirably suited to his special appetite. For though he eats fruits and honey, his staple food is white ants. After scratching off the top of a termite mound, the bear applies his mouth to the hole and sucks so strongly that he pulls insects from a considerable depth.

Known to modern city dwellers only as a curiosity in the zoo and a figure in fables for children, bears of all types are so overshadowed by rifle-bearing men that there is no longer any serious competition between the two families. But the age-long struggle is not over. Human victory has not meant extinction, or even near extinction, as happened to the buffalo. Rather, bears are still cohabitants of two-thirds of our planet's temperate-zone land surface. Given a few more biological advantages, the beast who seems such a crude copy of man might have exterminated his less shaggy competitor. ♛

HEART AND HEARTH

RECENTLY, I took my three active youngsters with me to visit a friend who has small children of her own.

In contrast to my home, hers is always spotless, everything in its place at all times and her children are the epitome of orderliness. Therefore, I instructed my little ones to sit quietly and not touch a thing.

No doubt awed by the behavior of my friend's children, they acted like angels and after a three-hour visit we left. Completely inspired, I mentally planned a new regime all the way home.

I planned, that is, until my six-year-old, who hadn't had that much rest since he was three months old, leaped from the car and headed for our cluttered house shouting, "Oh Mother, I just love our house, it's so messy and happy all the time!"

—MRS. M. A. MICHAELS

MY ELDERLY UNCLE, who could walk for miles on his own acres of woodlands and meadows back home, was finally persuaded to visit his daughter who lived in an apartment near Chicago's downtown loop.

After he had been visiting a few days and had looked things over a bit, his daughter asked him what he thought of Chicago. "Well," said Uncle Bill reflectively, "the thing I don't like about it is that the minute you step out the door you're away from home."

—JOSEPHINE CHURCHILL

Uncle Sam's conscience fund

by Erwin van Swol

AN UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN wrote the U.S. Treasury not long ago that she had cheated on her income tax and, as a result, could not sleep. She enclosed a sum of money and ended her letter with this P. S.: "If I find I still can't sleep, I will send you more." As a soporific, the dosage must have been correct, for there was no second letter.

Since 1811, about 50,000 persons have paid some $2,200,000 into the Treasury's Conscience Fund. The smallest payment was a single penny, for re-use of a canceled stamp; the largest, unexplained, was $30,000. In 1950, the biggest year, $370,285.47 was received.

Many contributions to the Conscience Fund—nobody knows who gave it that name—are anonymous; a great many carry a religious tone of repentance, some cite Biblical chapter and verse, or enclose tracts, indicating the reason for making amends. All the money goes into the general fund of the Treasury, and can be used only under appropriations made by Congress.

Regular as clockwork, month after month, one District Collector of Internal Revenue received by mail an envelope marked simply "Conscience Fund" that invariably contained $2,500 in $20 bills. No explanation was ever forthcoming.

Some contributors, while guarding their identities, use secret passwords or number combinations when sending in money—sometimes in the hope that, if the law catches up with them for illegal activities, they can get credit for their payments. But such "donations" cannot be reclaimed.

Anonymity is often costly, however. The Ozark hillbilly country, for example, must have learned only recently that President Franklin D. Roosevelt outlawed gold payments in 1933. The Conscience Fund received two $5 gold pieces with an unsigned note that they had been "overlooked." Under present law, the owner could have kept them.

A remorse-stricken public servant sent $25 which he had received for sick-leave pay, explaining that since he had not really been ill when he stayed home, he could not keep the money. In mailing postage stamps amounting to $1.89, an ex-service woman said: "I am paying for a pair of scissors I took when I left. I

To bury the ghosts of their guilt, 50,000 "fugitives" have sent the Government over $2,200,000 for "funeral expenses"

have been so ashamed, I am sending payment that will in part make up for the action."

One unsigned letter stated simply: "Can't find a guy I owe $10 to, so I'll give it to U.S. Treasury."

An Illinois minister wrote: "You will find herewith 15 cents for deposit, as rightful ownership cannot be established and this is the only way I know to dispose of it."

Treasury people are still speculating about a cryptic verse, in Greek, received with two pieces of gold jewelry. Translated, it read:

"The most beautiful days
Are those that time has taken
And they are gone . . ."

The jewelry eventually brought $22 at auction.

Six $1 bills sent to the Fund had an accompanying card that read: "With sincere congratulations and all good wishes for the future."

And $10 arrived with this notation: "In gratitude for a healthy and peaceful year."

The mounting national debt worries some people to the point of doing something about it. One man sent the Conscience Fund his check for $6,000. Another person wrote: "Enclosed please find a money order for $5 for the purpose of reducing the national debt. I saw in a book that at the present national debt every American owes $6,500 and at $5 per week this would equal 25 years in time. While I'm not sure by what measure I came to owe such a huge amount, I assume that this is my fault for not keeping up with politics as well as I should.

"I hope that I'll be able to keep up with future payments as I'd like to consider myself an American since there are so many things you have to be an American to enjoy and $5 a week is a cheap price to pay for such a privilege."

However, he sent no more weekly payments.

A Westerner sent this message along with 40 cents: "When I was a small boy of about 12 years of age, I made four counterfeit dimes and passed them at a small café in return for hot tamales.

"I trust that the above is satisfactory, for which I apologize."

The millions which the Fund receives would seem to prove that when people lose faith in their own integrity, they are willing to try to buy it back. But not always.

Once the Conscience Fund received and cashed a personal check for $250 drawn on a Midwest bank. Since there was no accompanying explanation, officials wrote the man, in care of the bank, and asked what the money was for. In answer, they received a second check for $250—which bounced!

They hope he doesn't have a guilty conscience. ♛

THE "DAMAGE DEMONS" OF CHICAGO

by William Barry Furlong

Ambulance-chasing lawyers and "give-away" juries have made the Windy City the nation's damage-suit Mecca

THESE DAYS Chicago is sue-happy. The mass contagion (nearly 40,000 cases are waiting to be heard) has touched off shocking examples of greed. A mother sued her son for $15,000 when his car door knocked her down as he tried to help her into his auto. A man sued a railroad for $50,000 because a train blew steam on him. Within hours after Chicago newspapers reported a wee-hours-of-the-morning collision between two Chicago streetcars, some 45 persons filed claims against the Chicago Transit Authority—apparently in ignorance that both cars were empty except for their crews.

At the heart of the suit-happy situation is that old favorite of the courtroom entrepreneur—the damage suit.

"The pendulum has swung from a $250 verdict to a $250,000 one," says Richard Cain of the Chicago Bar Association. In Chicago's Circuit Court, the average size of successful damage suits has quadrupled in ten years from $7,690.06 to $31,397.19. In the Superior Court, it has more than doubled, from $9,566.11 to $21,010.70. The largest personal-injury award in a suit against a railroad—$420,000—was in Chicago. The Illinois record for successful lawsuits was broken twice within 24 hours when a total of $500,000 was awarded in two suits—$300,000 to a man who was permanently injured by the explosion of some bottled gas, and $200,000 to a four-year-old girl who was run over by a garbage truck. Then a short time later, those records were surpassed when a nine-year-old boy was awarded $750,000 after he was badly injured in a gas explosion.

At least three factors make Chicago the law-suit capital:

1. Generous verdicts and awards by Chicago juries.
2. Active solicitation of damage suits by some Chicago lawyers.
3. A Federal law which allows railroads to be sued wherever they have an office—and Chicago is the rail center of the nation.

The generosity of Chicago juries has made railroads and insurance companies—which bear the burden of paying off in most personal-injury suits—frantic. Richard Cain says: "The more the juries can gouge a big company, the more delighted they seem to be."

In many cases, the much-belabored juror is reacting in an emotional—and highly understandable—way. It is natural that he finds it easier to penalize an insurance company or a corporation than an individual who's been crippled for life.

Take the case of nine-year-old Michael Finn of Roselle, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. One winter day in 1957, he went to a local hardware store with his older brother, Robert, 12, to buy some curtain rods for his mother. While they were shopping, an explosion rocked the shop. It killed eight persons, including Robert Finn. Young Michael lost both legs, was severely burned and suffered a grievous brain injury. (He later underwent 32 brain operations.) It appears that he may be bound to a hospital bed for the rest of his life. Just to keep him alive costs about $60 a day—more than $20,000 a year. Yet Michael's father was an accountant who had no hope of earning that much money year after year.

He launched a personal-injury suit in Michael's name, charging two utility companies with negligence. A jury swiftly awarded young Michael $750,000 in damages and his father accepted a settlement of $600,000. It was one of the largest personal-injury awards in the nation's history. Yet was it too much for the living death of a young boy? Was it even enough to support young Michael Finn for a lifetime?

Few insurance executives balk at such settlements. "It isn't the boxcar figure cases we're worried about," says Melvin Stark, general superintendent of the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company. "It's the little ones that give us trouble, the ones that should honestly be settled for $500 or $600 and are upped to $2,000 or $3,000—simply because exorbitant jury verdicts have distorted values and raised the sights of everyone."

Every year, the city of Chicago pays out more than $600,000 on damage suits filed by persons who've done nothing more than trip or fall on broken sidewalks.

"Perjury is the rule, rather than

the exception," says one attorney. One man won a judgment from a railroad for a head injury which allegedly sent him to a mental hospital; he was found sometime later living in great luxury in a beach resort, apparently in full control of his mental faculties.

A woman who tripped over a briefcase in the aisle of a subway train claimed that she'd suffered back and leg injuries that forced her to walk with a cane. She sued the Chicago Transit Authority for $100,000. When the C.T.A. found that she was one of those persons who makes a career of starting personal-injury suits, it purposefully gathered the evidence that frustrated her whole plan—secret movies that showed her walking briskly about the Loop without a cane.

Even some doctors join in the conspiracy. One lawyer who specializes in pressing personal-injury cases admits that doctors are his highest-paid witnesses—$150 to $300 for an hour or two of favorable testimony. He is not alone. Attorneys for insurance companies do the same thing—also paying high prices for favorable medical testimony.

The insurance companies usually try to convince the injured party that it is very costly and vaguely "unethical" to hire a lawyer when the company is willing to "take care of everything." In turn, the personal-injury lawyer points out that his fee will be from 25 to 33 percent of the final judgment; if the case is lost, the lawyer gets nothing. They cite cases like that of the young man in Chicago who was injured when he was accidentally thrown from a speeding ambulance while accompanying a sick friend to the hospital. He was hospitalized twice within a year because of the head injuries he suffered in the fall. The insurance company offered to settle for $36—and the hospital hired a collection agency to collect his bill. Indignant, the young man hired a lawyer, sued and won an award of $30,000.

WHEN PERSUASION fails, both sides use stronger methods. Railroads sometimes make cash advances to injured employees to discourage lawsuits. Occasionally, a personal-injury attorney retaliates by doubling or tripling the cash advance to the client to encourage a lawsuit. To land one client, a personal-injury attorney bought him a new car and a new house—then recovered his "costs" out of the settlement. The Bar Association severely frowns upon a lawyer advancing cash to a client. Lawyers who do so systematically face disbarment.

On the other side, a railroad employed some legal trickery to persuade the alcoholic father of an injured boy—who'd lost both legs in an accident—to accept $10,000 for the boy and $2,500 for himself to keep the case out of court. When evidence of the chicanery was presented, the court angrily set aside the settlement as a fraud on the court and allowed the injured boy to start a new suit—this time for $600,000.

One of the most spectacularly aggressive of all personal-injury attorneys was a Chicagoan. He had "runners" who traveled all over the nation to bring lawsuits to the Windy City for him. He paid them a total of $100,000 for their efforts. He also paid a percentage of his fees to yardmen, brakemen, hospital clerks, nurses and orderlies for tips on personal-injury cases. But his greed in exploiting his clients ultimately led to his downfall. In one case, he went to a Federal court to get approval of a $4,000 settlement in a $75,000 suit. After all the "costs" were subtracted, his client would have received $307.76. "My conscience wouldn't let me enter this order without an investigation," declared the Federal judge before whom the case came up. To avoid disbarment proceedings, the lawyer agreed to leave the state and abandon his legal activities.

Of the 9,000 practicing attorneys in Chicago, only about 100 handle personal-injury suits. Most of them are as conscientious as any other attorney. But a few are quite willing—even eager—to stretch a point in personal-injury cases. One of these points is the fact that Illinois, unlike most other states, does not bar soliciting by lawyers (although the canons of professional ethics forbid it). Consequently, a Chicago lawyer can, under the Employers Liability Act, bring certain types of cases—usually railroad cases—to Chicago for trial. This is the Federal act which allows a person injured in a railroad accident to bring suit anywhere the railroad has an office.

One example of how it works was the case of the painter-helper for the Great Northern Railway who broke out in a painful skin rash which, he claimed, was caused by the paints and thinners given him to use by the railroad. He lived in St. Paul, Minnesota, and the Great Northern has its headquarters there. But he brought suit for $100,000 in Chicago, even though the Great Northern does not own a single mile of track within 400 miles of Chicago. The reason: the Great Northern maintains a small office for freight and a ticket office in Chicago.

As a result, many hundreds of the personal-injury suits awaiting trial in Chicago originate outside of Chicago and Cook County.

The delay in bringing lawsuits to trial in Chicago is one of the awful burdens of the Big Bonanza. Back in 1949, a six-year-old girl lost her right eye when she was shot by a BB from a gun fired by a 13-year-old girl. By the time her case came to trial, the girl who'd fired the shot was married and the mother of two children, while a hardware store which was a co-defendant in the case had gone out of business. So the injured girl readily settled for $4,000 on what had originally been a $50,000 personal-injury suit.

Who pays for the Big Bonanza? Ultimately, the public. The Chicago Transit Authority pays out some $7,000,000 a year for damage suits—and gets the money by devoting about one-and-a-half cents out of every 25-cent fare to damage suits and workmen's compensation. The insurance companies pass on their costs to the insurance-buying public. Moreover, the heavy costs of maintaining the judicial machinery come out of the taxes paid by the public.

What's being done about the

problem? Very little. Sometime ago, beleaguered judges in Chicago pleaded that if they had more courtrooms and more help, they might cut down on the backlog. Yet, even with the space and help, the backlog rises.

An executive of the Chicago Transit Authority proposed taking personal-injury and property-damage suits out of the courts and placing them before a special state commission, like that handling the workmen's compensation cases. In this way, he thought, cases would be handled more speedily, the backlog would be cut down and the stunning differences in certain jury judgments would be reduced. The plan was offered more than three years ago. Nothing has been done about it.

There are certain obvious solutions toward cutting down on the unethical conduct in personal-injury cases. The Illinois Supreme Court accepted one in 1957, when it ruled that the plaintiff in lawsuits must submit to medical examination by the defense. That same year the court also passed a ruling that solicitation of personal-injury cases by lawyers' "runners" constituted a misdemeanor.

Another constructive example is offered by two counties in New York State which set up IMT—impartial medical testimony. In this system, the court calls upon and pays *impartial* medical experts for their testimony in an effort to settle the case without a trial.

Thus far Chicago and the State of Illinois—though aware of the increasingly desperate situation—have done astonishingly little to relieve the problem. In the meantime, the suit-happy spree goes on, helping some, hurting others and gradually strangling in its own sinews the elements of justice. The only choice is to be a winner, to take part in what one insurance man has called "an open-sesame greater than any jackpot ever conceived in the gambling halls of Las Vegas."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

POLICE AT THE HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY, city jail have an answer to any complaints from inmates.

"If you don't like it here, stay out," declares a sign over the cell-row entrance. —ETHEL GARDNER

SIGN ON THE BACK of a milk truck: "Modern Milking-Machine Company. All That We Are We Owe To Udders."

SIGN IN FRONT of a roadside restaurant: "All You Can Eat For $100." —PAUL BROWN

IN GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN: "Drive Slow
Mad Parents" —B. J. PIERQUET

Where senior citizens act like junior

by John Wesley Noble

The nostalgic entertainment at Gomans' Gay 90's makes oldsters shuck their years as they reap a harvest of high jinks

In the middle of her second floor show at the Gay 90's night club in San Francisco recently, singer-owner Bee Goman was stopped cold by a shouted request from one of the tables. It mentioned a number she hadn't done in years, a patter song which had been very popular with her white-haired audiences. As the orchestra swung into the music, Mrs. Goman, an amiable, blue-eyed, buxom trouper under a crown of ostrich plumes, stood tapping her toe, groping for the forgotten lyrics.

Suddenly, from a table at the far corner of the room, a voice picked up the song. The spotlight shifted to a snowy-haired little lady, obviously a grandmother, with a family party of sons, daughters-in-law and small fry. Not only did she know the words—she even copied the star's throaty delivery. The lyrics came back to Mrs. Goman then. Soon all were singing together. When they finished and everyone had applauded everyone else, Mrs. Goman beamed over the microphone like a housewife greeting a back-yard neighbor.

"Mrs. Jethro!" she cried. "When did you hit town? And how are all the folks in Seattle?" Her hearty chuckle filled the crowded room. "Pappy ought to come down with a contract for you because I sure was stuck on that one. I'll be out to gab with you between shows."

Neighborly gab and impromptu acts by the paying guests are the trade-marks of Gomans' Gay 90's. Conventional entertainers would go mad there, or be rendered snow-blind by the white hair in the audience. In an era of throbbing bongo drums, mumbled lyrics, off-beat jazz and "intellectual" comedians, it's a throwback to other, gayer days when San Francisco and its visitors rollicked together and grandma could shake a leg with the best.

Gomans' primarily attracts senior citizens out on the town after daytime treks to Seal Rocks, Golden Gate Park or Fisherman's Wharf. The Gay 90's invites them to dance, sing old tunes, heckle performers and prove there's life in the old legs yet.

Their idea of fun is to don false mustaches, shout "Oh, you kid!" at the can-canning chorus and whoop up a storm of song. They howl with glee at announcements like: "The Joneses at Table 20 are having a special anniversary tonight—the last payment on their 1927 Buick." Often they stay until 2 A.M., sipping only soft drinks or milk. The management doesn't complain at all.

Pappy—Ray Goman, Sr.—a dashing figure in white spats, striped suit and horseshoe-clasped cravat, dominates the show with his big, twinkling blue eyes and well-trimmed handle-bar mustache. Bee, without theatrical make-up and Floradora costume, could be any housewife in the garden of her Berkeley Hills home. By night, however, she's a re-incarnation of Anna Held. Their son, Ray Jr., 30, is a comedian in a tight, plaid-checked suit.

Patrons are as vital to the old-style fun as the paid performers. Some regulars like Granville Borden, long-time tax attorney for Standard Oil, provide portraits and caricatures of themselves to be flashed on the screen, with words of their favorite song, for the between-shows community sing. Borden's favorite is *Oh, You Beautiful Doll.* At least once a week he shows up with a party of friends to take the spotlight and lead the singing of his number, accompanied by Elliston Ames, who has been playing piano for San Franciscans since 1903.

All Gay 90's shows are written for three-month runs so customers may memorize the routines. They always feature a headliner, a gaslight melodrama with the Gomans, their chorus and orchestra, gravel-throated songs by Bee, Junior's comedy and a bell-ringing number. (*Jingle Bells* in July is a show-stopper.) Always, when a new show starts, a ringside table is reserved for Mrs. Peggy Joy, wife of a San Francisco tire dealer. She returns until she has the routines letter perfect. Then, when performers falter, as they must with all the horseplay, she rises and cues them. Though newcomers assume she's a member of the cast, the truth is she pays the cover charge every night just to take part.

Another regular, a prominent California engineer, is always introduced as a celebrity. He rises, clasps hands over his head like a prize fighter and takes his bow, then orders champagne all around.

OLDSTERS WAIT impatiently for the community-sing microphone to reach their table, then the oaken ceiling trembles to fervent renditions of *Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag*, *Pretty Baby* or *Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland.* Sometimes a silver-haired tenor amazes his own party with his delivery and wins thunderous applause. Then a number like *Memories* will come out with such trills, warbles and off-key ululations the audience collapses in mirth. "I'm surprised at you," booms Pappy's cheery voice. "It didn't sound that way in the shower."

He was leading the sing from the center of the room one night when two tremendous voices blended on *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.* Craning diners finally recognized the chic little Italian lady and the smiling man with the shock of dark hair. Robert Merrill and Licia Albanese were taking a night off from the opera to join the show where *everyone* sings.

The décor itself seems to roll back the years and disperse inhibitions. Red velvet curtains sheathing the gold-scrolled archway of the stage soften the rosy gleam of wrinkle-smoothing lights. Beverages are served at the tables, each with its saucy, red-and-black panty lampshade, by pretty girls in tights, as it was in the boisterous old days of the Barbary Coast.

When the five-piece band strikes up, dignified schoolteachers from out of town are moved to kick off their shoes and dance animated bunny-hugs with their partners. Grandmas and grandpas join them and the place jumps to the creak of corsetry and gleam of perspiration on bald heads. Pappy and Bee find time to circulate among the tables, greeting old friends and making new ones.

Heckling is as much part of the nightly fun as Junior's comedy. One memorable night a ringside table was taken by a party of oldsters from nearby Chinatown. They commenced to heckle in Chinese and, for once, the young man was stumped. Then, from another table, rose a beautiful young Chinese girl. She tripped up to the stage, took the microphone from Junior, and proceeded to bawl out the hecklers in their own Cantonese.

The Gomans never know what will intrigue them next. During World War II, with tires and gasoline rationed, Pappy rented a horse-drawn hack to take people to and from the club. One night, as the hack was returning three ladies to their hotel, a taxi horn startled the horses. They stampeded for 12 blocks through downtown San Francisco before the hack upended at a busy intersection. Neither animals nor passengers were injured.

Next day, however, local newspapers latched onto the incident as wonderful relief for war jitters. Digging out old curlycue type, one paper covered the runaway on Page 1, as it might have been 50 years ago, while deploring the "disgrace" of horseless carriages causing horses to bolt. That night the 90's was jammed. Everyone wanted to ride the runaway rig.

The hack had its romantic side, too. Many couples, finding a shared love for the old tunes and dances, took a moonlight ride in the vehicle and came back engaged. One night, the entire audience trooped outside to stand up with a Gay 90's girl when she married a veterinarian from Portland, Oregon. He insisted that the judge perform the wedding ceremony in the hack.

The most eye-catching feature of the club, an oil painting of a nude, hangs over the main bar. This is *Stella,* famous Midway attraction of the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition, which took in $3,000,000 at 10 cents a look-see. *Stella* disappeared for 24 years, then bobbed up at the 1939-40 World's Fair on Treasure Island, only to drop from sight again. Several years ago, San Francisco Superior Judge Tom Foley, a 90's regular and current owner of the painting, offered *Stella* on loan to the Gomans. An 81-year-old customer came up with a sign—swiped off the Midway—which advertised her originally. An old-timer from the Sierra brought the tin money box she filled to overflowing.

One relic stars in every show. It is the banjo of Jack McCloud, who played the Barbary Coast's old Hippodrome and later introduced ragtime to England. When the Gomans opened their club in the restored Hippodrome he was there, a sick, old trouper, to make the 90's his hangout until he died. Each evening, as lights play over the old frets, Pappy mounts a silver stool at stage center and calls for requests. He doesn't play expertly, as everyone knows. But the old banjo seems to pick up the cue from its happy, toe-tapping audience and plunk out the old tunes with a voice of its own.

To the Gomans, old vaudevillians themselves, this is as it should be. A song-and-dance team, they played all circuits, including the Palace. Married on Easter Sunday, 1926, in Manhattan, they opened next day at Loew's in Boston. Ray Junior was born two years later in Flint, Michigan, on the Butterfield Circuit. When, in 1934, it became clear "Vitaphone wasn't going to blow over"—that vaudeville was dead—they looked about for a night club where they could preserve the old modes of entertainment. In May, 1941, Gomans' Gay 90's opened its doors on Pacific Avenue, heart of the old Barbary Coast.

It was an immediate success. For one thing, an old San Francisco law prohibited dancing on the Coast or in Chinatown; they had to devise audience participation. Then came World War II and hordes of servicemen. Amidst the barbershop quartets, high-kicking can-canners and community sings, you could almost forget Japanese submarines lurking off the Golden Gate.

And soon the old-timers began to

come. Among the first was Sophie Tucker, who would taxi down to International Settlement—as the Coast then was called—between her own performances at other clubs. She joined the audience and became a good friend of the Gomans. A few years later, in fact, when they couldn't obtain authentic minstrel spats in America, Miss Tucker, then in London, persuaded an English company to manufacture some just for them. After the war, International Settlement degenerated; the only reason police didn't padlock it in toto, in fact, was the good senior citizens flocking to Gomans'. Three years ago, they moved to their present location in North Beach.

One day, Pappy took a telephone call from a lady who wished to reserve a dozen tables for the "Grandmothers Club." There would be 90 grandmothers and they wanted "the works," dinner to songs. Pappy prepared a list from *Redwing* to *Silver Threads Among The Gold*. When the ladies arrived, however, they told him to forget the sentimental stuff. They planned to start with *Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight* and go on from there.

Once each year, the Gomans take their entire troupe to San Francisco's Laguna Honda home for old folks. Even without red velvet drapes, *Stella* and the screened songs, they manage to set toes a-tapping. During last year's performance a bedfast patient tugged at the hand of Marijo Leyanna, a dimpled young chorus girl, and whispered: "You'll have to kick those pretty legs higher, dearie, if you want to please the big spenders. I know. I danced for the Gomans at the turn of the century."

She didn't, of course. The Gay 90's, while seemingly old as the Golden Gate itself, actually is all a wonderful illusion—a last nostalgic stand for two old vaudevillians and for all others who care for fun as it was when Grandma kicked up her heels. ♛

WIFELY WISDOM

DURING A RECENT CONVENTION in Miami Beach, a man walked into a women's dress shop and silently handed a saleslady a slip of paper which read:

"To whom it may concern: Since I am tired of returning black nightgowns, off-the-shoulder blouses and similar articles after every convention, and since the bearer of this note seems to think I am exactly the size of the current sales person, here are some statistics and information: I am five-feet-three-inches tall, weigh 135 pounds, wear a size 13 dress and size 10 stocking. I do not like the color green, wide stripes, polka dots or nylons without seams. Please do not sell him the most expensive gift in the store as we have to eat next week, too. Thanking you in advance, I am, Sincerely, Wife of the Bearer."

—*Bus Rider's News*

The remarkable rebirth of our rural towns

by Peter Farb

Sparked by a dramatic new plan, down-at-the-heels farm areas are pulling themselves up by their economic bootstraps

When Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College made a study, about 12 years ago, of Choctaw County in the southeastern part of the state, it was amazed to find that the greatest single source of income there was old-age assistance and relief checks. Nearly half of the population had drifted away to more enterprising communities.

If it weren't for the local banker in Hugo, Oklahoma, the county seat, and other energetic citizens, the sheriff's sign would today be nailed to the whole of Choctaw County. Instead, a citizens' committee undertook the colossal task of creating jobs and wealth where none existed previously.

They improved agriculture by helping the farmers switch to truck crops, set up a corporation with $50,000 working capital to build a cannery to process the new vegetable crop and brought in registered dairy heifers from California, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Then they set out to bring new industry into the county. A glove manufacturer agreed to locate a new factory in Hugo—but he wanted the community to provide the $200,000 building.

That was when the whole town mobilized. The owners of the projected factory site decided to contribute it outright. Two banks donated $5,000 each, and so did the electric and gas companies. Donations of gravel and lumber poured in, electricians wired the factory in their off-hours and citizens gathered at the railroad siding in the evening to unload steel and cement blocks. As a result, the $200,000 factory was erected for only $89,000—and provided the community with a ten-year payroll of approximately $2,000,000.

Since then, Choctaw has added six more industries, built new churches, a modern hospital and remodeled the shopping area. Bank deposits are up, income has soared and young people are staying in a county that has come to life.

Many of the techniques used by Choctaw already have been duplicated by about 100 other counties in 30 states. In each county, local residents have launched what is known as a Rural Development Program which is lifting rural areas out of the economic doldrums.

Unlike its city counterpart—urban renewal—which often requires tremendous Government loans for slum clearance, the Rural Development Program relies mainly on the manpower, pioneer energy and civic pride of a county's citizens.

Typical is Butler County, Kentucky. A group of farmers, businessmen and civic officials sat down together and worked out a long-range plan to improve their lot.

Now Butler County glistens with fresh paint. Bulldozers toil at reclaiming worn-out pastures; old buildings are being remodeled for use as community centers, or else torn down as fire hazards. There's a new, badly-needed health center, a plumbing school now teaches farmers to install their own water systems and the water supply itself is being made safer. Reverend R. L. Burnett, pastor of two rural churches, has reaped an unsuspected benefit from the Rural Development Program. "My church attendance has increased over 20 percent," he states.

Rural areas have long been in need of rejuvenation. In 1954, a year of record prosperity, about one quarter of America's farm families still earned less than $1,000 in total income. Health conditions have often been so poor that in World War II farmers had the highest rate of rejection from military service. Rural communities have been losing population for years, and opportunities for youth in these areas have almost been nonexistent.

Much of the current interest in rural development stems from the activities of Under Secretary of Agriculture True D. Morse, former president of Doane Agricultural Service of St. Louis, a large farm-and-town management consulting firm.

Morse was one of the originators of the Rural Development Program idea, and first tested it in Tupelo, Mississippi, right after World War II. After studying the area, he concluded that the job could be done with local resources—if the whole county were effectively organized.

First, Tupelo businessmen raised $30,000 a year out of their own pockets to assist the farmers in overhauling their rickety farms. (Later they were repaid when the town's business increased almost twice as rapidly as the state average.) So dramatic was the change that delegations from hard-pressed counties in 23 states visited Tupelo, and some returned home to put similar programs into operation as quickly as possible.

One such group was from Asheville, North Carolina. In 1949 it retained True Morse to do the same sort of "partnership for progress" job in 16 counties in the western part of the state. Local businessmen were inspired to invest $250,000 of their own money in growth, but in return, they saw retail sales increase by 74 percent and new multi-million-dollar factories locate there. Says Morris L. McGough, executive vice president of Asheville's Agricultural Development Council: "The communities have reached back into the past and recaptured the art of working together."

To see if the same thing could be done on a national scale, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson called a conference of state and local leaders in 1955. They decided to select some of the counties in the nation that most needed rehabilitation and use them as models. Five departments and one agency of the Federal Government agreed to aid the Rural Development Program, and Morse was named chairman of the joint committee. To date, the program has cost the Federal Government less than $7,000,000—approximately what it spends for merely storing surplus crops for less than one week.

The most remarkable thing about the Rural Development Program is the way it gathers momentum. In Macon County, Tennessee, a local committee was able to borrow about $175,000 to erect a factory—but was still $100,000 short of its goal. So about 600 farmers and local businessmen dug into their pockets and contributed the bulk of it. Additional dollars were contributed by town workers who voluntarily turned over $5 or $10 a month out of their wages. Enough money was raised to complete the factory, which now provides jobs for nearly 600 local people, with an annual payroll of about $1,350,000.

The entire Upper Peninsula of Michigan, 15 counties in all, has started its own Resource Development Program. Each county is concentrating on the resources it most wants to develop. In some, the tourist and resort business provides the largest source of income, so motels and cabins have been remodeled and new recreational facilities constructed. In one county, more than 300 high school students were trained for summer resort jobs.

Starting a Rural Development Program isn't very difficult. At first, all that is needed is a local leader to begin it. In Monroe County, Ohio, it was a minister, Reverend Keene Leibold. In Hardin County, Tennessee, bank president Con Welch was the spark plug who arranged for a $40,000,000 paper mill to locate in the county.

The most important step, however, is to set up a Rural Development Committee that represents all the economic, religious and educational groups in the county. Then find out what's wrong in the county. What conditions can be bettered? Who can help? Often it turns out that a nearby utility industry or farm organization has been aching to improve conditions in the county all along. If your state already has a Rural Development Program, ask the Dean of Agriculture at your land-grant college for technical assistance.

Finally, be sure that you've organized all the way down to the neighborhood level. Many counties have found Rural Development clubs successful weapons. There are 13 such clubs in Tippah County, Mississippi, which keep churches and school buildings in good repair; they have also constructed roadside parks. Each month, one day is put aside as a workday: a farm is chosen by lot and everyone works to improve it.

A strong Rural Development Program in your county can bring about what Secretary of Agriculture Benson believes has been the Program's most important contribution to rural life. "A general attitude of resignation and complacency, a feeling that nothing can be done about economic ills, has been replaced," he says, "by a new awareness of community resources, community strength, and the real possibility that incomes can be raised."

BEDTIME STORIES

ONE EVENING, during a particularly noisy thunderstorm, my friend's small son was being tucked into bed.

She was about to turn off the light when he asked tremulously, "Mummie, will you sleep with me tonight?"

"I can't do that, dear," my friend explained. "You see, I have to sleep with Daddy."

A long silence was broken at last by a shaken little voice saying, "The big sissy!" —FRANCES HATHAWAY

AFTER TUCKING our three-year-old daughter in bed for the night, my wife leaned over, kissed her on the forehead and said, "God bless you, darling." Looking up in all innocence, our little one replied, "I didn't sneeze, Mommy." —ROBERT BULL

RECENTLY, after much pleading on his part, we allowed our five-year-old son to stay up past his bedtime to watch a TV mystery.

He sat quietly throughout the program and after it was over he was prepared for bed. When he knelt to say his prayers, I was a little taken aback to hear him say, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I should die before I wake, please call the police." —BUNNY W. DUPUIS

How words words words work

by Dr. Bergen Evans

moderator of "The Last Word," seen on CBS television, and author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Does scan mean to glance at something or to read it closely?

The basic meaning of *scan* was to analyze lines of a verse. From this it came to mean to examine with great care. And this was its meaning for centuries. Within the past 40 years, however, in the U.S., it has taken on almost the opposite meaning—i.e., merely to glance at lightly. Nevertheless, the word sometimes retains its older meaning. When, for example, we say that someone *scans the horizon,* we infer he regards it with searching care. And so one more word that has two opposite meanings is added to the language.

How do you pronounce February?

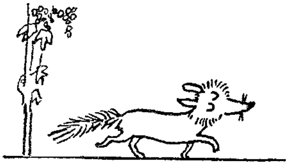
If you wish to pronounce it FEB-*roo-eri,* go ahead. But you will be just as correct if you say FEB-*yoo-eri,* which is the more common and natural pronunciation. It is difficult for us to pronounce two r's when they occur close together in the same word; therefore, it is customary to drop the first r not only in February, but in other words such as su(r)prise.

Why is the "funny bone" so called?

Actually, it isn't the bone that hurts. The bone (to be precise, the medial condyle of the *humerus* bone) simply serves as an anvil on which we strike the ulnar nerve which lies above it. Some authorities believe that *funny bone* was originally a pun on the two words *humerus* and *humorous.* The word first appeared in *The Ingoldsby Legends* (1840), by the Reverend Richard Harris Barham, who seems to have been a mighty punner.

Why "sour grapes"?

This phrase, as everyone knows, is used to indicate that a belittling remark is, at bottom, an expression of envy. But some may have forgotten that the phrase comes from an Aesop fable in which a fox spied some luscious-looking grapes that hung just out of reach. When he couldn't have them, the fox claimed that he didn't want them anyway because they were undoubtedly sour.



La Fontaine, the 17th century French fable-maker, thought the fox's attitude was admirable. "Wasn't it better," he asked, "than complaining?"

Is the doldrums an actual place?

No. The word, which means a fit of low spirits, is a combination of the words *dull* and *tantrums*. Sailors in the 19th century applied the word to a becalmed ship, and since ships were most often becalmed in the equatorial regions between the trade winds, the word soon came to apply to those regions. However, you will not find them named on any map.

Is the Arkansas River pronounced like the State of Arkansas?

Not all of it. The part that passes through Kansas—and it's a big part—is called the *ar-KAN-zus*. In 1881, the legislature of the State of Arkansas decreed that the pronunciation of the name of the state should be *AR-k'n-saw*. The decree apparently embraced the river as well, and state and river have been so pronounced ever since by all loyal Arkansans (who sometimes call themselves Arkansawyers). Kansans, however, assert States' Rights and still call their portion of the river *ar-KAN-zus* and Arkansas City, *ar-KAN-zus* City.

Why are they called "ten gallon" hats?

It isn't a matter of Texas exaggeration or of liquid capacity but of folk etymology. The Spaniards in the old days of the Southwest used to ornament their large-brimmed hats with braid, often silver braid. Very fine hats might have had as many as five or seven or even ten of these braids. And the Spanish word for braid of this kind was *galón*.

4 POLICE NYC

New York's heroic "heli-cops"

by Theodore Irwin

Unsnarling traffic or trapping smugglers—it's all in a day's work for the men in air-borne prowl cars

WITH NO ONE on board, the runaway speedboat careened crazily about Rockaway Inlet at 35 m.p.h., sideswiping a launch, smashing a rowboat, cutting in and out among hundreds of small craft. Panic gripped the startled Sunday anglers and sailors.

A boy on one of the threatened boats yelled, "Here come the chopper cops!" as a helicopter marked "POLICE N.Y.C." appeared overhead.

On the helicopter, Sgts. Harold Behrens and Gerald Crosson had to plan fast. "I'm going to jump," said Behrens. Crosson synchronized his speed to follow the runaway boat's gyrations. Behrens climbed out on the plane's pontoon as the helicopter hovered ten feet above the motorboat. Then he leaped.

Landing nimbly in the cockpit, the "chopper cop" brought the runaway under control, then rescued the boat's owner and passenger, who had been washed overboard.

Constantly cruising over the 900 square miles of waterways and terrain in and around New York during daylight hours, these helicopter pilots act as a vigilant eye for the New York police force—the only metropolitan police department in the world with a complete wing of five "egg beaters" and a 25-man squad. In command of the wing, which is stationed at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, is Lieut. "Kenny" Johnston, a lean, graying, ex-Air Force pilot.

Each day at staggered intervals, the prowl 'copters take off over the metropolis, reporting in regularly from call boxes at 23 landing points, all within quick reach of a hospital. There's always a chopper cop ready to go into action within ten minutes of any spot in the city.

"Flying the sky beat," says Johnston, "there's plenty happening to keep us hopping."

'Copter patrols have helped track down criminals in getaway cars and directed ground forces in capturing escaped convicts. Using loud-speakers, the sky patrolmen warn boats about oncoming storms. They snatch up people from wrecked vessels, boys adrift on rafts and fishermen trapped on jetties by the incoming tide. In acute traffic jams on highways, they use their two-way radios and amplifiers to guide surface police.

In the 11 years the chopper cops have been flitting around, they've run into some tricky emergencies. Several years ago, a steeplejack named Peter Burr, working on scaffolding set up for the construction of a tower for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, fell 29 feet to the roof and broke his back. Because of his serious injury, he couldn't be moved down a spiral staircase.

A hurry call went out for a 'copter. Capt. Gus Crawford (now retired) and Sgt. John T. Jordan, a husky ex-Navy fighter pilot, arrived in eight minutes. But the scaffolding made it impossible to land on the roof. "Our only chance is the parapet," said Crawford to his co-pilot. Edging in, he set down partly on the parapet, carefully balancing his 'copter with its rotors. There it hung, 160 feet above ground, half off and half on the parapet, the big 36-foot blades missing the scaffolding by inches.

Carefully, Jordan slipped down on the parapet and lifted Burr onto a pontoon stretcher. Gently, Crawford backed away from the Cathedral. Then he lowered to nearby Riverside Park, where an ambulance was waiting.

At times, the chopper cops are handed assignments which have long defied police strategy. For months, detectives had failed in trying to trail a gang of smugglers to their main base. The smugglers were flying their contraband into a New York airport, then using "souped-up" cars to transport their loot through a maze of streets and heavy traffic, doubling back and forth, each time eluding police cars.

As a last resort, the "whirlybird" squad was given the job of trailing the smugglers from the sky. A 'copter was camouflaged with a light-blue water paint that blended with the sky and the ready room at Floyd Bennett Field was alerted for action.

One night, detectives received a tip that the smugglers would land again at the airport early next morning. Late during the night, the detectives secretly contrived to paint a white circle on top of the getaway car.

After the smugglers' plane landed, their marked car slipped away from the airport, crossed and recrossed bridges, entered tunnels and doubled back, but the shadowing 'copter stayed glued to the trail. Finally, the smugglers stopped in front of a house in mid-Manhattan. The 'copter pilot, through his two-way radio, directed police cars below to the smugglers' headquarters and the long-awaited arrest was made.

Like land-bound traffic cops, the 'copter patrolmen issue summonses to aerial violators, chiefly to low-flying pilots or those stunting over city streets. But most of the 'copter "jobs," as Johnston calls their emergency calls, are concerned with rescue work.

In 1957, for instance, 'copter patrolmen came upon two boys adrift on a raft. Only one could be picked up at a time and deposited on shore. A storm was brewing. If one boy was left behind, would he still be there when the 'copter returned?

It was a calculated risk. Lifting one youngster onto a pontoon, the policemen dropped a life ring and life belt to the other and headed for shore. Luckily, the second boy was still clinging to the raft when the 'copter came back.

According to Sgt. Behrens, a red-headed, ruddy-faced veteran who has been flying for almost 20 years, handling a 'copter is more dangerous than an ordinary fixed-wing plane. "You can't let a 'copter fly itself," he explains. "Your hands and feet are constantly moving. In an emergency, your landing spot is directly beneath you, so you can't see it, and the rate of descent is very fast. You've really got to concentrate if you don't want to crack up."

In fact, a few years back, two police 'copters were wrecked within a few months of each other. The first incident occurred after a police team rescued a couple who had been missing in a rowboat all night. In an off-wind and rough water, the weight of the four occupants threw the 'copter off balance and it capsized. Another 'copter, after rescuing a tired swimmer, stubbed its "toe" on a wave and keeled over. There were no fatalities in either accident.

Once in a while, the "heli-cops" are called out on false alarms such as imaginary plane crashes reported by drunks or psychotics. Recently the phone rang at Johnston's desk in the police hangar. "People from Mars have landed on my roof," an hysterical voice announced.

"Sure, sure, we'll be right there," said Johnston reassuringly. Putting the receiver down, he smiled. "The way things happen around here, I wouldn't be surprised if one of these days our 'copters did have to fish someone from a flying saucer out of the bay. We've had about every other kind of assignment."

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—*Oakland Tribune*

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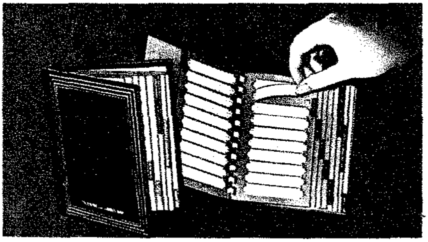

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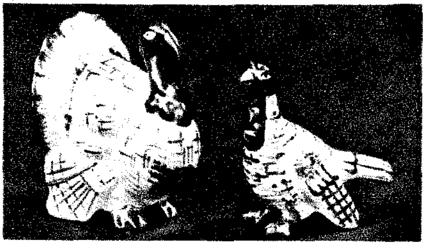

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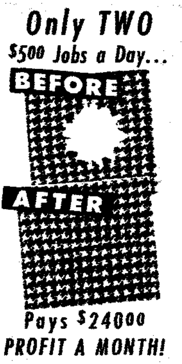

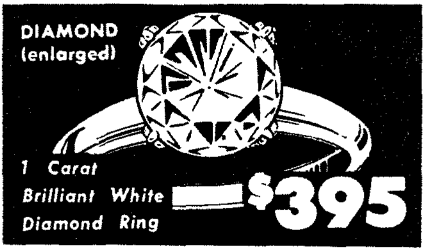
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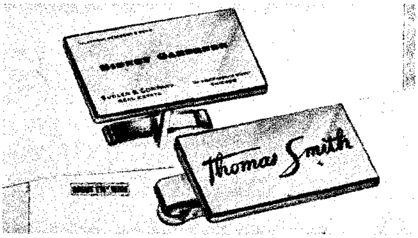

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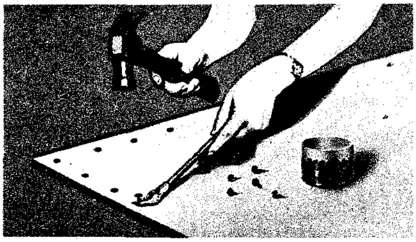

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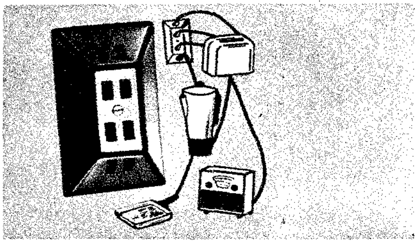

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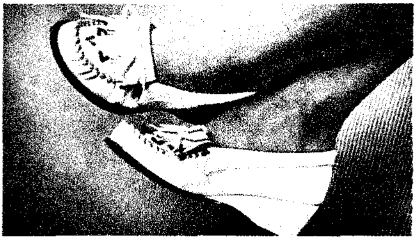

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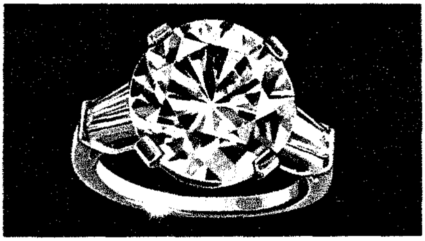

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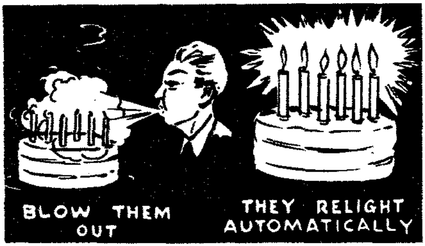

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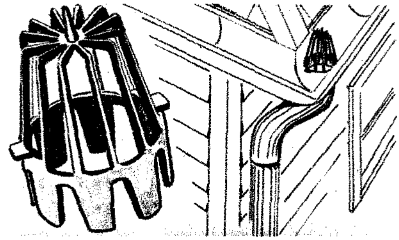

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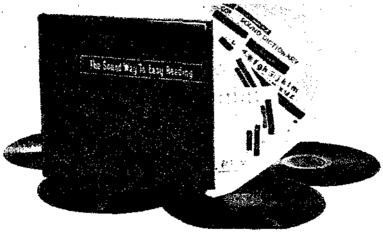

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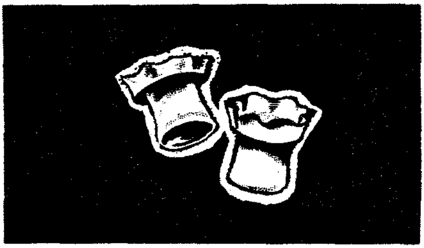
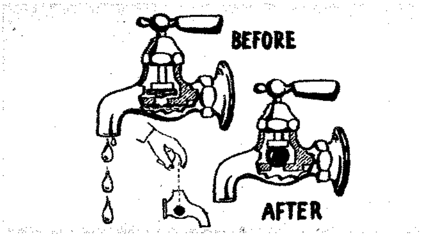


CAN'T SLEEP BECAUSE OF NOISE?

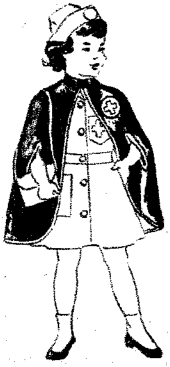
Barking Dogs? Traffic? Kids? Noisy Neighbor? Snoring? Radio? Nervous sleepers—day sleepers: Here is one of the best sound deadeners on the market. Used by top movie stars. Over 25,000 satisfied customers. A simple, little soft rubber gadget you slip in your ear, medically approved. You won't even know they're there! For a good night's quiet sleep, send for your pair of Earstopples today. Only $1.25 postpaid. Western World Products, 2611 Tilden Ave., Dept. 482, Los Angeles 64, Calif.



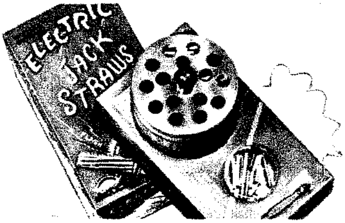
BALL SEALER STOPS LEAKY FAUCETS

Lasts 10 times longer than old fashioned flat-type washers, stops leaks and drips where others fail! Quick and easy to install—no screws, tools, plumbers or trimming needed—simply drop it in. Made of long-lasting and sturdy-wearing Neoprene to resist hot water, grease, oil, any corrosive substance—will never wear out inner faucet seat. Kit of 12 Ball Sealers to fit any size faucets. Only $1.00 ppd. Guaranteed. Damar's 56-K Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

PLAYNURSE OUTFIT . . . 4 PIECES $4.98



Little girls dream of being nurses. This Christmas introduce them to an exciting new group activity with Playnurse, a beautifully designed replica of a professional nurse's outfit. There's a white poplin uniform with real metal caduceus on the collar, 2 large pockets & buttons down the front. The flowing cape is navy poplin trimmed in red and features 2 full size pocket slits. A real highlight is the trim white nurse's cap with insignia and a smart red plastic shoulder bag. Sold on a money-back basis by Bencone, one of America's largest professional uniform companies. Sizes 4-12. Price $4.98. Sorry no C.O.D. Send check or M.O. to—Bencone Uniforms, Inc., Dept. C-1, 47 Martine Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

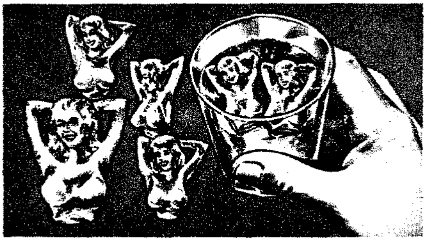


FUN FOR EVERYONE

Whose hands are the steadiest? . . . here's the game that will prove it. A real howl for grownups at the party, and an inexpensive game that children will love. Players must pick out the Jack Straws through the holes in the cover. Contact with the cover flashes a red light and automatically sounds a buzzer. Comes complete with battery, bulb, tweezers and jack straws. Only $2.00 postpaid. Money back guarantee. The Electric Game Co., 109 Lyman St., Holyoke, Mass.

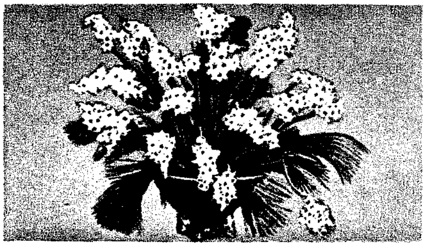
NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECES

This realistic hairpiece developed by Louis Feder is made in many styles, including new ivy league crew cut. It looks, feels like your own hair. Comb it, sleep in it! Secure in wind, rain or hurricane! Worn by leaders of all ages. Priced as low as $85 for bald spot cover; about $170 average. Write for free illustrated 16 page booklet K. "The only Solution to Baldness." . . . For Ladies, Feder makes a wonderful new hairpiece! Custom fitted, styled to your taste. Completely secure! Set it, comb it as you like. Sleep in it, swim in it! Write now for free style guide CI. It's helpful, illustrated! . . . House of Louis Feder, 545 5th Avenue, New York 17, New York.



WOW! NUDIE ICE CUBES—$1

These cool cuties give a real frosty tang to drinks. Specially designed ice cube tray turns out a bevy of four beautifully proportioned beauties. These lovely lassies guarantee to cause conversation as well as frosty delight. Nudie Ice Cubes are real cute . . . a sensational new party idea! You must be pleased or your money back! Only $1 each or 3 trays for $2.79, postage paid. Order Nudie Cubes Tray from Sunset House, 2858 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



STAR OF BETHLEHEM—15 BULBS, $1 PPD.

Rare, imported, living symbol of Christmas brings the promise of spring in mid-winter! Each giant bulb produces up to 100 pure white, star flowers—keeps blooming up to 3 months! Cut flowers stay fresh 6 weeks! Plant indoors now, for early spring bloom. Bulbs multiply, bloom for years. Originated in Mid-East. Developed in Holland. Rushed here for gifting. Send $1 for box of 15. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Spencer Gifts, Z-2 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

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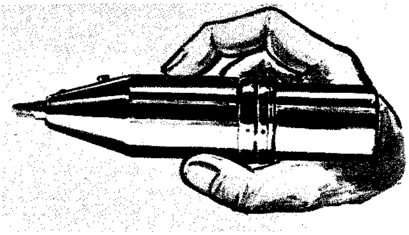


ELECTRIC ERASER ONLY $1.95

Push the button on this little power eraser and remove pencil, ink or typing errors. No holes through paper—it works by rotation, not pressure. Leaves a clean, smooth erasure without smudging adjacent work. Single flashlight battery (not incl.), does the job. Stenographers, artists, students, accountants, engineers all love this 5" metal tool. Gives better results with less work. 4 erasers and 2 brushes included. Just $1.95 postpaid from Greenland Studios, 5858-CO Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

EXOTIC HAREM LOUNGING BOOTS—$2.98

Harem Lounging Boots add cozy enchantment to whoever wears 'em. Lustrous quilted rayon satin in rich jet black or vivid red. Lavishly embroidered by hand with golden lotus blossom designs—tiny white pearl centers! Softly lined. Scalloped velvet borders make feet look tinier. Genuine leather soles. Exquisite! Only $2.98 postage paid. Specify small (4-5½), medium (6-7½), or large (8-9½). Guaranteed or money back! Order Black or Red Harem Boots from Sunset House, 2858 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

SEND PHOTO GREETINGS

A warm, personal Christmas card made from one of your favorite photos. Choose from 5 designs with lined envelopes. Send negative with check or money order (no C.O.D.'s). Add 50¢ if negative is larger than 2¼" x 3¼" or smaller than 1" x 1½"—or if you are sending print. Imprinting $1.25 per line (20 letters)—free on orders of 100 or more from 1 negative. Prices—25 cards, $1.50 plus 45¢ postage and handling; 50 cards, $3.00 plus 50¢; 75 cards, $4.50 plus 60¢; 100 cards, $6.00 plus 65¢. For sample—send negative and 10¢ or write for folder and price list today. (Offer expires December 1, 1959.) Satisfaction guaranteed. Associated Photo Company, Department F, Box 66, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

Silver Linings *continued*

him, high up on an apple-tree limb. He was gazing intently at a lone evening star bending low in the sky above his head.

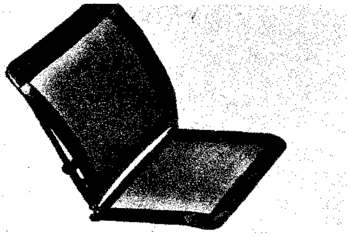
When his mother inquired what he was doing there, he answered, "I've been talking to God."

"What did He say to you?" she asked, with softening eyes and voice.

"He said," the little boy answered, placing one tennis-slippered foot carefully on the limb below him, "that you would be getting worried and I had better be getting home now." —MILDRED GRENIER

WHEN THE WIFE of our next door neighbor, a woman approaching 40 suddenly left her husband and three children, we were stunned. They had always seemed like such a happy family. The husband was a good provider and the wife a seemingly happy woman.

As tactfully as we could, and readily joined by other neighbors,



ADJUSTABLE "BACK-AID" CAR SEAT

AN entirely new innovation enables you to sit in regulated comfort because it is adjustable 3 ways. Has a firm underseating; a firm tensile back rest; individual adjustment for height, degree of push, angle of tilt. Developed after two years of research in cooperation with orthopedic specialists and road tested over thousands of miles. Fibre glass mesh seat and back. Alloy steel frame with leatherette trim. $12.95 postpaid. John Surrey Ltd., 11 W. 32nd St., Dept C-10, New York 1, N. Y.

my wife and I pitched in wherever we could help the family during this trying time. Then one morning a few days later, I answered a knock at the door and was more than a little surprised to find the wife standing there. She explained she had returned home the night before and after a happy reunion with her family, she was told of the help we had given during her absence and she wanted to thank us.

Then, with tears in her eyes, she went on to say, "I don't know why, but for months before I left it seemed that life was completely passing me

REGAIN YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE

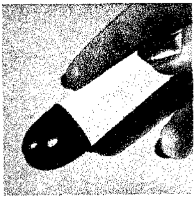
Anatone checks bay window and backache miseries, supports sagging stomach muscles, slims inches off waist, improves posture. Elasticized fabric, reinforced stitching, special stays prevent wrinkling, rolling. 10 day money back guarantee. Send $4.98 ck. or m.o., pp. on COD pay $4.98 plus postage. Magic Mold, Inc., Dept. A11J 473 Livonia Ave., Bklyn 7, NY.

COMBINETTE SAFETY PILL-BANK

At last! New dual purpose 'Combination Lock Bank!' Ideal for safeguarding children from dangerous modern pills. Complete with Owens-Illinois Plastic Pill Vial. Each "Combinette" has different combination. When used as 'Money Bank' will hold up to $25.00 in coins. Precision made. Only $2.00 ppd. Combinette Container Co., 10 Seventh St., San Francisco 3, Calif.

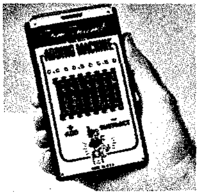
NEW TREATMENT FOR FACIAL BLEMISHES

Parents! Help your child overcome inferiority complexes caused by facial blemishes. Send for Dab Antiseptic Camphor today. Skin eruptions should be treated as they appear and until they disappear. New roll-on dispenser makes constant treatment possible. Fits pocket or purse. $1.00 ppd. Guyer Laboratories, 1821 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minnesota



TOM THUMB ADDING MACHINE $1.97

Lowest priced anywhere—adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. American made—mistake proof, fast, solid steel mechanism. For housewives, students, shoppers, engineers. Leatherette case. 10 day free trial—money back guarantee. Send money, check or M.O. Or will send C.O.D. 3% tax in Pa. Tom Thumb Adding Machine, P.O. Box 5066, Dept. O-59, Phila. 11, Pa.



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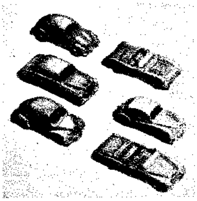
CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOK

Over 1,000 hard-to-find articles you often admire and wonder where they come from now fully illustrated and described in a huge, colorful Gift Guide —all available from one source. A must for "Easier Living"—"Nicer Giving." Send name, address and 25¢ to cover postage and handling to Damar Christmas Gift Guide. Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-EX, Lynn, Massachusetts.

40 MODEL CARS FOR ONLY $1



Perfectly scaled models of foreign & American cars, brilliantly colored & detailed. A world of pleasure for any child or adult. No assembling nec. Unbreakable. Each car marked clearly with its own name. Jaguar. MG., Cadillac. All the cars kids dream about gift packaged. Just $1, plus 25¢ post. & handling. Sports Cars, Dept. K-69, 11 E. 47 St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

SOLVES CAT OWNERS' PROBLEM

Sanitary Kitty Litter, perfect cat box filler, absorbs moisture, odor. Keeps kitty safe, clean indoors. If you are unable to buy at local pet shop, write for big trial bag of litter and durable catnip mouse. Both sent to you postpaid for only $1.00. Folder on cat products—mailed free upon request. Address Lowe's, Dept. C, Cassopolis, Michigan.

(Continued on next page)

MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

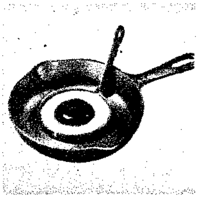
Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-109, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.

YOUR OLD FUR INTO NEW CAPE, STOLE

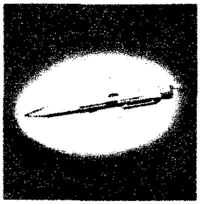
Morton's remodels your old, worn fur coat, jacket, cape for only $22.95. Includes restyling, new lining, interlining, monogram, cleaning, glazing. Praised by Harper's Bazaar, Glamour, others. 35 styles. Just mail old fur, state dress size, height. Pay when new style arrives. Or write for 1959 style book. Morton's, Dept. 150-J, Wash. 4, D. C.

RINGS FOR PERFECT FRIED EGGS—2 For $1

Fried eggs taste better—look better when fried in these *rounded aluminum* Egg Rings. Ends frizzled edges. You use less shortening—save money! Wonderful, too, for shaping hamburgers, poached eggs, pancakes, etc. 2 rings fit in any frying pan; handle folds flat for storage. Set of 2. Only $1 ppd. Guaranteed. Damar's 56-K Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



AUTOMATIC 4-COLOR PENCIL



Automatic action. Just lightly press color selector. For other color, merely press corresponding tab—previous color snaps back. Chromed case. Black, red, blue, green colors. $2.95 ea., or $2.50 ea. for 6 or more. Incl. extra leads. Ppd. Calif. res. add 4% tax. COD fees extra Lakeside House, 2201-B West Olive Ave., Burbank 28, Calif.

NEW 5-FT. LONG BALLOONS

Delight Kiddies-Grown-Ups, too! Made of live latex, almost 5-Ft. long inflated. Balloons this size usually sell up to 25c ea. Send only $1 now, plus 25c pstg. and hdlg. for 200 in variety of gay colors! Supply limited at this low price, so order several sets Now. Money Back Guar. Balloons Unlimited, Dept. B.U.-94, P.O. Box 264, Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y.

Twist into a Thousand Shapes

200 for $1.00

Giraffes — Dachshunds

Pets of All Kinds

Silver Linings ***continued***

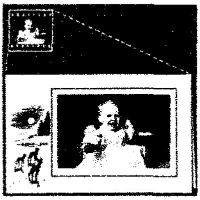
by and I seemed to have nothing to look forward to but old age. I felt I just had to get away so I checked into a hotel, not certain what I would do. But each time I left the hotel room, I was confronted with a sign that made me realize more and more what I had given up. Finally I knew I wanted nothing more in the world than to return home."

"What did the sign read?" my wife asked.

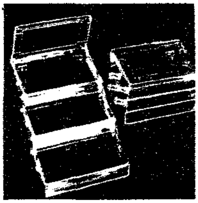
The woman smiled for the first time and said, "It read: '*Think. Have you left anything?*' " —E. M. CORBIN

XMAS CARDS FROM YOUR 35MM COLOR

100 superb 2¾ x 4 color enlarg. from 35 mm or 828 *color slide*, $14.95 *incl.* postage. 100 color enlarg. plus 100 beaut. deluxe Xmas cards for mounting prints, $22.95. 100 enlarg. plus 100 economy cards, $18.95. Del. 2 wks. Nothing else like it! Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 10¢ for samples. Color-chrome, Dept. C-4, Box 231, Barrington, Ill.



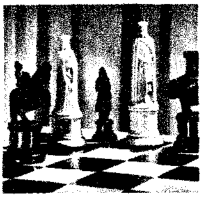
NEW DELUXE TIDY TRAY SET—$1.00



New triple decker unit in beautiful plastic, features 3 hinged trays which fold compactly into a single unit 4"x2¾"x2½". Holds hundreds of small easily *lost items* (pins, jewelry, nails, clips, coins, stamps etc.). Each tray 4"x2¾"x ¾". Transparent, or colors pink or blue. Only $1. ppd. 6 for $5.50. Twin unit (6 trays) $1.75 ppd. C. Edes 112 N. 13 St., Phila. 7, Pa.

FAMOUS FLORENTINE CHESSMEN!

Authentic replica of 11th Century chessmen owned by Cosimo de Medici, now on display in Florence. Weighted and felted. King over 4". 32 pc. set Bl & Wh or Red & Wh $7.95 plus 75¢ post. & hand. No C.O.D. Chessbds. Bl & Buff masonite $4; Walnut inlaid $12; Mahogany formica inlaid $14; Bl & Wh marbleized formica $16. Savah Box 27125 Co L.A. 27, Calif.



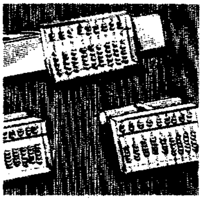
OUR FOUR-YEAR-OLD-DAUGHTER, Cheryl, was hospitalized recently for injuries suffered during a bad fall.

While she was confined, we were greatly concerned and consequently our small son, David, did not receive all the attention he ordinarily would have.

Then the day Cheryl was to come home, I gave David a dime and told him it was for being so good while his sister was in the hospital. We brought Cheryl home at noon and when David came in from school he carried a large bag. In it was a beautiful Ferris wheel which played music as it turned.

CALM JITTERY NERVES FAST

Amazing new capsule quickly relieves nervousness and tension. If work or worry make you feel tense, nervous or irritable you owe it to yourself to try the benefits of Relax-A-Caps. Relax-A-Caps quickly calms jittery nerves and lets you relax, day or night. Only $1.98 ppd. Guaranteed. Order today from Health Products, P.O. Box 74742, Los Angeles 4, Calif.

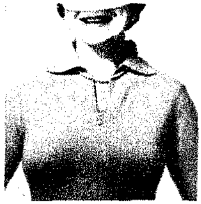


ABACUS CUFF LINK SET

Sterling Silver. From Britain Hong Kong. Fabulous, authentic, a real conversation piece. Each bead actually moves. Use them to calculate Oriental style! Sterling Silver beautifully hand crafted with handsome bright finish. Cuff Links $5.00 Tie Clasp $5.00. The set $9.00. Satisfaction guar. Fred Klein (C), 2728 Henry Hudson Pky., N. Y. 63, N. Y.

REAL BUTTERFLIES

Soft rainbow colors, 1001 art & decorative uses. Lie flat under glass in trays, tables, frames; flower arrangements. Surprisingly sturdy. From Formosa, each 2" to 3½" butterfly separately labeled. 12 diff. in deluxe set. (4 diff. sets) $1.50 per set ppd. 25 Play-pac butterflies, at least 12 kinds $1. Order from: Dorothy Biddle Service, Hawthorne 16, N. Y.



AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

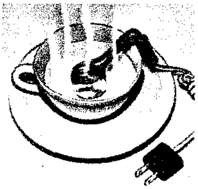
YOURS FREE

HOW TO PROTECT YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY

Free illustrated folder on one of finest, low cost family life insurance plans ever offered. Includes application offering introductory 30 day coverage for entire family, only $1.00—while you examine policy. No obligation. No agent will call. Give age of each member of family for rate quotation. Write Time Life Insurance Co., Dept. C10, San Antonio 8, Texas.

STRETCH-TO-HEALTH

Perfected in Hollywood and used by men and women who know value of keeping trim. Ingenious rubber device is combination rowing machine and exerciser. Comes with chart and instructions for pulling in tummy, reducing excess weight, firming flabby leg muscles. Guar. Only $3.98 ppd. Cash, check, or m.o. Evelyn Hull, 1923 Berkley Ave., Dallas 24, Texas.



BOIL WATER INSTANTLY! $1.00

Simply immerse metal coil in filled glass, cup or pot—it brings water to a boil in less than 2 minutes! Use it for hot beverages & soup, shaving, boiling eggs, baby's bottles sterilizing, etc. Purse size. With travel case. Money back guar. Only $1.00, pstg. pd. Order Instant Heater from Sunset House, 2857 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts Coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-109, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

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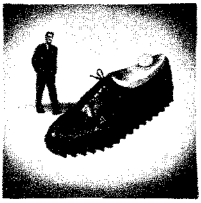
KILL THE HAIR ROOT!

Now you can destroy unwanted hair permanently, right in privacy of home, with famous Mahler Epilator! Acclaimed by 1000's who, after reading our instructions carefully, learned to use Mahler Epilator safely & efficiently . . . send 10¢ today pstge.. & hdlg. for new, illustrated booklet "New Radiant Beauty." Mahler's Inc. Dept. 329V, Providence 15, R.I.

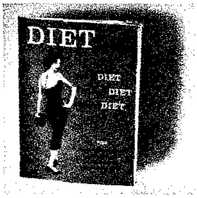
RIPPLE SOLES . . . SIZES 10 TO 16



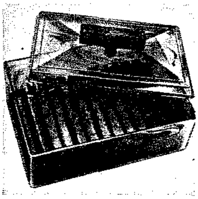
We specialize in large sizes only! Sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dozens of styles in dress, sport, work, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots. Over 100,000 satisfied customers. Perfect fit and complete satisfaction guaranteed! Not sold in stores —mail only! Free style book shows full line. Write for it today! King-Size, 494 Brockton, Mass.

LOSE WEIGHT FAST . . .

get the new 1959 edition of "Diet Treasury," an unusual new magazine especially designed for dieters. Here is the top collection of diets and diet articles available anywhere! Send 35¢ to P. O. Box 402, Radio City Station, New York 19, New York. ($1.00 brings you this year's Diet Treasury, along with volumes I and II!) Act now!



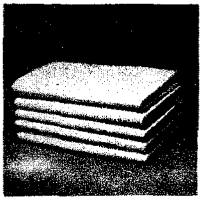
KEEP YOUR CIGARS IN PERFECT CONDITION



The amazing Dunhill Sta-Fresh Humidor is ideal for home, office or car. Revives dry cigars, keeps them in peak condition. Patented reservoir in lid releases moisture as needed, requires refilling only once a month. Attractive simulated tortoise shell, weight 1 lb. Only $5.00. Order by mail from Alfred Dunhill of London, Dept. C, 534 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill.

50 LARGE NEW TOWELS 2¢ ea.

50 large, brand new unwoven cotton & rayon towels in beautiful colors & white as shown in unretouched photo . . . only $1.00 plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg. We sell at world's lowest price because we buy by millions—over 26,500,000 since 1953! Unqualified money back guarantee. 50-Towel Co., Dept A-707, Box 881, St. Louis, Missouri. Order now!



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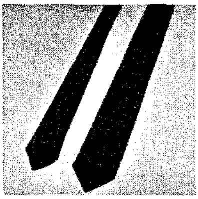
"This is to cheer Cheryl up while she's getting better," he said. I knew the toy certainly cost more than ten cents so I asked where he got it. He explained he had gone into a candy store near the school and told the woman his sister was in the hospital and did she know what a little girl would like that cost ten cents and she had given him the Ferris wheel.

When I stopped in to thank her a few days later and offered to pay

NEW TIES FROM OLD!

Exclusive hand cleaning process restores original beauty of your favorite ties. Perfect finish. Only $1.00 (6 for $5) incl. postage, insurance. Wide ties slenderized to new narrow widths. $1.25 (6 for $7). Cleaned & slenderized—$2.25 (6 for $12). Specify service desired. Guar. CHK or M.O. to Tie-Arts Method, Dept. A, 9107 W. Olympic Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.



DISCOUNTS! GET SPORTY CATALOG

Guide to better living thousands of name brand items up to 60% savings: radios, t.v., hi-fi, recorders, cameras, watches, jewelry, gifts, appliances, tools, luggage, musical inst., sporting gds. Outdoor equip., boats, motors, typewriters, bar-b-cue, etc. Send $1.00 post. & handling refunded on first order. 35 yrs., Wexler & Sporty, 125 Lafayette St., N. Y. 13.

GLASSES REPAIR KIT $1.00 PPD.

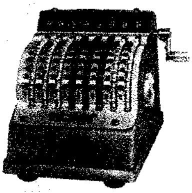
The Glasses Repair Kit is a lifesaver when the screws in your glasses get lost or work loose. Invaluable at home, at work or when traveling. Consists of a professional optical screwdriver and an assortment of standard frame screws and nuts. Helpful hints included. $1.00 ppd. Columbia Co., 404 Security Bldg., 234 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, Calif.

the difference, she declined with this explanation:

"Any boy who thinks so much of his sister—putting her needs before his own—is worth *my* giving something to."
—MRS. FRANK VILLELLA

IT WAS ALMOST TIME for my seven-year-old daughter Diane to come home from school. I didn't know how to break the news to her that her adored "Cookie," our dog who had been around all of Diane's life, had been killed by a car earlier that afternoon.

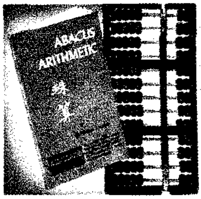
"How can I tell her?" I thought.


HEAVY DUTY DESK ADDING MACHINE

No need to spend hundreds for a heavy-duty desk adding machine. The Sumit is only $18.95. Not a cheap pocket adder, but a desk machine for home & office use. 2 year guar. Body is heavy-gauge metal. Adds, subtracts, multiplies to $999,999.99. $18.95 plus $1 shipping chrge. COD $1 deposit. Money back guar. Barilen Corp., Dept. K-17, 11 E. 47 St., NYC 17.

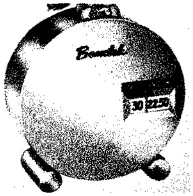
VOICI . . . *NEW FRENCH COFFEE POT

This *new one piece drip coffee maker is one of the most charming to come out of France. All of gleaming white porcelain. No metal parts to mar the taste. Graceful floral design (blue flowers, green leaves, & gold trim). 2 cups $7.95. 4 cups $9.95, 6 cups $12.95. All ppd. Free catalogue on request, Epicure's Delight. P.O. Box 50, Murray Hill Sta., New York 16, N.Y.



EASY TO LEARN—FUN TO USE

Learn to add, subtract, multiply, divide, do square and cube root on this oldest calculating machine. Genuine imported 13-column brass bound Chinese abacus, $3.50. Completely illus. instruction book, Abacus Arithmetic, shows how to perform all operations, $1.50. Money back guar. Department C, Pacific Books, Box 558, Palo Alto, California.


SAVE $100.00 A YEAR AUTOMATICALLY

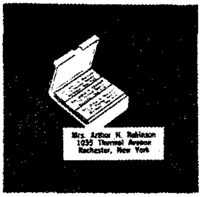
And Never be "broke." Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Forces you to save daily, or calendar bank won't change date. Pays for itself in 8 days. Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.99 ea.; 3 for $5.75; 6 for $11. Add 10¢ per bank postage. Mail to Date-Bank, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y. Prompt delivery.

SIZE-FAMOUS 1 to 13, AAAAAA to EEEEE

Girls, buy our Good shoes by mail! Our vast range of styles 'n sizes insures perfect fit! Smart casual shown in black, red, grey, maple-tan, desert sand or white softest baby calf. All in AAAA to C widths for sizes 3 to 10, $13.95 and for 10½ to 12, $14.95. Add 35¢ per pair postage. Write for free catalog today to Solby Bayes, 45T Winter St., Boston 8, Mass.

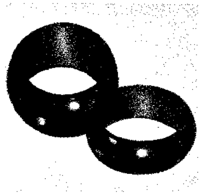
DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

If you lie awake nights due to nervousness, worry or other cause, send today for physicians' sample of Sleep-Eze Tablets. Contain no barbiturates or other habit-forming drugs. You wake up rested, refreshed. Just address letter to Sleep-Eze Co., Dept. L-3, 1067 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach 13, Calif. Encl. 10¢ coin or stamp to cover mailing cost. Do it today.



500 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

World's greatest Label offer! 500 Gummed Labels printed with Any name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different) $1.00! Two-tone Jewel-type plastic gift boxes 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Order as many sets and boxes as you want. Money-back Guarantee! Order Now! Western Stationery Company, Dept. 848, Topeka, Kansas.


GENUINE JADE RINGS—MEN & WOMEN

An exciting new ring fashion! Hand cut and polished from one solid piece of precious Jade. For ages the oriental token of affection and good luck. Choose from three widths, 5/16" $12.50; ⅜" $15; ½" $20. Tax included and postpaid. Unconditionally guar. Please specify ring size when ordering. International Gem Corp., 17-A Maiden Lane, New York 38.

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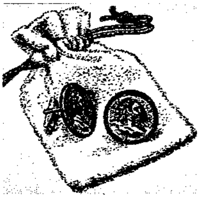
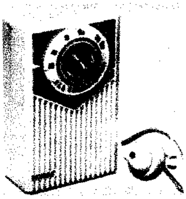


AUTHENTIC ROMAN COIN CUFF LINKS

Authenticated—up to 2000 years old. Portraits of famed Roman Emperors & Empresses . . . Gods and Goddesses. Highlighted with oxidized finish backgrounds. Matched & mounted on sterling silver backs. Each set in flannel pouch with description & authenticity guar. $10.95 (6 pair @ $60). Scott Mitchell, Dept. SS-10, 415 S. Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

EXCITING FIGURE BEAUTY

New easy method will help develop chestline without changing contour. Aids in giving increased chest measurement. Adds muscle tone & strengthens muscles underneath bosom. Helps improve posture for more youthful & attractive look. Sent in plain wrapper. $1 ppd. Money back guar. Harrison Products, Inc., Dept. 115C, Box 201, Bethpage, N. Y.



LISTEN TO RADIO . . . WHEREVER YOU GO

For only $10.95 enjoy big radio performance with this Futura all transistor pocket size beauty. Hi-Fi earphone, lets you listen at home, away or on go. Excellent local station reception, not recommended for remote rural areas. Volume control. No ground nec. Money back guar. Ppd. $10.95 with 500 hr. battery. King Distributors, 814 Calhoun, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

SAVE COSTLY PLUMBING BILLS

Free Booklet offered on How to clean clogged-up Sinks, House-to-Street Sewers, Toilets, Urinals up to 200 ft. Easy to trigger, new Plumbers Flush Gun uses Water Impact to melt away Roots, Grease, Rags. Amazingly effective. Write now, or Phone Kildare 5-1702, Free Details, Miller Sewer Tools, Dept. CR-O, 4642 N. Central Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois.

1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS $1

Any 3 different orders $2 ppd. Your name & address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with Free, Plastic Gift Box. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. Special—Save Money. Any 3 different orders $2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy Labels, 1087 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, California.

Silver Linings continued

"How can I possibly explain the meaning of death to a happy, carefree child?"

Then a devoted friend of ours, a minister whom Diane loved dearly, happened to drop by and in simple language, filled with warmth and understanding, he pointed out to her that those we love don't really die . . . they live on in the memory of those to whom they were precious. His explanation and consolation were beautiful and touching.

Less than a week later, I found myself remembering those words and

START TO PLAY IN 15 MINUTES

This proven successful short cut method teaches you to play songs with both hands in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises, or practice. Secret is the patented Automatic Chord Selector. Sample lesson, chord selector, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10¢. Dean Ross, 45 W. 45, Dept. S-2159, New York 36.

100 LITTLE DOLLS—1 PENNY EACH

100 Dolls made of styrene & synthetic rubber—only $1. Baby dolls, nurse dolls, dancing dolls, costume dolls, cowboy dolls, bride dolls, & many more in exquisite detail. Not made of paper or rags but of styrene & synthetic rubber. Money back guar. Send $1 plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg. for each set to: 100 Doll Co., Dept. K-192, 11 E. 47 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

A GIFT FOR EVERYONE WHO BOWLS

For a "strike" at a price all can "spare." Bowling charm & bracelet $3.70. Charms $1.95 ea. 3 or more $1.75 ea. Bracelet $1.75 ea. Matching earrings $4.95. Neck chains $1.75 ea. Key chains $1.50 ea. Tax Incl. & ppd. All are finest Sterling silver. Order now for Christmas. Send Check or M.O. to Art Sterling Co., Box 7118, Waverly Sta., Baltimore 18, Md.

repeating them again to Diane when the news reached us that our good friend, the minister, had suddenly passed away.

—MRS. JULIUS MARGOLIS

Address manuscripts for this column to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

FAMOUS SYSTEM OF MANUAL TRAINING

Draw
CARTOONS

Earnings are excellent for successful Cartoonists. You don't need previous training or art ability with the "Famous System of Manual Training". Learn rapidly, easily! Thousands of successful graduates. Everything supplied, incl. 15-pc. prof. kit. Write for big free catalog. Dept. C-10, Continental Schools, Inc., 4201 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 37, Calif.

FREE SHOE CATALOG—SIZES 1 to 5 ONLY!

Specializing in beautiful shoes designed to fit and flatter your little feet—our far-famed catalog presents enormous variety of styles for all occasions—flats, midways, casuals, spikes, formals, even bed slippers! Lovely shoe shown just $12.95—see them all! Send for catalog today—for best fit in your size! Cinderella of Boston, 85T South St., Boston 11, Mass.

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Learn world's most fascinating business. We teach you to repair, make, sell all kinds of dolls and accessories. Study at home. Earn while you learn. Start your own business part or full time. We show you how. Free informative booklet without obligation. The Doll Hospital School, 11826 San Vicente, Studio CS-109, Los Angeles 49, California.

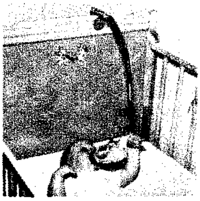
NEW! TEA BAG SQUEEZERS

For the perfect hostess, a tea bag squeezer with many uses; as a Napkin Holder, Lemon Squeezer, etc. Of durable pastel plastic, which will withstand distortion even from boiling water. Available in Pink, Yellow, Tangerine, or Turquoise. Packed 6 to a box. Send $1 (per box) ppd. Cash, check, or M.O. to Delta Products Co., Inc., P. O. Box 308, Salem, Mass.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

You can earn up to $23.00 weekly for wearing lovely dresses supplied to you by us. How? Just show Fashion Frocks to your friends and neighbors in spare time. No investment, canvassing, required. Everything you need to start will be rushed to you without cost or obligation. Write to Fashion Frocks, Inc., Dept. C-40211, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

SAVE YOUR BABY



Keep baby safe and content with Baby Bottle Butler. Bottle stays in front of baby, just like mother's arms. Completely safe—eliminates smothering. Fastens to crib in seconds, holds fast. Made of durable metal, lifetime construction with sanitary white rubber clamps. Guaranteed. $4.95, postpaid. Baby Bottle Butler, Box 1154, Omaha, Nebraska.

MOTHER! VALUABLE BOOK FREE

"8 Mistakes Parents Make." Every parent should have this new book about child training. Covers all ages. By Ray C. Beery (Columbia & Harvard), author of "How to Bring out the Best in Your Child!" If you want to be prouder of your children both now and later, write today. Free. No obligation. Parents' Association, Dept. 13510-D, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE, $1.98

Stretch your way to a trimmer You with new, sturdy rubber Stretch-a-Way. Make any room your private gym. Compl. with chart showing safe method of toning muscles. Improve tummy, thighs, hip & bust measurements. Keep fit, trim. Stores in any drawer. Guar. or money back! $1.98, pstg. pd. Order from Sunset House, 2857 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Cal.

PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS 50 FOR $1

Each card in color and we print your name on each free. Send snapshot or negative and we print in on 50 colorful Christmas Cards with your name on each. 50 envelopes free too. Introductory low price. Just $1 plus 25¢ handling and postage for each rich-looking set of 50. Money back guarantee if not delighted. Christmas Cards, Dept. S-4, 11 E. 47 St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

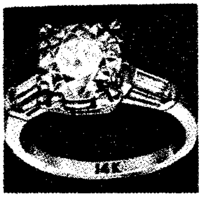
Merry Christmas
and Happy New Year

(Continued on next page)

WIDE SHOES FOR WOMEN

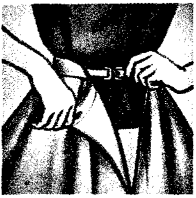
Step into graceful styling & comfort in our exclusively new pointed-toe "Hilda," with slim 2⅛" heels. In black suede or kid, widths C to EEE, all sizes 4 to 11. Only $9.95 postpaid, money back guar. Order now or write for free catalog of America's largest selection of wide shoes for women. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-10, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

MORE BRILLIANT THAN DIAMONDS



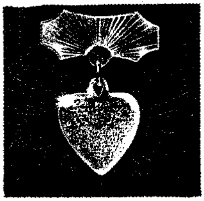
Jarra Gems surpass all other gems in fiery brilliance. Hard to distinguish this man-made stone from a diamond, handcut & polished by expert craftsmen. Send for free booklet! Tells amaz. story of Jarra Gems. Shows variety of Ladies' & Men's rings. Unset Jarra Gems (1-5 carats) $25. a carat, tax incl. Dept. CR10, Jarra Gem Corp., 489 Fifth Ave. NYC.

NON-SLIP BLOUSE HOLDER ONLY 59¢



Twist or bend, blouse will not ride up! Blouse Holder fits any size. Invisible and comfy to wear. Rubber-treated elastic . . . worn like a belt inside skirt or slacks . . . needs no sewing. Wear with every blouse combination. Guaranteed or money back! Only 59¢ postage paid. 2 for $1. Order Blouse Holder from Sunset House, 2857 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.

FREE—MAKE MONEY & SERVE THE LORD



Entire Lord's Prayer artfully engraved on 14K Gold-Plated Pin. Wear it with pride and devotion. We ship you a dozen. They sell Fast at $1 each—many buy 3 or more. When sold, remit only $6 to us. Keep profit for yourself or church. You get extra Pin free! Send name, address and $1 deposit. We trust You. La-Vive Co., 4 N. 3rd Ave., Dept. P-263, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

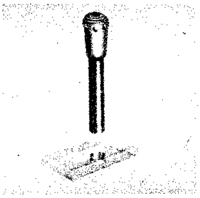
YOU CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., KR-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

RARE & LOVELY MUSIC FROM HAWAII

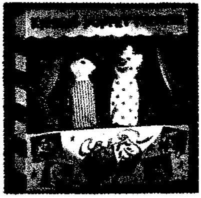
Featuring St. Catherine's Choir of the Island of Kauai. Ernie Ford: "Fill your home with this great music and be inspired as I have been". Aloha Oe E Malia 12" LP, Young Hawaii Sings, Reg. $4.50, Stereo $5.50; Hawaiian Christmas 45 EP $1.50 Hawaii State song & Wedding Song 45 sgl. $1.50. Ppd., Checks, M.O. Dept. C-3, P.O. Box 78 Kapaa, Kauai, Hawaii.

KIT REPAIRS HOLES IN CLOTHES



Reweaving too expensive? Do-it-yourself with Weave-Matcher in a matter of min. 3 simple steps. Hole repaired lasts life of garment & defies detection! Suitable any cloth, especially fine men & women's suits. Kit lasts indefinitely! Think of savings! Kit (⅜" & less hole) $2.49 pp Weave-Matcher Co., 2710 Richmond Ave., Houston 6, Texas.

STAGE WITH 2 PUPPETS, ONLY $1.25



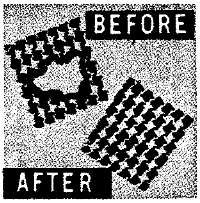
Children of all ages will have hours of fun playing with this Kiddies Puppet Theater. Package is designed to serve as miniature stage, & includes 2 Finger Puppets. A terrific value! Educational and entertaining. Ideal for Xmas gift, for shut-ins, on trips, etc. Only $1.25 ppd. Leister Game Co., Inc., Dept. C-10, 9 N. Clair St., Toledo 4, Ohio.

LEARN FLORAL ARRANGEMENT

For pleasure . . . please friends, family with professional corsages, arrangements, floral designs. For Profit . . . prepare for moneymaking opportunities in Floral Field full/part time. Start own profitable business. Study, earn certificates at home. Free book. Write National Floral Institute, 11826 San Vincente, Studio CS-109, Los Angeles 49, California.

LEARN REWEAVING AT HOME!

Improved step-by-step invisible reweaving home study course teaches you "inside" professional secrets that few know. Work is pleasant, enjoyable. We supply all equipment at no extra cost! Write for Free info. No obligation. No salesman will call. Do it now. Eastern School of Reweaving, 73 Main St., Dept. D119, Hempstead, NY. Lic. by the State of NY



WOMAN FINDS RELIEF FROM ITCH

"I nearly itched to death. Then I used Lanacane. Now I'm happy," Says D. Ward. Here's relief from vaginal or rectal itch, rash, chafing, eczema, with new amazing Lanacane Creme. This safe medication kills germs, soothes raw inflamed skin tissue, speeds healing. Save! Get Lanacane at druggist. Mail carton to Vogarell, L. A. 7, Calif., for 25¢ refund.

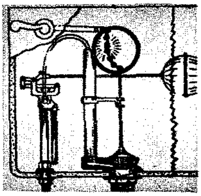
NEW PORTABLE HI-FI SPEAKER

For your listening pleasure wherever you are—(waterproof). A quality electronic product—finest reproduction—for Hi-fi, stereo, radio or tv. Diameter 6". Black or turquoise. Brass plated stand and speaker face. 20' extension cord. Money-back guar. $6.95 ppd. Modern American Products, P. O. Box 3302, Merchandise Mart Station, Chicago 54, Ill.

NEW DELUXE GLASSES WORN WITH PRIDE!

At big savings! Tiny print reads big. Thousands men & women over 40 wear our latest style glasses on best occasions. Quality ground lenses & fashion comfort frames as used on expensive glasses. Money refunded if not satisfied. Only $3.98 ppd. Order today if no astigmatism or eye disease. State age. Dalo Import, Dept. C, 4333 N. Crawford, Chicago.

49¢ STOPS THAT RUNNING TOILET



At last! A simple, logical, inexpensive way to finally and positively stop that running toilet. Never-Fail Swivel Adaptor instantly stops flow of water after each flushing. Keeps toilet silent when not in use. Cuts water and plumbing bills. Fits all toilets—easy to install. 49¢ ea. ppd. Never-Fail Mfg. Company, P. O. Box 986, Portland 7, Oregon.

FLORIDA'S SUNCOAST ESTATES

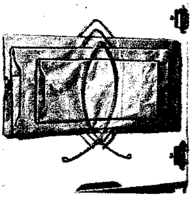
You can own a 1 and ¼ acre estate on Florida's West Coast near tropical Fort Myers for only $1275. $15 down, $15 monthly—no interest, no closing costs, no taxes until paid for. Ideal for a homesite, grove or investment—the answer to your dream of Florida! Write for illustrated brochure and full details today! Suncoast Estates, Box 2006, Fort Myers, Florida.

FINE U. S. STAMPS ONLY $1.00

UNITED STATES POSTAGE
$2
UNITED STATES POSTAGE
$5
$5

The elusive $2.00 Harding and $5.00 Coolidge stamps of the 1938 Presidential series, both for only $1.00. Offer limited to one set to a customer. A fine selection of United States stamps for your inspection included with each order. Write for your set today. Willett Company, Post Office Box 338, Department 24, Yorktown Heights, New York.

KEEP PAPER BAGS NEAT—$1



Bag Caddy . . . holds up to 40 bags neatly. No more jamming bags into drawers. Plated wire loops hold every bag, big ones, little ones, wide ones, narrow ones, odd ones. Easily fastened to inside of any cabinet door with two screws included. Guaranteed or money back. Only $1 ppd. Order from Sunset House, 2857 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

APOLLO BEACH, FLORIDA, CALLING

Seawalled building lots in this fully developed waterfront community–$90 down, $90 per month. Paved streets, water, sewers, shopping center, 5 mile white sand beach, golf course, 80 miles of seawalled canals. Most complete new suburban city on Florida's Gulf Coast—10 miles south of Tampa on U. S. 41. Write Apollo Beach, Inc., Box 333 Apollo Beach, Florida.

WHY DRESS OLD-FASHIONED?

For only $10—we can change your double-breasted suits and overcoats into up-to-date narrow lapel, single-breasted styles. Also wide lapel, single-breasted suits made narrow lapel. No fitting necessary. Bring in or mail your coat with $5 deposit. Goodwin Master Tailors, 3248 3rd Avenue (at 163rd St.), Bronx 56, New York. WY1-4350. Open 9 AM to 7 PM.

SAVE 50¢—SEND FOR FREE COUPON

Simply mail a postcard today for your free coupon worth 50¢ for Developing and Printing Color or Black and White Films. Sorry, only one coupon to a customer. This offer is limited and expires October 30th, 1959. Save money—send your name and address today to Pam Color Laboratories, Dept. 24, Box 131, Brooklyn 19, New York, for your free coupon.

(Continued on next page)

SHOPPING GUIDE
Classified

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

BARGAIN Christmas gift! 832 page King James Holy Bible. Gilt stamped, fine bible paper, color frontispiece, family register. Gift boxed, only $2.79 postpaid, or ask for free gift catalog. Philmar House, 2008-C Chapman Rd., Hyattsville, Maryland.

$200. MONTHLY possible, sewing babywear! New, lamb skin leather shoes—soft, comfortable, beautiful colors! Play-time dresses; lacing leather moccasins; New baby sandals. No house selling! Free information. Send name to Cuties, Warsaw 51, Indiana.

HOLD Cosmetic Parties. Earn $25 for 3 hours work. Make 60% profit. Hire others. Everything furnished. Send name for full details and free usable samples. Write Studio Girl Cosmetics, Party Div. 18910R, Glendale, California.

FREE catalog of Mexican Imports. Purses, shoes, jewelry, gifts, alligator products, etc. Save—buy direct from importer. Write: Northern Import Co., Reed City 100, Michigan.

$3.00 HOURLY possible for man or woman assembling rustic pump lamps at home spare time. Simple. Easy, no house canvassing. Write: Ougor Enterprises, Box 67, Caldwell, Arkansas.

PERSONALIZED especially for you, for gifts: stationery, name-address labels, phonograph record labels, decal transfers, gift and greeting seals, etc. Any item only $1. Send for free description brochure. Miles Crafts, 63 Baychester Sta., New York 69, N. Y.

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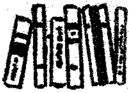

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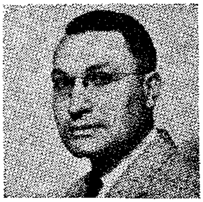

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They called it justice

by Will Bernard

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, a sense of humor may still spell victory in the courtroom.

A NEW YORK ATTORNEY made such a bombastic closing argument that the jury seemed overwhelmed by his sheer volume. As the reverberations died away, his opponent rose.

"Listening to the thunderous appeals of my learned friend," he began, "I recalled an old fable. A lion and an ass agreed to slay the beasts of the field and divide the spoils. The ass was to go into the thicket and bray to frighten the animals out, while the lion was to lie in wait and kill the fugitives as they emerged. In the darkest part of the jungle, the ass lifted his awful voice and brayed and brayed.

"The ass was intoxicated with his own uproar, and wanted to see what the lion thought of it. With a light heart, he went back and found the lion looking about doubtfully.

" 'What do you think of that?' said the exultant ass. 'Do you think I scared 'em?'

" 'Scared 'em?' repeated the lion in an agitated tone. 'Why, you'd 'a scared me if I didn't know you were a jackass!' "

The jury's verdict went to the quiet lawyer.

IN A BACKWOODS COURTROOM in Oklahoma, a farmer was suing a railroad for the death of his cow, struck down by a train. The railroad attorney claimed it was a clear case of "*damnum absque injuria*"—damage without liability.

The farmer's lawyer, a backwoodsman, sauntered to the jury box.

"Gentlemen," he drawled, "I don't know much Latin. But I think I can translate that expression '*damnum absque injuria.*' It means: 'It's a damn poor railroad that will kill a cow and not pay for it.' "

The farmer collected in full.

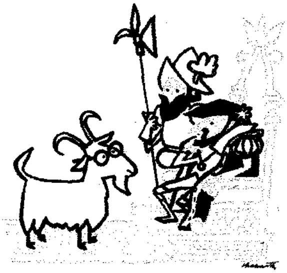
EARLY IN HIS CAREER, young Clarence Darrow was defending a difficult case against an older attorney who loftily referred to Darrow as "that beardless youth."

When Darrow's turn came, he addressed the court as follows:

"My worthy opponent seems to condemn me for not having a beard. Let me reply with a story. The King of Spain once dispatched a youthful nobleman to the court of a neighboring king, who received him with this outraged complaint: 'Does the King of Spain lack men, that he sends me a beardless boy?'

"To which the young ambassador replied: 'Sire, if my King had supposed that you imputed wisdom to a beard, he would have sent a goat.' "

Darrow won the case. ♛



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